Encounter

January 1978 80p

"Euro-Communism", again

Have They Really Changed?...

GEORGE URBAN continues, in a long interview with ALTIERO SPINELLI, until recently a European High Commissioner and now a "defector" to "socialism with an Italian face", the exploration of what the West can expect from the "Historic Compromise"....

WITH a Dissenting Opinion on "Our Bourgeois Illusions" by ENZO BETTIZA

Edward Candy
Story

John Bossy
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H. J. Eysenck
Freudian Confusion

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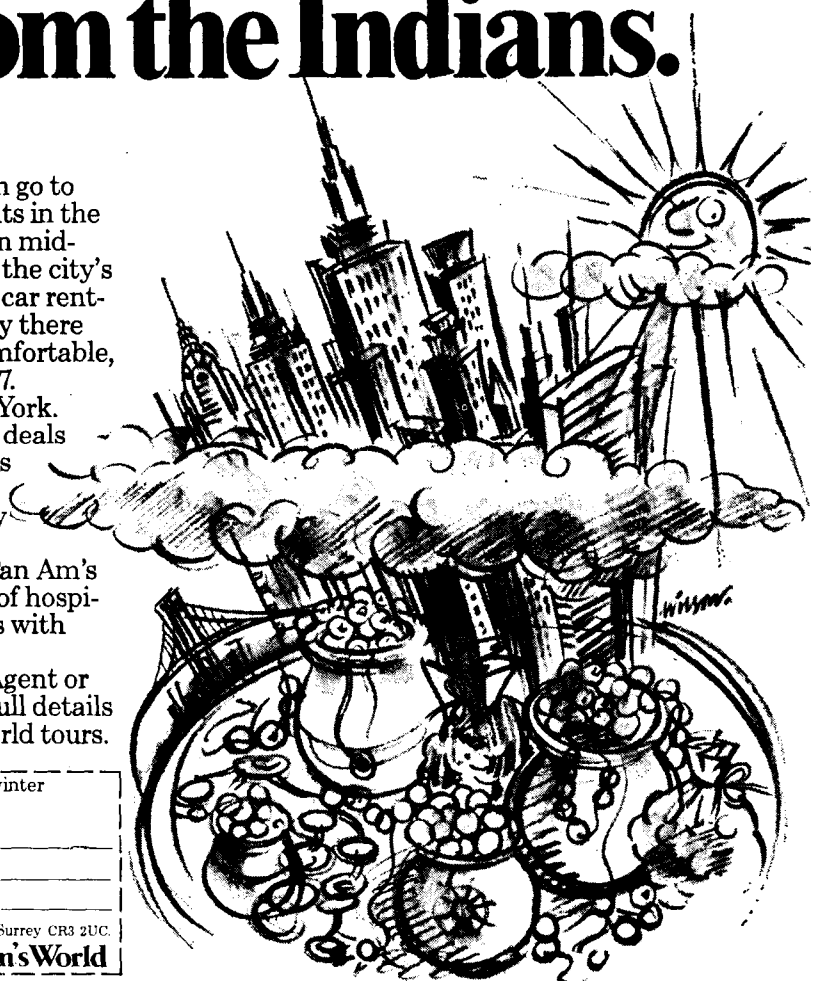

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William H. Overholt, Editor

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Edward Candy

The Girlhood of Edward Candy

I NEVER IN MY LIFE wanted anything so much as, at nineteen, I wanted a pair of ear-rings in the window of a jewellers' shop by the Bayswater station on the Inner Circle.

They were no more than hoops of fine gold, about an inch across, plain shining circles broken by inset seed pearls. Every morning, except on Saturdays and Sundays, I paused for a moment in my rush to catch the train to make sure they hadn't been stolen in the night; every evening, including Saturdays and Sundays, I had a good long look to satisfy myself that nobody had bought them during the day. Their price was on a tiny tag tied to one of the hoops but it was in code. I didn't know if they cost five pounds or fifty; the one was as much out of my range as the other. I had a grant from the LCC, one hundred pounds a year, and a scholarship from the medical school, forty pounds; but in the first week of the first term the Dean sent for me and explained that the LCC had insisted that if I took the scholarship money they would have to deduct it from my grant, so please would I let somebody else have it? The honour would still be mine. I thought the honour compared poorly with forty pounds in cash, but put a good face on it. I don't suppose I would have dared to buy the ear-rings anyway.

Ena and I lived in a flat on the fourth or fifth floor of a terrace house in one of the squares behind Whiteley's. I haven't forgotten which floor it was, nor am I trying to disguise it: it was one of those houses with a basement nearly all above the ground and a flight of steps up to the front door, which makes it difficult to know where to start counting. Actually it was three houses knocked into one, and there was another floor above ours, with a winding staircase and tiny dormer windows looking out in the direction of Kensington Gardens.

Calling it a flat is doing it more than justice; it was a big, unfurnished room, long and narrow, with a low ceiling, two small windows and a washbasin at one end, a gas fire and ring halfway down the long side opposite the door, and a big walk-in cupboard with a shelf. "Very useful", Mrs Macnamara said, throwing it open when she took us round. "Room for everything you'll ever want." It smelt dark and damp but contained no corpses. The room was twenty-five shillings a week inclusive. Electricity was on the house, gas was metered. We bought an electric fire and a pre-war toaster from a junk-shop in Westbourne Grove and settled down like all the other tenants to rob our landlady.

With so much current passing day and night the fuses on the landing were always blowing. Our room was number twelve, the room next door was number fourteen. There was no room thirteen, but our next-door tenant had all the evil luck he might have expected with the proper sequence. He seemed always to be in bed with his girl when the fuses blew. First there was darkness, sudden and complete. Then the bed-springs which would have been creaking like the pulse of a rusty metallic heart fell silent. Next, a scream of pain or rage, a German scream—the man came from Vienna and this little upset was only one of a long string of misfortunes—sounds of a match striking, his girl's voice (soothing? complaining? Hard to tell, she spoke so softly). The door opened, scuffles and knocks were heard on the landing, Martha upstairs would call down, "Again, is it? I never in all my life—!" Juanita from a long way below, "Mrs Macnamara, the lights have gone off, Mrs Macnamara, this is the third time this week." Ena and I lit candles and went back to Walsh's *Diseases of the Nervous System.* Ten minutes later the lights came on again

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and so did the electric fire. Eventually the man from Vienna put a nail across the fuse and there were no more power failures for him or any of us.

LATER AFTER ENA moved out and Joe moved in we became Mrs Macnamara's favourite tenants. This was because we were, after the first week, married. We were the only married couple in the house and shed over it a sort of chaste radiance, a subdued glory of legality. I don't know when it dawned on us that the place was a brothel. I should have realised when a merchant seaman picked me up one night at Bayswater. I was spending a few minutes with my ear-rings after coming home late from an evening lecture and he came up and said, "Can I walk you home?" I liked the idea of an escort: the streets between the station and the square were still dark though the blackout was over, and solitary men seemed to rove around the area. So I said yes, thank you very much, and took his kindly proffered arm and we walked along briskly, talking of this and that, I can't remember what, until we got to my front door where I said goodnight and thank you very much and he turned nasty.

Ena let me in, I was shaking too much to turn the key in the lock. She put her arm round me and we sat on her good strong pre-war camp-bed and I cried and cried, mostly from fear, but also because although I hadn't understood all that he said I'd followed enough to realise that he thought badly of me, believing that I had led him on. But it still didn't occur to me that living just there, just then, even if I didn't look or sound like a tart, meant to the sailor that I ought to have taken him in whether I wanted to or not. I suppose we never in the early days noticed that Juanita answered the telephone in the back passage in her dressing gown at any hour of the day, and that her daughter, thin and dark as her mother, about six or seven, spent a lot of the evening sitting hunched up on the common staircase nursing a doll; when an Irish girl, much younger than we were with twice as much hair as both of us put together bunched on the top of her head, moved in next door to us, the other side from the man from Vienna, and entertained her friends in that tiny room, eight feet by six perhaps, with only a bed and a dressing chest in it, we were only a bit surprised that fresh from Erin she'd made friends so quickly and with so many, and all men too.

One of her friends came often, in the daytime as well as the evening. He was small like her, but rat-faced, ginger-stubbled, unprepossessing. "Can I come into your room a moment?" he asked, and came in without waiting for an answer. "She's locked herself out", he explained over his shoulder, crossing to our window, which he opened as high up as it would go. "I'll just go round and let her in." Ena, or it may have been Joe by then, we sat paralysed watching him, not looking at each other, because though afterwards we agreed we weren't sure, we thought we had heard the girl in the room not much earlier, the walls were so thin. Though we were four or perhaps five floors up he climbed out and disappeared. She must have left the window open when she went out, we agreed, but I'm not sure that she did, I think she opened it when she saw him making faces through the glass, in case he should smash his way in.

"I think she locked him out", I said years later, in Newcastle or Sheffield or Liverpool.

"We couldn't have stopped him", Joe said, or perhaps it was, you couldn't have stopped him.

"We didn't try to. I don't think I knew what a ponce was, then. Or how he might have treated her. There weren't any screams or anything."

"We'd have heard if there were. When Nicky's girl friend had that room we could hear her crying."

"She was only there two days. It was jolly nice of Mrs Macnamara to let her have it."

"Nicky paid for it. I bet he paid for more than a week. Mrs M. must have known something queer was going on."

What was queer was an abortion; Nicky arrived one evening, looking ill; could he bring his girl, she was two months gone, would we look after her—as medical students we could at least make certain nothing terrible happened, after he'd taken her to this chap in Earls Court he'd been given the address of, an Indian doctor; it ought to be all right surely if a doctor did it? She was a vicar's daughter, extremely clean and neat. She spoke very stiffly in an impossibly refined way

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as if between her larynx and the rest of her there was a great gulf fixed. He brought her back from Earls Court in a taxi, and we took her pulse every half hour and gave her a great deal of water to drink while we wondered if we could be struck off the Medical Register even before we got on to it. The next day Nicky took her away and we breathed again.

NICKY WAS SITTING on the stairs a whole year before that when I got home: a tall, well-built young man, well dressed too, by 1945 standards. "I got your address from your editor", he said. "I hope you don't mind. I like your poetry very much."

My heart began to race. Those poems, recently published, were nearly four years old. At twenty I found them embarrassing; worse, they misled other people. An elderly gentleman sent me some of his own and asked where and when we could, as kindred spirits, meet. "You have", he wrote in a small painstaking script, "a refreshingly open approach to erotic experience." "What did you expect?" Ena said, or perhaps it was my editor. "All that talk about giving yourself: somebody was bound to take you up on the offer."

Nicky took me out to dinner. "I ought to tell you", I said, eating mussels for the first time, "that those poems are out of date. I was never like that really, less so now."

Nicky bought me sweet white wine, and we ended the meal with Benedictine. "I have no head", I said, letting my non-existent head slip briefly on to his shoulder as we walked across Kensington Gardens. We sat under a tree. "Can I come back to your place?" "No", I said, "I'm very sorry but I share my room with another girl and even if she weren't there I think I still wouldn't." Having no head, I cried all the way back to Bayswater, partly from shame. I had eaten his meal: I knew what he had paid for it, it was the most expensive restaurant I had ever been to. My editor sometimes took me to a place in Mortimer Street where we ate curry, and my sister once took me to the Café Bleu so that I should recognise homosexuals though it was not clear to me why I needed to be able to. But Nicky had spent three pounds on our meal, an enormous sum in those days. My ingratitude and the alcohol sickened me. However, when his kinder girl needed an abortion he brought her to me, and released me by that act from a bitter sense of obligation.

I never met the elderly gentleman: I knew what to expect from him; for once, after spending an evening with Ena's parents and some friends in St John's Wood I had gone home with a doctor in his sixties, a refugee like themselves, a Viennese like the man in room fourteen, how like I very soon discovered. His room, where he suggested we might have a cup of coffee and look at his books, since he knew from Ena that I loved old books, was very high and handsome. He sat me down with Dante, illustrated by Doré, and brought me coffee in a tiny gold-rimmed cup, the sweetest richest coffee I'd ever tasted. Then he leaned forward and opened my blouse. "Oh, I'm sorry—no, no, I never thought."

"I am so ashamed", he said, "it is because I am lonely. My wife couldn't come with me, you understand."

I was nineteen but ignorant as girls were then, but still I should make no excuses. What I said, in what I thought was a kind and polite way, was, "My father was a sort of refugee, too. From Poland or Lithuania or somewhere in the 1880s. He was sixty when I was born."

Gerhard smiled at me, doing up my buttons. "Yes, we Eastern Europeans are a lecherous lot. He must be a very old man now."

"He died when I was twelve", I said. Then I thought that that might worry Gerhard and added quickly, "He was seventy-two then, of course."

"Yes, he would have been", Gerhard said. "Can you find your way to the tube station?"

Ena's mother said later, "Did he, I hardly know how to put it—make advances? Because we should have warned you, I was very worried. It has happened before, my younger sister, Ena's aunt . . . and others. . . . I hope . . .?" "He was very kind", I said. "He gave me marvellous coffee."

THAT WAS WORSE, much worse than Nicky, because there was no good reason why not,

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no Ena sharing the room, no Joe known even as a friend, let alone as lover or husband; and Gerhard would have been kinder than anyone I'd up to that time known. So I went on feeling badly about him for years, long after I'd come across Nicky's name in the paper as a successful writer of religious tales for children—his father-in-law's influence perhaps?

This shabby dealing haunts me, I find, when bigger sins seem easily enough forgotten. Mrs Macnamara knocked on our door on the evening of our wedding; our honeymoon had to be postponed until the end of term, so we came back from the Paddington Register Office and sandwiches and drinks at my sister's place in Gospel Oak to spend that momentous night where we'd spent several other momentous nights over the last six months, whenever Ena had been on Casualty or Obstetrics or living in at a fever hospital. When Joe opened up she presented us with her wedding gift wrapped in tissue paper, two plaques of plaster of Paris, carved in relief with bunches of fruit and flowers and painted in luscious fairy-tale colours. We thanked her with straight if smiling faces but fell about laughing when she'd gone off downstairs. Into the huge shelf at the top of the cupboard they went, behind the cereal packets and the instant coffee.

Only a few weeks later she knocked at the door again. This time she had two plain-clothes policemen with her. "Mr and Mrs Neville are medical students", she explained to them as they pushed past her. Joe got up, shocked, from the table where sure enough Price's *Practice of Medicine* and sheaves of notes gave some semblance of truth to her amazing lie—for a lie was what it sounded like, almost as much to us as them, though we knew it was true. Had Joe any proof, they asked, dismissing the textbooks as too easily come by. "They're looking for deserters", Mrs Macnamara told me sotto voce, and aloud, "Show them your marriage lines and your stethoscope, Mr Neville, dear, that'll prove your old landlady isn't a liar as God's my witness." While I rushed for the bit of paper the Registrar had handed us and Joe searched his pockets for his student's identity card we both heard doors opening and shutting softly above, below, beside our room, soft steps on the stairs, Juanita's, Martha's clients softly leaving in a quiet flurry of frustrated longings. If the policemen heard, their faces gave nothing away. They inspected our evidence with solid care, then said good night in muted tones, almost respectful. Mrs Macnamara had tears in her eyes, I swear it, as she squeezed my arm while, out on the landing, they explained to Joe that someone had tipped them off, and would we, if we ever saw anything suspicious . . . ? Yes, we would. But we never did, thinking of better uses for our eyes than doing snooper's work unpaid.

And yet, when we qualified, when we parted for eighteen months to do our house-jobs, when our furniture—"Two rugs", said the inventory from Maples', "worn, torn, soiled and stained"—went into store, we left the plaster plaques on the cupboard shelf. We hadn't forgotten them, we deliberately abandoned the awful things as if their tastelessness made them in any way less fit to bear along with us her kind intent, her blowzy blessing. We haven't forgotten them now. We have done worse, I've no doubt, as who hasn't, earning a living, raising a family, paying taxes—worse we'll certainly have done, I should think, but no shabbier.

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GEORGE URBAN

"Have They Really Changed?"

A Conversation with Altiero Spinelli

Euro-Communism, again

1. Can Communists Become Social Democrats?

GEORGE URBAN: *One of the surprises of the last Italian elections was your candidacy for the Chamber of Deputies on the Communist platform. Your decision to run for election in support of Communist policies was received with a mixture of horror and disbelief, not least because you were one of Italy's two Commissioners on the Brussels Commission and a leading European Federalist. Those not familiar with the intricacies of Italian Communist politics had reason to be puzzled. Has the PCI sufficiently changed its attitude to Europe for Altiero Spinelli to embrace it, or has Altiero Spinelli changed his politics because the Italian Communists appeared to be set for victory? In either case, there were questions to be asked, both in respect of your attitude to the Communist Party and of the Party's attitude to the policies you represent. What made you decide to run on the Communist ticket?*

SPINELLI: My mandate at the European Commission was about to expire when the elections were announced (it expired at the end of 1976); and, as I was close to 70, I decided to return to Italy and retire from public life. In the meantime, I was keeping a close watch on the Italian situation, and expressed my views in a number of articles and interviews. The brunt of these was that Italy was drifting away from the European Community and that only a coalition of all political forces could stop the drift. I saw that the Communist Party had gone through a certain evolution in its internal policies, and I was persuaded that the Party's offer of a "historical compromise" was both right and feasible. It was right not only from the European point of view, but it was also an essential step toward creating a consensus without which Italy could not overcome its economic crisis or restore the authority of law and orderly government. Without the Communists, I argued, no Italian government could be strong enough to make democracy work. I also observed that the Communist attitude to Europe as displayed in the Council of Europe showed a certain progress towards accepting the idea of European unification.

When the elections were announced, the Communist Party—but also the Christian Democrats—felt that they ought to broaden the bases of their respective parties by obtaining the support of certain independent politicians who understood and were willing to support their programme, without, however, either becoming Party members or identifying themselves in every case with the line of the Party. The Christian Democrats "co-opted" Umberto Agnelli,

EUROPEANS were appalled. ALTIERO SPINELLI, *one of the founding fathers of Common Market unity and for many years Italy's High Commissioner in Brussels, was running as an "independent Communist" candidate. He was elected to the Chamber of Deputies in Rome, and became a leading spokesman for "Euro-Communism." Had he forgotten all the lessons he had learned over a long life-time as an ex-Communist and anti-Stalinist? How deep, or thoughtful, or sincere was the Great Defection?*

In this long conversation with Signor Spinelli GEORGE URBAN *continues the exploration of the problems of "Euro-Communism" which he began in the May 1977* ENCOUNTER *with his remarkable and widely-discussed interview with Lombardo Radice, a Central Committee member of the Italian Communist Party and (with Berlinguer and Amendola) one of the theoreticians of "Communism with an Italian Face."*

ENZO BETTIZA, *who also contributed a "dissenting opinion" to the May* ENCOUNTER *("Censorship on the March"), confronting Lombardo Radice's pluralist professions with the facts of old-style monolithic control on the current Italian scene, also offers "another view" in this issue (see: pp. 20–22). Bettiza is a liberal Senator from Milan, and edits together with Indro Montanelli the "Giornale Nuovo", the leading daily newspaper which opposes the prospect of a Euro-Communist Italy.*

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offering him a safe seat in Parliament; and on the Left I was one of several persons to whom the Communists made a similar offer. I accepted this on the understanding that I would not belong to the Communist group in Parliament, that I would vote independently, and speak with complete freedom on any issue I chose. There was a certain risk in all this for the Communists. But they felt confident that as we saw eye-to-eye with one another on most points of general policy, the risk was worth taking.

—What were these points of general agreement?

SPINELLI: That the Party was committed to democracy; that the idea of an "historical compromise" was seriously meant and would be respected; that European unification was to be supported and the country's present position in the East-West equilibrium maintained.

On all these points we reached agreement. The result is that I am indeed outside the Communist parliamentary group; but by virtue of my support of the Communist platform I can influence the Party's policies in those areas which matter to me most—its policies on Europe. I do not think I am boasting when I say that the Party has, in fact, adopted the line which I had sought and supported for many years, especially the need to transcend economic unification and move towards a European political union. I put it to the Party leaders that political union could only be achieved if all political forces in Europe willingly agreed to work for it. For the European Left, however, political union was a divisive issue in most countries. If this could be overcome, the Left might take the lead in guiding Europe to political union and shape that union according to its own lights. I, therefore, urged the Party leaders that the Party should get out of the Communist ghetto and establish workable relations with the European Social Democrats so that political unification would bear the imprint of broadly socialist policies.

—It was on this understanding that you ran for election and were in fact elected.

SPINELLI: Yes, and our understanding on these points has so far not been disturbed.

But, of course, there is another point here. News of my decision to contest the elections from a Communist platform caused a minor sensation at the time. Many people were unwilling to believe it; others were profoundly scandalised, including some of my colleagues in the European Commission. I was subjected to a number of interviews in the press, on radio and television; and, as one might expect, the recurrent theme of questioning was: could the Communists be trusted? Would they keep faith, seeing that the historical record showed them to be saying one thing before they were in office and quite another when they have attained office? I should imagine your own thoughts run along similar lines.

—They do.

SPINELLI: My answer to this is as follows. The Italian Communist Party has been part and parcel of our political life for more than half-a-century. It is an organic element of our political thinking and political culture. For good or for ill (and I will not prejudge the issue) it is physiologically and psychologically a large part of Italian reality. It may well be that it will be the death of us; but if so, it will destroy us in exactly the same sense as any other political force might—through ineptitude, poor leadership, corruption, and so forth—but not because it is a Trojan horse that will disgorge Soviet centurions once it is within the walls of Rome.

Now, this Party was formed under the impact of the Bolshevik revolution. Its avowed objective was to seize power and turn Italy into a dictatorship of the proletariat. The Communist Party was to lead the revolution and head the dictatorship. This was Lenin's prescription and practice in Russia in 1917, and the Italian Communist Party was founded on this model. Moreover, the Italian Party, as a member of the Comintern, took its orders from Moscow, and behaved in its unquestioning obedience to Stalin as the Jesuits obey the orders of their Generals—"*perinde ac cadaver* (with cadaver-like obedience)." Togliatti was an important leader of the Comintern, so that the Party's obedience had an extra guarantee in the person of one of Stalin's cardinals. This was the ideological and organisational basis on which the Italian Party began to function.

But if you look at the record of the Italian Communist Party you will find that at no time did the Party actually pursue anti-democratic, anti-liberal policies. Mind you, this was not for any lack of trying. Our Communists owe their good record to the political conditions into which they happened to be born: from the very beginning they were forced into opposition to Fascism and had eventually to go underground.

—Shouldn't we, at the same time, remember the Party's common roots with Fascism, both having sprung from

> ***"It may well be the death of us . . . but not because it is a Trojan horse that will disgorge Soviet centurions once within the walls of Rome."***

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the Socialist Party of which Mussolini was one of the leaders?

SPINELLI: This is certainly true. But the only historically significant connection between Fascism and Socialism is that Fascism was a degenerate form of Socialism; and so in fact was Hitler's National Socialism.

—Of which we have telling proof in the presence, in the late 1920s, of left-wing revolutionary groups in or on the fringes of the Nazi Party, such as Otto Strasser's Union of Revolutionary National Socialists and the National Bolsheviks. In the 1920s it was not always clear whether Nationalism or Socialism predominated in Hitler's thinking. Goebbels, who served his Nazi apprenticeship in Otto Strasser's Revolutionary National Socialist faction, demanded in 1925 that "the petty-bourgeois Adolf Hitler" be removed from the Party!

SPINELLI: The point that matters for the purposes of my argument is that the Italian Communists were forced into illegality and fought Fascism with more determination than any other party; and when the political parties were dissolved by Mussolini, the Communist Party became the centre of the entire Italian resistance. Eighty per cent of all political prisoners were Communists—not unnaturally, I might add, because they were the ones who took most of the risks. In their rhetoric the Communists stuck to the line that their struggle was not only against Fascism, but against "the rule of the bourgeoisie", of which, they claimed, Fascism was but one of the symptoms. But the fact was that they were in alliance with several other parties and individuals who were also opposed to the Fascist dictatorship but were determined not to be dragged into another dictatorship after the fall of Fascism. This inhibited the Communist Party's radicalism: the dictatorship of the proletariat never got off to a start. One of the first things Togliatti said after his return from Moscow—and it was a great surprise to all—was that the Italian Communists must work within the context of parliamentary democracy and cooperate with other political forces. We might as well, he said, start with Badoglio; and they did!

After the first post-War elections in which the Communists came third, the Party took full part in hammering out what was after all a bourgeois Constitution. Indeed the veteran Communist Umberto Terracini was at one stage President of the Constituent Assembly. Not only that, but the Communists also voted for Article 7 of the Constitution, retaining Mussolini's Concordat with the Vatican. For this they were bitterly attacked by the Socialist Party and other parties on the democratic Left. But I would say with the benefit of hindsight that the Communist vote was an act of great political wisdom. The Communists *could* have prevented the Concordat from being retained in the Constitution, because without them the Constitution would not have received the requisite majority. But this would have meant war between the incipient Republic and Italian Catholic opinion. The Communists rightly felt that the peace of the state was more important than a controversial decision on the merits and demerits of the Concordat. In time, they must have thought, they might change it, but their first priority was not to prejudice but to build up what was inevitably a bourgeois-democratic republic.

—Mussolini, with his strongly anti-clerical background, had reached his *decision to make his peace with the Vatican on similarly "pragmatic" grounds. And he, like the Communists in 1946, had been attacked for it by his own "revolutionary" Left.*

SPINELLI: Yes—what one has to remember is that in Italy, unlike Poland for example, the Church has been a force against national unity. The unification of Italy was achieved in the teeth of the Pope's opposition. Rome had to be occupied before Italy could be united. At the same time, the Italian people's religious loyalties to Catholicism were, and are, strong, and the Church, on its part, has always known how to live in relative harmony with different régimes. It recognised Fascism, but exacted as a *quid pro quo* the Concordat from Mussolini. When the Republican Constitution was drawn up, the Church's attitude to the new state was unchanged: "We'll respect your institutions if you honour the Concordat." And the Communists were prudent enough to see that it was imperative under the given conditions to underwrite the Concordat—it was proof that they were not bent on disruption and revolution. Had they been so minded, they would have sabotaged the Constituent Assembly, wrecked the Constitution, and invested their energies in creating the maximum amount of tension and disorder.

ALL THIS MAY BE *clear to us thirty years after the event, but at the time it was far from being obvious. 1945–48 were the years of the Stalinist take-over of the whole of East/Central Europe. Everywhere the arrival of "the dictatorship of the proletariat" was preceded by honeyed words about the Communist Party's democratic parliamentary intentions.*

"The great national task facing our country cannot be solved by either the Communist Party or by any other party alone. The Communist Party holds that it does not have a monopoly, and it does not need a monopoly, to work among the masses for the reconstruction of the new nation. The Communist Party does not approve of the idea of a one-party system. Let the other parties operate and organise as well."

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These words were spoken before the 1945 elections by Ernö Gerö—the same man who became one of Hungary's most ruthless and most hated leaders when the Communist Party took monopolistic power in 1947-48. In Czechoslavakia, at the time of the post-War coalition government, Gottwald spoke repeatedly of "the specific Czechoslovak road to socialism." This, he said, would not be a road "through the dictatorship of the proletariat"; it would be a "régime of a peculiar, Czechoslovak type" embodying a Marxism "under new conditions"—"not a socialist revolution" (and Benes, let it be said, told Bruce Lockhart as late as May 1947 that "Gottwald was a reasonable man who believed in parliamentary democracy"). One could quote many other examples from every one of Stalin's satellites. Therefore the Italian Communists' prudent words in 1946 and 1947 were no convincing indication, in the perspective of those days, that their intentions were different from those of Rákosi, Gerö, Gottwald, Dimitrov or Gomulka, all of whom spoke of democracy, parliamentary government, independence from the Soviet model, and the "strictest guardianship" of the Constitution (Gottwald). What was different in Italy was the absence of the Red Army, but in 1945–47 even this offered insufficient reassurance because Italy had, in Tito's Yugoslavia, a particularly aggressive form of Stalinism sitting on its North-Eastern frontiers. Let us not forget that, until Yugoslavia's expulsion from the Cominform, Tito's brand of Communism was in successful competition for extremism and brutality with Stalinism itself.

SPINELLI: This is true. When, for example, the Marshall Plan was announced, Togliatti, like Gottwald in Czechoslovakia, was eager to accept the American offer. But Stalin vetoed participation and Togliatti obeyed. The Italian Communists then fell in with the Stalinist device of trying to take power by popular front tactics in the 1948 elections---but failed.

—What is the character of the political forces to which the Communists were, and are, opposed, and what alternative policies do they offer?

SPINELLI: The Communists are facing in the Christian Democratic Party a force which has been in power for so many years that it has come to be regarded as Italy's natural government party—what the Germans call a *Staatspartei*. This party has had an embarrassing past which it has taken pains to live down. Its long symbiosis with the Church made it both anti-liberal and opposed to the secular nation-state. Its support of the policies of the arch-reactionary Pope Pius XII, and its associations with Fascism, would have made the Christian Democratic Party a sinister force in post-War Italian politics had it not been for the reforming influence of genuine democrats such as de Gasperi, Scelba, and others. It is their merit to have recognised, as the Communists also had to recognise, that the country's democratic reconstruction would be gravely prejudiced if the Party started life under the Republic with the ballast of an anti-democratic and anti-liberal ideology.

—The Church was their Stalin, in your reading.

SPINELLI: Yes, and as the Communists cut their links with the Stalinist heritage, so the Christian Democrats shed their dependence on the Church without being in any way disloyal to Catholicism, much less to Christianity.

—It sounds like an appealingly symmetrical arrangement—a harbinger perhaps of the "historical compromise"—with each side jettisoning embarrassing bits of ideological furniture and concentrating on what the traffic would bear. Luigi Barzini's image of the Italian modus operandi *is not dissimilar from yours. Italy's capacity for good sense and bad policies never ceases to surprise.*

SPINELLI: I fear the Christian Democrats' good sense had its strict limits. Their long years in government have confirmed Acton's tag: power corrupts—absolute power corrupts absolutely. While the Christian Democrats did not, and do not, have absolute power, they have entrenched themselves in every domain of Italy's life with the permanence of a dynasty. The result has been corruption, nepotism, and mismanagement in all areas of public and private enterprise. This, I must hasten to add, was not so in the early years of Christian Democratic rule. Italy's phenomenal rise, in the 1950s and early 1960s, as an industrial power, as well as its very significant contribution to creating the European Communities (as they then were), were largely the work of Christian Democratic leaders. But, as I say, the Party's stock is now exhausted.

Under these conditions the Communists became the natural point of reference for the entire opposition. Every election brought them fresh votes. Today they are in charge of many of our best-run municipalities, and their influence in the trade union movement is paramount. Their respect of the law and of the conventions of parliamentary democracy is scrupulous. Is this the same party of revolution and dictatorship which Lenin and some of the early Leninist leaders of the Italian Communist Party thought they were building? I hardly think so. The Italian Communists are men and women whose principal concern is the welfare and general good of the Italian people, who want social reforms to that end, and who are perfectly prepared to ally themselves with others to that end. They are people of the stamp of the Austrian, Belgian, and British socialists—in fact social democrats.

—Social Democrats at the top of the Party as well as at its grass roots?

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SPINELLI: The votes the Communists attract are, ideologically speaking, social democratic votes. This is not a party of militants—it is a party of millions of ordinary, reform-hungry people, and the *Apparat* at grass-root levels is also social democratic much more than Marxist or Leninist.

—What about the Apparat *at the all-important middle level where vested interests and calcified minds are normally guarantees of orthodoxy?*

SPINELLI: The *apparatchiks* at the middle level—the Deputies, the men who run cooperatives, trade unions, municipal governments and so forth—are anything but *apparatchiks* in the Soviet, or any non-Italian, sense of the word. They are neither revolutionaries nor a self-perpetuating caste of bureaucrats. They are ordinary people *of* the people and of Italian culture. They are indistinguishable from the kind of men and women one finds running similar organisations for the social democrats.

In the upper crust of the Party there continues to exist a small number of leaders steeped in the Stalinist past. Their ranks are thinning out and their influence is small. They have come to recognise that the secret of the Party's spectacular success was, and is, the distance it has managed to put between itself and the Soviet model of socialism. They know that, if the Party had preserved its original character as a Leninist vanguard of the elect, it would never have attained the influence it has. Facts have taught them that there is an inverse relationship between ideology, Leninism and Stalinism (on the one hand) and popular success (on the other).

In the Italian Communist Party, too, nothing succeeds like success. When the choice had to be made between loyalty to the purisms of the established faith, and the promise of power based on the Party's popular appeal, the ideology was promptly dropped and the promise of power embraced. This is the way in which every ideological party proceeds when faced with the choice —it has happened in Italy and it is happening in France.

—I am a little disturbed by the unanimity with which the French Party has erased the "dictatorship of the proletariat" from its programme. 1700 votes were cast for repudiating it—none against. Earlier resolutions endorsing "the dictatorship of the proletariat" were (as Kissinger recently observed) carried by the same 1700 votes for, with none against. The French Communist leaders must be extraordinarily persuasive . . . .

SPINELLI: I share your disbelief. France is intellectually more liberal than Italy, yet the French Communist Party has, until quite recently, been a direct appendage of the Comintern and the Kremlin. Maurice Thorez was not a product of *French* communism; he was directly appointed by Stalin. No such thing ever happened in Italy. From the very beginning, the Italian Party had Gramsci as its principal apostle, closely followed by Togliatti, Longo and others. There was no need to scour Lenin or Stalin for suitable quotations when such could be readily found in Gramsci. The Italian leaders were home-grown communists; their intellectual habitat, their social and cultural terms of reference were Italian. Consequently, the critique to which they subjected the entire philosophy and programme of Italian communism was profound and grounded in the realities of Italian life. Nothing of the sort could be said of the French Party. The manner in which they repudiated "the dictatorship of the proletariat" would be unimaginable under Italian conditions: they rejected dogma—dogmatically! I am inclined to take French protestations of change with a pinch of salt.

After Khrushchev's secret speech at the 20th Party Congress the following story was going the rounds in Moscow. An anthropologist visits a cannibal tribe in darkest Africa. "I'm told", he says to the tribal chief, "that you still practise the shameful habit of cannibalism around here." "Oh no", protests the chieftain, "we consumed our last man yesterday. . . ."

I AM NOT QUITE CLEAR *how and why the "dictatorship of the proletariat" vanished from the Italian Party's vocabulary. I can see that, in the Soviet Union, where "socialism" has been on the books for sixty years, the party theologians had grounds for saying that, after those sixty years of "building socialism", the dictatorship of the proletariat has been superseded by the "all-people's state." This is, in fact, what the draft of the new Soviet Constitution says. But on what doctrinal grounds have the Italian and French parties neglected or dropped the "dictatorship of the proletariat", seeing that they have not* **begun** *to take the first steps towards "socialism"? I can understand their fear that "dictatorship" is no vote-catcher in Western Europe—but could there be a profounder challenge to the entire concept of Communism, or a more opportunistic and possibly self-defeating way of selling it?*

SPINELLI: "The dictatorship of the proletariat" has never been *officially* dropped from the programme of the Italian Party; but it was quietly buried a long time ago. Not only that, but at the first legally held Congress of the Party in 1946 Togliatti stated: "No one in the Italian Communist Party is expected to be a Marxist!" which goes way beyond repudiating the dictatorship of the proletariat. Togliatti added that most members and supporters of the Party were, of course, Marxists, but he saw the Party as a rallying ground for a practical programme, not a catechism. And this is naturally the way in which

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practical matters are handled in politics. There *are* Christians who believe that Christ's second coming will mean the end of the world, and there are scriptural sources to support their expectation. But show me a Christian who bases his daily life on it—any more than any convinced Communist would expect a just society to emerge from the dictatorship of the proletariat! Such people no longer exist.

The Italian Communists had two great obstacles barring them from eligibility to power: the dead weight of ideology and their loyalty, or suspected loyalty, to Moscow as the ultimate defender of the faith. It has taken many years of free debate to overcome them, but overcome them they did. Incidentally: no one in the Italian Party is subject to party discipline or the "whip" system. The Party's debates are entirely free—as free, shall we say, as those of the German Social Democrats.

I AM INTRIGUED *by your repeated reference to Social Democracy. In their bad Godesberg programme the German Social Democrats renounced Marxism as their official philosophy, which the Italian Communists have never done—even though Togliatti opened the gates of the Party to non-Marxist supporters and Lombardo Radice tells us that the Party might repudiate Marxism at its next Congress. In fact, not many weeks ago, Giorgio Amendola said: "We are not going to go to Godesberg."*

SPINELLI: The notion of the "historical compromise" is in my judgment the Italian Communist Party's repudiation of Marxism. I can interpret it in no other way.

—Why doesn't the Party say so?

SPINELLI: No party can utterly disown the principles on which its entire past and entire mythology were built. No party can be expected to say: we have been misguided or ignorant or

From Moscow:

THE COMMUNIST PARTIES *of a number of capitalist countries are now putting forward slogans of the struggle for democracy on the basis of which it is possible to rally the people's masses around the working class and to bring them to the next stage, to the struggle for socialism. This policy accords with Lenin's theses that the struggle for profound democratic transformations can lead to the creation of a revolutionary democratic state in which the foundations of big capital are fundamentally undermined. "This is STILL NOT socialism", V. I. Lenin wrote, "but it is NO LONGER capitalism. It is an enormous STEP TOWARD socialism. . . ."*

NOWADAYS, WHEN **the objective preconditions for socialism have ripened still more throughout the world and in each individual capitalist country, when an economic and sociopolitical crisis is enveloping the capitalist world more and more deeply and shaking all its foundations and when favourable international conditions have been created for the development of the world revolutionary process, the role of the subjective factor of revolution is increasing still more. The task of strengthening and developing subjective factors of the revolutionary process and primarily of strengthening the working class party, educating the working class and rallying all the forces interested in the revolutionary transformation of society is one of the most important tasks for Marxist-Leninists.**

A law of socialist revolution which became apparent back in Russia and which has been confirmed by the subsequent revolutions is the diversity of the forms of struggle for its victory. The main forms are armed or peaceful revolutionary struggle and a complex interweaving of these. These forms express one and the same content of socialist revolution. It would be erroneous to identify the forms and the content of revolution—that is, for instance, to identify an armed uprising (civil war) as one form of the revolutionary process with the socialist revolution itself or with its essence. This identification plays into the hands of bourgeois propaganda which asserts that communists deem armed uprising and civil war to be the only way to transform society. . . . Under some conditions revolutionary action may take the form of direct suppression of the exploiters' armed resistance, and under others it is displayed in various forms of non-military coercion.

THE BOURGEOISIE *is now speculating about violence in every possible way and accusing the communists of adherence to terrorist methods, civil war and the military form of implementing revolution. The bourgeoisie and its ideologists attempt to conceal the fact that it is precisely the exploiter classes which are the prime sources and the prime bearers of violence. . . . Unlike the reactionary classes which are leaving the historical arena, the ascending, progressive classes are forced to resort to violence in order to smash the old, obsolete relations and to overthrow the exploiter classes which dominate under this system, since these classes retard the replacement of the obsolete mode of production with the new*

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naive for the greatest part of our existence—but *now* we are going to start a fresh chapter. If you drive self-criticism that far, you destroy your *raison d'être.*

—But this refusal and the lessons imprinted on us by the behaviour of the ruling Communist parties account for the suspicion which continues to surround the Italian Communist Party's policies. Given the history of the world Communist movement, the Italian Party can hardly hope to benefit from any presumption of innocence.

SPINELLI: Well, it is a cardinal principle of law that men are judged by their deeds, not their intentions. On that principle, the Italian Communists have been democrats and are democrats. Whatever their occasional rhetoric, they have stuck to the rules of parliamentary democracy. You may well be right in saying that the onus of proof is on them. But for that, they have to be given a chance to govern.

2. Policy & Power

GEORGE URBAN: *You have said the idea of an "historical compromise" is the Italian equivalent of the Bad Godesberg programme (1959) of the German Social Democrats. What particular circumstances were responsible for this significant initiative?*

SPINELLI: As the economic crisis began to hit Italy and the mismanagement of the country became less and less tolerable—and I am now talking of the late 1960s—the example of a well-run party, with great managerial skills and incorruptible service to its credit, made the man-in-the-street aware that the Communists might offer a solution to Italy's problems. At the same time, the Socialists, whose alliance with the

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and more progressive mode. The revolutionary classes resort to violence in one form or another against the reactionary classes and forces as a retaliatory measure, and the scale and forms of the violence depend on the correlation of class forces and on the extent and strength of the resistance of the overthrown classes. The violence of the working class and all the working people against the exploiter minority is historically justified.

THE FOUNDERS OF **scientific communism have shown that in whatever form—peaceful or armed—the socialist revolution develops, it is a difference not between evolution and revolution but merely between two forms of revolution.... In the context of preparing an armed uprising and the accumulation of forces it may be necessary to use participation in parliament, lawful work in mass organisations, and so forth. V. I. Lenin believed that "to implement its task the revolutionary class must master ALL forms or aspects of social activity without the slightest exception" and that "the revolutionary class must be prepared for the most rapid and unexpected replacement of one form with another."**

V. I. LENIN'S CONCLUSION *based on the experience of October is highly topical for the present-day revolutionary movement. "If we do not possess all means of struggle we may suffer an enormous—and sometimes even decisive—defeat if changes in the position of other classes which do not depend on our will place on the agenda a form of activity in which we are particularly weak. If we possess all means of struggle we will win for sure since we represent the interests of a truly advanced, truly revolutionary class, even if circumstances do not allow us to use the weapon most dangerous to our enemy, the weapon which deals mortal blows most rapidly."*

The practice of the proletariat's revolutionary struggle for power has shown the need for and even the inevitability of replacing peaceful with armed forms if the bourgeoisie offers fierce resistance, weapon in hand, to the proletariat. So it was in Russia in 1917, and there have been examples of this in the countries of people's democracy.

SPEAKING OF THE NEED **to assert the dictatorship of the proletariat in the transition from capitalism to socialism, Marxism-Leninism stresses the multiplicity of forms of the new power. V. I. Lenin points out: "The dictatorship of ONE class is essential not only for any class society in general, not only for the PROLETARIAT which has overthrown the bourgeoisie, but also for the entire HISTORICAL PERIOD separating capitalism from the 'classless society', from communism. The forms of the bourgeois states are extraordinarily varied, but their essence is the same: All these states are in one way or another—but, in the final analysis, unfailingly—THE DICTATORSHIP OF THE BOURGEOISIE. The transition from capitalism to communism cannot, of course, fail to produce an enormous abundance and variety of political forms, but the essence here will inevitably be the same: THE DICTATORSHIP OF THE PROLETARIAT."**

S. V. Alexandrov

"Great October: General Laws and the Diversity of Forms of Revolution",
Voprosy Istorii *(Moscow, July 1977)*

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Christian Democrats had at one stage brought them an ephemeral growth, were losing support and began to talk of the necessity of an alternative government of the Left. All this induced the Communist leadership and the Party intellectuals to believe that the time was ripe for a new policy that would pave their way to power.

But how were they to approach the problem most profitably? The Communists had before them the example of Allende: a government which had the majority of the national vote behind it and which ought to have been able to govern, but in fact was not. Why? Because the great mass of non-electoral power—the police, the civil administration, the judiciary, the holders of economic power, in brief: the Establishment—were against the elected government. In other words, the constellation of forces outside parliament, which was conservative, was a challenge, and a successful challenge, to the political power vested in the government through its parliamentary mandate. It is almost a law of politics that if the Left enjoys only a small parliamentary majority, its power is precarious and its life is in constant danger because, when the power of the non-parliamentary establishment, which is habitually conservative, is added to the parliamentary strength of the Right, the Right proves stronger. By the same token, a small conservative majority is enough to secure safety of tenure for a conservative government because to *its* parliamentary strength is automatically added the support of the non-parliamentary "vote."

The Italian Communists recognised that the coup against Allende was the result of an alliance between Allende's parliamentary opponents and his enemies in the Chilean extra-parliamentary establishment. Pondering this example they came to the conclusion that a similar fate might befall an Italian Communist government. Even if the Communists and Socialists united, they would, so the Communists realised, still be too weak to govern and resist the combined opposition of the parliamentary Right and that large conglomeration of non-parliamentary power that would try to defeat a Communist-led government.

The next step in the Communist Party's reasoning was to say that, in order to come to power and exercise power with any chance of success, the Party must come to an understanding with the Christian Democrats. It was argued that even though the Communists were critical of the Christian Democratic Party's policies, it had to be recognised that the Christian Democrats were a popular party with a strong and honourable democratic component. It was with this party—it was now recalled—that the Communists had shared writing Italy's new Constitution and creating the Republic. On such foundations a consensus could once again be created.

—A most un-Leninist way of going after power. . . .

SPINELLI: Oh, highly un-Leninist and anti-Leninist! It is the way of men who have learnt to deal with the real world. Lenin was an irrelevance. The Communists as co-founders of post-War Italian democracy were aware that democracy was in deep trouble and that the sole way of rescuing it was through a broad consensus similar to the one that existed just after the War. The Communists' ambition was (and is) a modest one. They realised that the mistrust which their past inspired would take them many years to expunge from memory and that they could not rule single-handed for the reasons I have just stated. Hence they concentrated on trying to obtain a share of power in coalition with the Christian Democrats, and that continues to be their present policy. The Communists were, in fact, saying:

> **"You distrust us. Very well, you need not advance us your confidence. If you agree to share power with us in government, in some areas you will be watching us, in others we will be watching you. You will see for yourselves that we are not plotting a revolution—we have no Red Guards, no armed workers and no Soviet Army to foist us on an unwilling majority."**

This perspective made the Party re-examine its entire political programme. Very briefly: their platform continues to include the nationalisation of certain major enterprises and the abolition of the market economy. But they propose to do this in a way that would amount to *socialisation*, on the model of strongly motivated Socialist Parties such as the Swedish and Dutch (the Germans are not so motivated), and not on the model of Soviet state-socialism. This is, broadly speaking, where the Party stands in 1977.

MY SCEPTICISM *is unassuaged. One famous Communist poster before Hungary's first—and last—free elections after the War showed a protective hand extended in a gesture of benediction, with this (originally rhyming) couplet for a caption: "The Communist Party's concern is the private wealth of the little man."*

SPINELLI: Well, this is the kind of past from which the Italian Communists have to detach themselves. But, as I say, they are conscious of their handicap and they are, I think, on their way to overcoming it. The Party's evolution in its external policies has been every bit as significant as the one mapped out by the "historic compromise." And, of course, the crucial problem was its relationship with the Soviet Union. More and more, the Italian Communists came to feel that

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their links with Moscow were a millstone round their neck. Luckily for them, their efforts to cut the umbilical cord coincided with a number of favourable developments—de-Stalinisation after Khrushchev's secret speech in 1956, the Sino-Soviet dispute, and the ensuing collapse of the monolithic character of the world Communist movement. When church unity no longer exists, everyone is much freer to think and act as he likes. Togliatti fully exploited these opportunities by adding the idea of polycentrism.

The Communists' evolution did not, of course, follow a straight line. The 1956 Hungarian Revolution found the Party still deeply mired in dogmatism. The uprising was branded a "counter-revolution", the arrest and execution of Imre Nagy were strongly supported, and the Soviet reasons for suppressing Hungary were approved. But certain hesitations could already be observed. For example, Giolitti (my current successor as European Commissioner in Brussels) left the Party in demonstration of his disapproval of the Party's attitude to the Hungarian events, and so did others. But by the time Soviet troops marched on Prague in August 1968, the Party leaders got the message. They realised that sticking to the Soviet line would lay them open to the accusation that, whatever they might be saying in their propaganda, the moment a decision had to be taken in a critical situation, they would always come down on the side of the Soviet Union. They therefore criticised the Soviet action and have sustained their critique to this day. They are now manfully supporting Charter 77 in Czechoslovakia, the Polish Workers' Defence Committee, dissent in East Germany, and civil rights in the Soviet Union.

But this break with the mother church left the Party's foreign policy in a state of disorientation. As you know, a Communist Party's attitude to Moscow is the bench-mark of its general perceptions and intentions. For much the greatest part of its history the world Communist movement was governed by the idea that the might and influence of the Soviet Union coincide with the interests of mankind. Proletarian internationalism was the doctrinal umbrella under which gains made by the world Communist movement were never given up and central discipline was enforced. But with this monolithic conception broken up—where was the Italian Party to go? A swing to America would have been too drastic to be imaginable. There were attempts to learn from the French Communists and invest in Left-wing nationalism. But while in France the coupling of Nationalism with Revolution had a long tradition in the French Revolution and the revolutionary and Napoleonic wars, no such tradition existed in Italy. I do not, mind you, approve of the French Communists' nationalism, but I can understand its rationale. . . .

—"National-Socialism" with an anti-American and anti-German face . . . .

SPINELLI: That kind of thing. The German Socialists' nationalism under Kurt Schumacher was an equally poor model, though for different reasons. In Italy, nationalism under the aegis of the Communist Party would have entailed the country's rapid detachment from Western Europe and its relegation to the status of an increasingly off-centre Mediterranean nation culturally and politically. It would have put Italy in the company of half-developed countries nursing their grievances without much hope of putting them right. This might have been an acceptable prospect for a certain type of atavistic fascism, but not for a modern and progressive party.

—There is, though, a highly respectable democratic and *nationalistic tradition in Mazzini and "Young Italy." Wouldn't these have offered the necessary historical precedent?*

SPINELLI: Despite their fame and formative cultural influence, Mazzini and the Republican Party have never been central to Italian politics. The popular traditions have been Catholicism on the Right and Socialism on the Left. Both were rather indifferent to the Risorgimento which was compromised, especially through the misuse of the name of Garibaldi (always a hurrah-word) by the Fascist régime. True, the Communist Party too paid tribute in its rhetoric to the Risorgimento, and there was a time when the Party had its own "Garibaldi brigades." But this was merely pandering to popular emotions—the intolerant nationalism which comes so easily to the French, whether of the Right or the Left, was absent.

With all these roads closed to them, the Italian Communists had no choice but to adopt European unification as the central plank in their new foreign policy. This carried the promise of many advantages, the main one being that a united Europe would assert its independence from both Moscow and Washington. In the event, our Communists did, in fact, walk down the European road, and I have been able to follow their development from close quarters and in some ways to influence them.

—Without wanting to interrupt your story, let me just say that Moscow is extremely hostile to any idea of an independent united Europe, especially as advanced in Santiago Carrillo's recent book **Eurocommunism and the State.**[1] *This is, on the face of it, surprising—after all,*

[1] See Hugh Thomas's analysis, "Señor Carrillo's Schism", ENCOUNTER, October 1977.

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an independent Europe would diminish Washington's influence. But this is not the way the Soviet leaders look at it. Carrillo may very well have put his finger on the real motives behind the Soviet criticism when he said with his customary frankness on 28 June 1977:

"What I cannot understand is how the USSR can prefer a Western Europe in NATO, in a certain manner under the control of the United States, to an independent and autonomous Europe such as we propose. This forces me to think that the existence of a NATO Europe, controlled by the United States, justifies a second Europe on the other side, controlled by the Soviet Union."

SPINELLI: I would not take issue with Carrillo's suspicion—it is probably well founded.

You will no doubt know that I used to be a Communist. I broke with the Party while in prison because I refused to toe the line on the Moscow show-trials (more of which later). After my imprisonment, which lasted from 1927 right up to the fall of Mussolini in 1943, I was considered one of the Party's worst enemies, and I am certain that if the Party had taken power after the War, I would have been among the first to be liquidated. Fortunately for me, it did not take power.

When the idea of European unification began to get in its stride and I was heavily involved in the campaign for European Federation, I was first wondering whether, as a man coming from the Left, I should not try to work for the acceptance of my policies through and with the European Left. But I soon realised that this would be taking too narrow a view, and I decided to count my allies and adversaries not in terms of Left or Right but according to their willingness or refusal to work for European unification.

Well, it so happened that the Christian Democrats were the first to support the idea of Europe, and I have been closely associated with them, not only with Alcide de Gasperi who led the Italian side of the movement, but also with Robert Schumann in France and Konrad Adenauer in Germany. We had, as European Federalists, a certain impact on them.

After the Hungarian Revolution, the Italian Socialists (who were then in electoral alliance with the Communists and shared the latter's Moscow-centric loyalties) decided to cut the Soviet tie and were, as the Communists were to be ten years later, in a quandary as to what they should do next. Pietro Nenni invited me to collaborate with him in working out a European programme for his party. I was most willing to do so; but when asked to join the Socialist Party, I declined. Nenni eventually became Foreign Minister and appointed me as his special adviser on European affairs.

—It seems to me that in a sense the Socialists were joining **your** *"party"—*

SPINELLI: They were, and so were the Communists, because after the occupation of Czechoslovakia, the Communists approached me with a similar problem: would I help them to devise a Communist policy on Europe? They had some vague idea that Europe was the road they ought to be taking, but they were not sure how to go about it.

—Did the Communist leaders approach you directly?

SPINELLI: Oh, yes. I was at the time director of an Institute of International Affairs which I had founded, and it was there that Leonardi for example came to see me with this problem. A little later Amendola re-established contact with me (we had been friends and comrades in the Communist Party until my expulsion), and it was Amendola who then took the lion's share in working out a European programme for the Party.

I was watching his evolution with great interest. He first spoke in vague Gaullist terms—"Europe from the Atlantic to the Urals"—that kind of thing. But when he saw that this kinship with Gaullism put the Party in an equivocal position, he began to limit the scope of desirable unification to Western Europe. Next, he shifted his position to demanding a "confederal" Europe—a Europe of nation-states—but this was, of course, still very far from what Federalists like myself were seeking. Amendola then let it be known that the Party ought to assume a more positive attitude to the European Community, but he used a curious reasoning. The European Community, he argued, has been created by the bourgeoisie. Once the Communist and other Left-wing parties could work from within it, they might turn it to their own advantage—"exploit" it, to use his word, against the bourgeoisie.

—Did you hear him say this?

SPINELLI: Yes, but I did not leave it unanswered. I explained to him that any attempt at "exploitation" would be a dangerous mistake. The European Community, I said, is far from resting on solid foundations. It is still very much in the making and may yet fail.

"You must realise", I told him, "that if you do come into the Community, you are going to exploit nothing. We want you to come in on condition that you are determined to help us to develop it—not to kill it."

Amendola, who did not have a closed mind on the problem, understood the difficulties the European Community was, and is, facing, and gradually began to talk in federalist terms. That is where the matter stands at the moment.

—There are two questions here. Does Amendola mean

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what he says, and does he represent the thinking of the Party?

SPINELLI: My answer is "yes" to both questions, and my reasons for saying so are these. The idea of European unification has different echoes in different countries. In Britain and France, Europe is a divisive issue; in Germany, Holland, Belgium, and Italy it makes for national unity. The Italian Communists are well aware of the popularity of the European idea throughout Italian society and they cultivate it as part of their quest for a consensus through the "historical compromise." Europe fits in with their internal policies.

There is, moreover, the fact that in Italy the most fervent supporters of European unification are the workers. This is intriguing because the sad thing we can observe in most European countries is that, with honourable exceptions, the working class has become the most parochial, provincial, and even jingoistic section of society. This is most obviously true in countries which have a large immigrant population—whether as temporary guest-workers or permanently settled. The French and British working class may well be internationalist in the minds of socialist theoreticians. But in fact their experience of foreigners is limited to two types of encounter: at home, where the foreign worker is resented simply because he is a foreigner; and abroad, where foreigners are met with on the tourist circuit in the shape of waiters and taxi-drivers. This is as good as not meeting them at all and usually serves to reinforce existing prejudices rather than to abolish them. Germany in this respect is an exception. There foreign workers are pretty well treated at every level—but then Germany under Hitler abused the labour of foreigners so badly that Germany's present fairness is perhaps no more than a compensatory reaction to the past, although I tend to believe that it represents a genuine advance in social tolerance.

In Italy there is hardly a worker or peasant whose father or brother or son has not spent years in foreign countries as a guest worker. When these people speak of the Germans or French or Dutch, they know exactly what they are talking about. They have lived among Germans and Frenchmen, and they liked what they saw. For them the foreigner is not an alien they cannot comprehend, but a friend and employer and a source of a higher standard of living. The Spanish people have the same attitude, and one can see why Carrillo has no difficulty in leading a strongly pro-European Communist Party.

To sum up: the Italian Communists are responding in their pro-European policies to the real feelings and interests of the Italian people. In designing their new economic profile, too, Europe is of considerable help to them. After much internal debate, the Party decided not to opt for a planned, much less a command, economy. As the European Community makes it mandatory for the Nine to keep their national economies open, it provides the Italian Communists with an excellent justification for declining to do certain things they would not want to do anyway.

3. NATO & Euro-Communism

WHAT ABOUT THE VEXED QUESTION *of the Party's attitude to* NATO*? In a previous article*[2] *Professor Lombardo Radice made a highly equivocal statement on what the Party would do in a war-like East-West emergency, notably that it might, with certain qualifications, come down on the Soviet side.*

SPINELLI: The Party's initial attitude was, of course, extremely hostile to NATO. Then came a period of discreet silence while new attitudes were being worked out. This in turn was followed by the full acceptance of NATO as one element in the world's existing balance of power which guarantees peace. The current Communist attitude is that if Italy rocked the Western boat either by neutrality or by coming out against the Western Alliance, the imbalance in favour of Soviet power would be unacceptable.

—The imbalance in favour of Moscow would hurt Italian Communist interests?

SPINELLI: Yes, for what would it mean for the Italian Communists in real terms? Italy's north-eastern neighbour, Yugoslavia, enjoys a position of non-alignment. This is partly due to the Yalta agreement which exempted Yugoslavia from both the Western and Eastern spheres of influence. But it is also due to Tito's and the Yugoslav Communists' firm guardianship of their independence.

Today Yugoslavia is *one* important element in the equilibrium between NATO and the Warsaw Pact. This was well demonstrated after the occupation of Czechoslovakia, when the Yugoslavs let it be known that, if Soviet intervention looked like becoming a reality, they would not hesitate to ask for NATO assistance. The Italian Communists are extremely conscious of two dangers. One is the danger they might be inviting on the heads of the Yugoslavs by toying with the idea of Italian neutrality or directly

[2] George Urban, "Communism with an Italian Face?", ENCOUNTER, May 1977.

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repudiating Italy's membership of NATO. This would mean the weakening or disappearance of NATO from Yugoslavia's Western frontier, and making it, in the uncertainties that are bound to follow Tito's death, much easier for the Soviet leaders to risk the subjugation of Yugoslavia. The presence of NATO on the Italian-Yugoslav boundary is one of the guarantees, and possibly *the* guarantee, of Yugoslav independence.

The second danger is connected with the first. For the Italian Communists, with their highly unorthodox, Euro-Communist ideas, nothing could be more unwelcome than the arrival of Soviet troops on their frontiers. Berlinguer made this absolutely clear during the last election campaign when he said that he felt much better protected behind the shield of NATO than he would outside it.

—What exactly did he mean by that?

SPINELLI: He and the other Italian Communist leaders know well enough that working in a Western bourgeois society certainly faces them with great obstacles. Kissinger was against them, the present US administration may also be against them, they are up against old prejudices, and so forth. But they feel that in the West they are free to fight these obstacles, and to fail or to succeed on the merit of their case. If, however, they came under Soviet protection, Berlinguer and his colleagues would soon be going the way of Dubcek, or worse.

"The Italian Communists are extremely conscious of the Soviet danger to Yugoslavia. The weakening of NATO *on Yugoslavia's western frontier would risk the subjugation of Yugoslavia. Nothing could be more unwelcome than the arrival of Soviet troops along Italy's frontiers—Berlinguer said he felt much better protected behind the shield of* NATO *than outside it. . . ."*

THEIR FEARS *are surely justified. When one reads the accounts of Stalin's treatment of the Communist survivors of the Spanish civil war, the roots of Santiago Carrillo's distrust of the Soviet system are at once revealed. The memoirs of El Campesino, for example, one of the Spanish Civil War's most famous Communist generals, are proof enough that the horrors of Stalinism implanted in the minds of most Spanish Communists a lasting aversion to the Soviet type of Communism and a determination to run any future Spanish Communist movement (as El Campesino put it) "outside Stalinist Communism, or even against it." Dolores Ibarruri was, of course, not one of them; she chose to be one of Stalin's most willing and ruthless instruments.*

But to come back to Berlinguer's famous statement on NATO: *how did the rank-and-file react to it?*

SPINELLI: My cooperation with the Communist Party started with the 1976 election campaign. In fact, it was the Party that organised my meetings for me; therefore I had ample opportunity to gain first-hand experience of what the Italian voters, and especially the Communist voters, thought. It was clear from the beginning that Berlinguer's words on NATO produced no adverse comment, much less active dissent, on the part of the militants or anyone else. Interest focused on the state of the economy and Italy's relations with Western Europe and the USA. The question of the Party's loyalty or lack of loyalty to the Kremlin was a non-problem. It did not once come up for discussion.

All in all, then, I would say that the thinking of the Italian Communist leadership and of the rank-and-file are in close harmony. Many people doubt that this is so, but I can tell you as an old politician that deception in politics may work for six months or a year, but you cannot fool all your party all the time. Hitler said in 1932 that he would rise to power through the democratic process, as he did, and then proceed to throttle democracy, as he also did. But if he had committed himself to respect democracy for a period of *ten* years, not *one*, I doubt whether he *could* have got away with killing democracy as soon as he found himself in office.

The Italian Communists have been forced by the state of Italian politics to play the game of parliamentary democracy for more than thirty years, and the rules of the game have had a profound influence on them. I am enough of a democrat to believe that if thirty years of democratic education cannot change the minds of men, then democracy is dead and we ought to think of better ways of ordering human affairs. But I am persuaded that it isn't.

4. How Much is Realism, How Much Illusion?

GEORGE URBAN: *Are you certain that this education in democracy has been assimilated by most of the Party? I often feel that the Berlinguers and Amendolas constitute a liberal and highly educated élite whose hold on the rank-and-file may not stand the strain*

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of another rise in unemployment or inflation. Also, isn't there a modicum of truth in what **Novoye Vremya** *says in its first attack on Carrillo, quoting a passage from the resolution of the 25th Soviet Party Congress:*

> **"A concession to opportunism may sometimes yield some temporary advantage, but will ultimately be damaging to the party."**

I would have thought a principled Italian Communist of the militant Left would have no difficulty in agreeing with that.

SPINELLI: Views of this kind *can* be heard on the far Left of the Party. The charge is sometimes made that the Communist leaders are betraying the idea of revolution, that they are too anxious to adjust, and so forth. I would myself not ascribe great importance to these views. The Party leadership is seriously committed to the rules of liberal democracy—they want to make a success of it. It isn't that they could simply turn the clock back if their present policies failed and start preaching revolution and the dictatorship of the proletariat all over again. Any attempt of this kind would generate a serious crisis and probably split the Party.

—What exactly do the Italian Communists mean by "compromisso storico"? Let me take the two words separately in their English connotations and see whether the meaning I read into the phrase does in fact correspond with the one it carries in Italian. In the broadest sense "historical" simply means "pertaining to the nature of history", as in an "historical novel." But the word also has a narrower meaning, implying a certain value-judgment: "noted or celebrated in history", and my impression is that it is in this latter sense that "historical" is being used here.

"Compromise" in my interpretation has a weak and a strong meaning. The first implies "a partial surrender of one's position in order to come to terms with another party." In the strong sense, however, it comes very close to meaning a "settlement"—"Ausgleich" would be the German word for it. This, I would assume, is the meaning we should associate with it in "historical compromise." The phrase thus read would then give us the following: "an agreement of lasting significance to settle with our erstwhile antagonists."

SPINELLI: When I said a little while ago that the "historical compromise" is the Italian version of the Bad Godesberg programme and a break with revolutionary Marxism, this is broadly speaking what I meant.

Translated into the currency of practical politics, the "historical compromise" is (as I have already said) a very straightforward thing. *Mutatis mutandis*, what the Communists have in mind is an Italian "Grand Coalition" on the Bonn model. They cannot see why, given their electoral strength and administrative record, they should be any less eligible for a share in power than were the SPD. The *grosse Koalition* worked because Germany's conditions demanded that it should, and so—the Italian Communists argue—would an Italian "Grand Coalition" for broadly similar reasons.

—If Communists were socialists, the world would be a very different place.

SPINELLI: The point I am arguing is that the Italian Communists *are* social democrats. I have already said that they in fact repudiated Marxism in 1946, much before the Bad Godesberg programme. But to that I must now add that the German Social Democrats' electoral handicap was not the survival of Marxism in their programme but their nationalism. Under Kurt Schumacher, the SPD's first foreign policy objective was the reunification of Germany. The German people found this a dangerous priority. The important thing that happened at Bad Godesberg was that the Party drew up an entirely new programme. In it nationalism was dropped and the idea of European unification adopted.

But the Austrian example is even more relevant. There, in 1934, the Christian Socialists and Social Democrats fought a civil war over the Vienna workers' uprising. The revolution was put down by Government forces under the Chancellorship of Dollfuss; and the Social Democratic Party was dissolved. After the War, the two parties discovered that the electoral vote was evenly divided between them; and they came to the prudent conclusion that the frightful legacy of the inter-War period must be done away with. For many years they then collaborated in Coalition governments, which worked extremely well, and showed both parties to be politically mature and acceptable to all sections of Austrian society.

My argument is that the Italian Communists are similarly acceptable partners both to the Christian Democrats and to the Italian public.

I WOULD NEED *a lot of convincing that a party which has spent the greatest part of its history fighting and, literally, burying social democrats would now limit its ambitions to those of social democrats. The differences between Bruno Kreisky's party and even the Italian or Spanish Communist Party remain formidable.*

I was watching Berlinguer address a mass "Unità" festival in Naples the other day. Although Berlinguer said nothing one could describe as "revolutionary", the experience was nevertheless unsettling. Here was a gathering of more than a hundred thousand people giving the clenched fist salute to the rhythmic chant of party-agitational songs. There were torchlight parades and fiery speeches against the misdeeds of American imperialism in Latin America and the crimes of the multinational companies—but not a word of criticism of the Soviet Union.

And all this in a vast sports stadium which Mussolini had built for similar purposes. I am not sure whether a

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Enzo Bettiza on . . .

Milan

THE ORIGIN of the word "Euro-Communism" is not without interest. There were in the beginning, as Communists in the West appeared to take on a new strategy and indeed ideology, many attempts to describe it. I remember using "neo-Communism" myself. But the official legitimation of the term "Eurocommunism" (with-or-without hyphen)—it appeared in the official document issued on 3 June 1976, the day before the first mass joint meeting held in Paris by the Italian and French parties—ended the semantic pluralism . . . although, I must note, in Berlinguer's cautious (as always) speech it still appeared in quotation marks.

*Its first coinage was, I believe, in the paper in Milan of which I am an editor; the author was the Yugoslav journalist, Frane Barbieri, writing an editorial on "Brezhnev's Expectations" (*Giornale Nuovo, *26 June 1975). It was not exactly intended to be a pro-Communist formulation; and indeed one leading Spanish Marxist (Ramon Tamames) classified it in the Western vocabulary next to Winston Churchill's "Iron Curtain" and Walter Lippmann's "Cold War." Is it, then, our word or their word? The fact of the matter is that whoever coined it and whenever it was re-adapted, one has to look beyond the phrase as overworked in speeches and newspaper columns. Who now remembers exactly what the great and influential Karl Kautsky meant when he made his (at the time) historic distinction between a "revolutionary party" and "a party making revolutions." In the confusion of such vague subtleties, violent revolutions were made, dictatorial parties came to power, and nice phraseology was soon forgotten. Let us try to keep our eyes on the realities, not the rhetoric.*

THE FACT OF THE MATTER is that the vaunted theoreticians of the three great Western "Euro-Communist" parties (Italy, France, Spain) are strikingly reticent about that central element of Marxist-Leninist theory: namely, the Revolution. If they are against coming to power through the violence of an armed revolt, was then the October Revolution merely a "*coup d'état*", perhaps even a mere "*putsch*", with all its horrific ends being implicit in its illegitimate means? There are, we have been reassured, "other ways", different "national roads" to the brave new world of a Communist society. On the way there may well have to be retreats ("one step backward") or pauses, strategic silences and of course "historic compromises." The glittering image of the Russian "October" (with its storming of the Winter Palace and the like) has given way to the shining Chinese notion of "a Long March." After the long march through the institutions comes the final solution. The scenario now looks as if it calls not for the conquest of power—only a few years ago this crude Bolshevik method failed miserably with Cunhal in Portugal—but for pressure, penetration, parity and, ultimately, hegemony. Is there a radical break with the past here? Wasn't the situation in Czechoslovakia in 1948 just such a combination, when Gottwald moved in to power peacefully, without the aid of the Soviet Army, coming to absolute power only after slowly "boring from within"? And indeed, wasn't the failed experiment of Allende a similar combination?

ONE WONDERS HOW MUCH *national character and traditions play a role in such variations of revolutionary effort. Cunhal, who failed in Portugal, spent decades of his exile in Moscow; Carrillo, who bears Euro-Communism's Spanish hopes, spent his years of exile in Paris. The Czechs, as a "border people", evinced an effective craftiness; Salvador Allende was a typical South American intellectual who was, in or out of power, far removed from the masses of people. As for France and Italy, we recognise the drastic Jacobinism in the Stalinism of Maurice Thorez and the shrewd and sober Jesuitry in the polycentric revisionism of Togliatti. Marchais remains rough and controversial; Berlinguer presents himself as a man of sweet reasonableness.*

This (as used to be said in the movement) is no accident, comrades.

★

CONSIDER THE SEMINAL ROLE OF Antonio Gramsci as the founding father of the ideology of Euro-Communism. It was he who inaugurated the idea that the Revolution comes at the end, not at the beginning. One had first to conquer Society before conquering the State. It was a great and ambitious project, and it called for patient and ingenious revolutionaries for whom governmental power was the end-result of effective power in the institutions.

Gramsci, after all, grew up in a bourgeois and Catholic world. He pitted himself against the major traditions of his day, and he accepted the challenge of overturning Benedetto Croce's philosophy as once Marx overturned Hegel. The great historical clash was basically between Communism and Catholicism. It was indeed a *Kulturkampf*, for Gramsci's world-vision was more cultural than economic, and more anti-religious than anti-clerical. I do not think it insignificant that in 1919 Gramsci hailed the foundation of the popular party which was the ancestor of the modern Christian Democratic Party! This was, for him, a positive development for the future of Communism. The Catholic masses were now the political scene; and a "new spirit" tends to "make the flesh corruptible." With "Catholicism emerging from a narrow hierarchy and becoming a

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crowd" he saw the beginning of an historic "suicide." Some put it (as in Del Noce's phrase) in a rather different way—"the transition from the old to the new Church." But all these were, for Gramsci, only rocks on which quite another church was to be built. It was never an attitude of "competitive coexistence", but rather of competitive domination. The old-new Church, still holding on to its masses, gets undermined by the liberal ideology, by philosophical idealism, as the whole cultural super-structure of the bourgeois state (with the help of the committed radical progressive intellectuals) gets taken over.

Gramsci, who died in 1937, could not have foreseen how true his feeling for the historic "suicide" was. There is an Italian saying about how Catholicism lacks "a feeling for the State"; and in the 30-year post-Mussolini period the Christian Democratic forces "conquered" the state and crumbled it. Forty years after his death we are forced to acknowledge an almost perfect historical confirmation—as the crisis of both the bourgeois State and the Catholic world perfectly coincide.

SOCIETY, then,—and not the State—is the battle-field. A confident Marxian culture had to displace the world of Crocean liberalism and Catholic religiosity. Is it important if Lenin and his antiquated notions disappeared in the revolutionary process? One should recall here the polemic of the founding father of Italian Communism, Bordiga, who accused Gramsci of having "idealised" and perverted the nature of Marxism; Bordiga (as he boasted) had never read a line of Croce.

But intellectuals do read books, write them, publish them, teach them to young people in the schools, make films and plays and TV dramas of them. In the current phase of Euro-Communist strategy—approaching a political agreement with the Catholics, a cultural agreement with the middle classes, and an economic agreement with the entrepreneurs—the Gramscian intellectual component appears more than ever indispensable to the Communist leaders as they feel close to a climax of a project on which they have laboured for more than half-a-century. The "workers", or at least the soldiers and sailors, were indispensable for the assault on the Winter Palace in 1917. But now, in 1977 in the Western world, it is the intellectuals who are indispensable—for it is they who will conclude the lingering dissolution of the two traditional European cultures, the religious and the liberal, and it is they who will take over and operate those great sources of modern power, the radio and television, the press and the publishing houses, the teletext computers.

Not that they would be disseminating some abstruse and academic dialectical materialism. It is enough for it to be (in Gramsci's phrase) "Pidgin-Marxism." And who looking around the culture of Western Europe today—from England (the home of "Penguin-Marxism") and Germany (where whole universities are now turning out cadres for "system-restructuring") to almost the entire press of France and Italy—can fail to see how deep the penetration of the "super structure" has been! Shabbily outmoded economic theories seem respectable; twisted ideologies, with no roots in ethical values or libertarian ideas, are "naturally" accepted as sound and moral propositions for our future. It's all the new "common sense", our progressive conventional wisdom.

WHEN I SEE AROUND ME the conquest of "mass culture" in Italy, I see more clearly the philosophical acumen of Gramsci's political strategy—indeed almost the totalising Thomistic vision of the way ahead. Other men with great sensitivities to the needs of power in the mass-cultural world have also showed a similar, if rather less systematic, grasp: Mussolini, for one; Goebbels the ingenious Berlin propagandist, for another; and one should not forget that great manipulator, Willi Muenzenberg, of Comintern fame. Strange, that Gramsci in his solitude, in prison in Turin, should have hit upon a formula for worldly success!

The clue is, I think, in totalism. Consider for a moment Gramsci's ambiguous and complex relationship to Italian fascism. It's very significant that he never reproaches fascism for being "totalitarian." On the contrary; it was not totalitarian enough. It was amateurish in its conceptions and incomplete in its execution. Mussolini made his compromises with the Church, with big industry, with finance; and they were static and permanent agreements which paralysed energetic change and indeed were in absurd contrast to the revolutionary expectations of the original Fascist enthusiasm. They were pacts of stalemate and collaboration, instead of dynamic movements (and even in trench warfare the enemy trenches must be taken, if gradually, one after the other). That able analyst of Marxist doctrine, the late George Lichtheim, put it precisely when he wrote: "From his prison-cell where Mussolini had confined him, Gramsci elaborated a doctrine even more totalitarian than that of his jailors. . . ."

What does it matter whether all, or any, of this is orthodox or revisionist by the standards of pure Marxism-Leninism? Massimo Salvadori, a socialist theorist, thinks Gramscianism to be the "highest and most complex expression of Leninism." Del Noce credits Gramsci with going far beyond the quietist scholar in the British Museum and the excited Russian putschist. Be that as it may, here was a spirit that was formed in the shadow of Roman Catholic universalism, of a theology that had historic successes in organising a mass consensus over centuries; here was the impetus of his dream of Revolution, not a blue-book statistic in the B.M. archives, nor yet another Slav storming of palaces to make way for czars of another colour. To put it another way: Gramsci's intuition of the importance of Catholic reality for the Italian revolution was, in some respects, analogous to Lenin's intuition of the importance of the peasant reality for the Russian revolution.

(continued, next page)

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Bruno Kreisky would have felt at home in this environment.

SPINELLI: Social Democracy covers a wide range of political activities. For example, the German Social Democrats have become a very moderate, liberal—almost conservative—force. They have administered Germany rather well but have certainly done nothing to change the structure of German society. Therefore the Italian Communists do not like to be considered social democrats in the SPD's sense. But in Sweden you have a very different type of Social Democracy—one which is radical and has managed to change the face of Sweden in twenty years. Our Communists would hope to achieve something analogous to what the Swedish socialists have done.

We must not indulge in abstract terminology—there are social democrats and social democrats. Only puritanical theorists would expect the Communist Party to sit down and announce *ex cathedra* that at 3 p.m. on Thursday, 12 June, the Party political line changed from *A* to *B*. They do not expect other parties to do so—but for some reason they think this is the way things should be ordered in the Italian Communist Party! Of course, they are not.

But (as I have already said) the principal anxiety surrounding Communist participation in government concerns the Party's relationship with Moscow. And I can readily understand this. The Soviet Union *is* an imperialist, expansionist power—who knows (so runs the argument) whether the Italian Party has not retained a vestigial loyalty to it? *I* am personally convinced of the Party's genuine independence; but I can see what the critics mean.

—But isn't the Party's money still coming from Moscow through the well-established channels of Export-Import companies?

SPINELLI: This may have been so for a time after the War, but for many years now the Party has been receiving no funds from Russia. And why should the Russians support it? Could the Soviet leaders, whose outsize stupidity and short-sightedness in all matters concerning human liberty (as witnessed for example by their treatment of Bukovsky and his exchange for Corvalan) put them on a par with the Nazis—could these same Soviet leaders suddenly become so sophisti-

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WHY PUT SO MUCH **emphasis on a relatively minor intellectual figure, even if he is the philosopher of Euro-Communism? Because what we are witnessing today (in Italy, and France, and elsewhere) is the incubation of modern Western totalitarianism. The longest journey, as Mao used to instruct us, begins with a short step; and a few giant steps have already been taken on the long march through the institutions of old, liberal Western Europe. Our outdated mental habits lead us to look at the strategy of yesterday (armed cadres seizing the radio-stations and hoisting a red flag overnight on to public buildings). Bemused by journalistic sensations about how unorthodox this or that Euro-Communist formulation appears to be, we miss the essence of what is happening today: namely, the strategy and tactics of a Final Revolution. For some the deferment of immediate revolution makes the Euro-Communists a species of social-democratic reformers. For others the postponable aspiration of a full totalitarianism makes them a bunch of harmless Utopians. For still others the willingness to compromise, to make agreements and deals, makes them agreeable pluralists. What illusions men will entertain in order to avoid facing up to menacing dangers!**

What is so new about this so-called "pluralism"? There are still Peasant parties and "Christian-Democratic" parties in most of the Soviet satellite community; and the result remains singularly illiberal. A liberal pluralism in a constitutional state means the rights of oppositions to oppose; and as the former Communist philosopher Lucio Colletti has pointed out, there is nothing in Gramsci nor in any of the Euro-Communists that would allow an alternation in government—a minority growing to replace a waning majority. The Communist daily, l'Unità, *has often warned against taking "pluralism" as an "aim", taking it too "abstractly, democratically, meaninglessly. . . ." The Revolution, when it comes at long last, will be monolithic—and permanent.*

THIS, FOR DEMOCRATS, **is the hub of the matter. Communists, old or new, hold to a doctrine of irreversibility. Kautsky became for Lenin a "renegade" when he refused to affirm the absolute necessity for a "dominant socialist party" to remain in power forever once it had conquered it. The Euro-Communists may now have worked out—like Kautsky, unlike Lenin—a democratic way to power, but not a democratic way of renouncing power. Euro-Communism is prepared to be "democratic" enough to come to power democratically. But will it (can it?) ever be democratic enough to consent to withdraw from power if the people call upon it to do so? Would they even be free and independent enough to do so if their Soviet comrades, willing enough to forgive them their little ideological heresies, warned them (and split them!) over the gravity of the lurking Counter-Revolution?**

For the moment we must leave the Euro-Communists with their problem of squaring the circle—spinning away from the miseries of Eastern despotism and still not yet ready, if ever they will be, to make the turn to a Western constitution of liberty.

Enzo Bettiza

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cated as to finance a party that does nothing but make life extremely uncomfortable for them, on the tacit assumption that these attacks on Moscow are merely a display of clever electoral tactics and that at the decisive moment the Italian Party would toe the line of its paymasters? I cannot attribute such Machiavellian sophistication to men whose stubborn obtuseness is one of the marvels of modern politics.

—So you do not believe the Party enjoys Soviet financial support?

SPINELLI: I believe it does not. In any case, the Italian Communist Party has the most open financial administration of all parties. It would be extremely difficult to cover up funds received from Moscow. We must not fall back on the ideas of the "conspiracy theory of history." The Italian Party is master in its own house. You can see this every day in all their actions. But I would say this: if the Party entered a coalition with the Christian Democrats, I for one would be hesitant to see their leaders fill such posts as Minister of Defence or Minister of the Interior in charge of the police forces. I'd be a little worried if they did, and so would others.

—But if you say that the Communists are externally independent and social democrats in their internal policies—why should you be worried?

SPINELLI: Because I am a cautious animal—because they *have* the record they have, and because after all, my reading of them *may* be incorrect. Therefore I'd be happier if they were given other posts. If they are not put in control of the Police and the Army, they cannot do serious damage.

—But you do want to see the Communist Party change the face of Italian society—how can the Party do that without having its hands on some of the important levers of power?

SPINELLI: It can do a great deal by concentrating on economic planning, rebuilding the civil service and civil administration, reorganising higher education, and so on. It is not true that you can do nothing unless you have the police at your beck-and-call.

But to come back to my main argument. The Communists accept that they have to work within the Atlantic context, the European context and the parliamentary democratic context, in coalition, as they hope, with other parties.

You have asked: would the Italian Communists honour Italy's treaty obligations in a war-like East-West emergency? My answer is to answer your question with another question. Would all NATO governments honour *their* obligations in an East-West crisis or war? My estimate of the intentions of European governments would be that the Germans would fight because the war would be fought on their territory—but the French, and the British, and the Danes, and the Norwegians? I have my doubts. And if the conflict was limited to the Soviet take-over of Yugoslavia, would the French and British stand up to be counted? I hardly think so. The Americans might, and the Italians would, because they would *have* to. In other words, NATO is an unsure thing, quite irrespective of what the Italian Communists might do in government.

But, fortunately for the balance of power, the Warsaw Pact is an equally unsure thing from the Soviet point of view. If war comes, it would be a very unwise Soviet high command that entrusted the defence of Soviet socialism to Polish, Czech, Hungarian and East German troops. The Soviet marshals' fear must be, if they have taken the measure of their allies, that these troops will either not fight, fight poorly, or indeed do an about-turn and join the enemy.

Both systems, then, suffer from great internal uncertainties; and because neither system really functions, the equilibrium between them functions extremely well—as long as they do not go to war. But this useful state of uncertainty is now beginning to outlast its usefulness. It is tempting to prolong it because it *has* worked. But this must not blind us to the fact that this balance built on imbalance is fragile—not because the West is in any danger of Soviet attack, but simply because, certainly on our side of it, the balance rests on too many unpredictable elements which erode confidence. The European powers are reluctant to take full responsibility for their defence and indeed for their relationship with the Soviet Union—they prefer to rely on the Americans for both *and* to foot most of the bill. Consequently, the Americans have been made to feel that their primary relationship must be with the Soviet Union. Henry Kissinger pursued this primary relationship with unflagging zeal; but we must

"But I would say this: I would be hesitant to see our Communist leaders fill such Ministerial posts as control the Army and the Police. I'd be a little worried, and so would others. . . . Why? Because I am a cautious animal—because they do have the record they have, and because after all my reading of them may be incorrect. . . ."

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admit in fairness to him that he never failed to warn the European allies that the USA would in the long run neither be able nor willing to carry the Western defence and decision-making burden virtually single-handed.

Now, Europe cannot assume its responsibilities unless it moves towards some form of political union. If and when it does, the question of common European defence will come up again and will have to be dealt with. A European defence community would make it much more difficult for the US to go over the heads of the EEC countries and deal with Moscow direct. It would stabilise Western defence by making every partner's commitments and rights of representation crystal clear. The Atlantic alliance would become a genuine partnership of equals, as President Kennedy envisaged it; and the political rationale of Western defence would be reasserted in a new and more convincing framework. I am persuaded that the Carter administration is anxious to encourage this kind of development. But if European faint-heartedness and dithering continue and no progress is made towards political unification, then we have no right to expect better than some future Kissinger who would treat us (as Kissinger was forced to treat us) as second-class citizens. In the meantime the absence of political confidence bites deeper and deeper into the Western alliance and may, by accident or political miscalculation, push us into war with the Soviet Union.

But, you may ask, can we be sure that the Italian Communists would go along with all this? No, we cannot be a hundred per cent sure—can one ever in human affairs? But what our five senses tell us is that the Italian Communists are not in the business of engineering international tension so that they may, once a crisis has been created, go over to the other side. Much rather do they *fear* such a situation and hope to extend their influence under the protection of a balanced relationship between NATO and the Warsaw Pact.

LENIN'S FAMOUS SLOGAN *during the first world war was: "Turn the war into international civil war!" Things have come to an interesting pass if the Italian Communists now feel that their best chance of pushing ahead with Communism is under conditions of peace secured by the military umbrella of* NATO. *The Italian Communist case has yet to be tested, but Lenin's formula has been borne out by history. After the lost war with Japan, Czarist Russia was shaken by the 1905 revolution. The First World War produced the Bolshevik seizure of power. The second World War saw Communist rule expand to the whole of Eastern Europe, the Baltic states, and eventually China. The war in South-East Asia ended in the triumph of Marxism-Leninism, despite three American Presidents' solemn pledges to the contrary.*

"We will stand in Viet Nam", President Johnson said on 28 July 1965. America did not stand in Viet Nam. "We . . . cannot now dishonour our word and abandon . . . those who believed us and who trusted us to terror and repression and murder that would follow." America did abandon its allies, and genocide in Cambodia followed.

No Soviet leader worth his salt (or job) can ignore these lessons and expect less gratifying results to follow from yet another conflict. War is a Communist success story.

SPINELLI: This difference in Soviet and Italian Communist expectations is precisely what convinces me, for one, that Socialism in the Soviet perception and Socialism in the Italian perception are opposed and probably irreconcilable.

5. Can an Ideology Learn to Smile?

GEORGE URBAN: *Could the Italian Communists be trusted with the military secrets of* NATO*? In 1975-76, when the Portuguese Communists seemed close to seizing power, the Portuguese Government was denied access to* NATO*'s secret documents and excluded from its inner councils. Admittedly—Cunhal's people are Moscow loyalists.*

SPINELLI: I would formulate the question differently: *Are* there military secrets in NATO? I remember asking a close friend and colleague, the Belgian Commissioner, Henri Simonet, now Foreign Minister, who is a leading socialist and has also held posts in earlier Belgian governments: "How many NATO military secrets came your way when you were a member of the Belgian Government?"

"None", he said. And this goes for NATO as well as every government. If military secrets were known to all or even several members of a government, they would be secrets no longer. NATO's military secrets have an extremely restricted circulation. Communist participation in an Italian government would not be tantamount to giving them away to Communists. To get at the real stuff, spies have to be used, as I suspect they are being used, by both sides.

The protection of military secrets is just one of many excuses for keeping the Italian Communists out of power. The real issue is different. The arrival of the Communists in power or partial power would upset the vested interests and privileges of a great many people, not only in Italy, but in France and Spain too. Southern Europe is in many ways a highly inequitable society. The Communists make no secret of their intention to change it. Those to be deprived of their privileges naturally do not like this prospect. For them the alleged unreliability of Communists in government is an excellent alibi for barring them from power.

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—But surely you would agree that Kissinger is right in saying (and the Carter administration is pretty close to saying it too) that the American public would not be able to understand why the USA should find untold billions of dollars and keep 200,000 of its troops in Europe in order to support one Communist government against another?

NATO was built on the concept that the Soviet Union and the system it represents are inimical to both the interests and the institutions of Western democracy. Whatever the intentions of Berlinguer and Carrillo may be—and I am not questioning your judgment of them—the US public would be incapable of making the fine distinctions, much less acting on the fine distinctions, of your argument.

Only a few years ago I had great difficulty in telling American undergraduate audiences that Communism in Yugoslavia and Chinese Communism were very different both from one another and from the Soviet model. Nearly thirty years after Tito's break with Stalin, says George Kennan, writing in 1977, "It seems incredible... that one should find oneself still obliged to emphasise that that country [Yugoslavia] is not under Soviet domination ... that it does not belong to the Warsaw Pact ..." and so on.

SPINELLI: Of course, the American people would have to have the facts of life in Europe explained, but I don't think the Kissingerian argument is a strong one. After all, Kissinger spent large sums of money giving the Soviet Union technologies it badly needed and, more spectacularly, grain at punishingly low prices. I did not see the American public make more than a momentary fuss. Indeed the farmers and grain-dealers would have made a great fuss if the deal had *not* gone through.

The American aversion to having Communists in government in Western Europe is rooted in the simple fact that in every alliance the dominating partner likes to have its own men in power. In Eastern Europe the Russians rely on *apparatchiks* and policemen who share their way of thinking and have a vested interest in the survival of the system. In Western Europe, the Americans would like to see the affairs of their allies run by directors of multinational enterprises, civil servants trained in the Harvard Business School, and men of generally conservative inclination.

There has never been any question that the post-War division of Europe was here to stay. Kissinger and Sonnenfeldt made it repeatedly clear that Europe *was* divided into two spheres of influence and that the name of the game continues to be no poaching in the other man's preserve. President Ford's Freudian slip to the contrary may have cost him the presidency.

—It is widely expected that the image of a Communist Party that succeeds in combining socialism with freedom will have a magnetic attraction for the East European parties and governments and weaken, or indeed destroy, the Soviet hold on them. I wonder whether the Soviet leaders would allow this to happen. But even if there were some "give" in the Soviet grip on Eastern Europe—wouldn't the damage which Euro-Communism would inflict on NATO's entire justification be far greater than the one it might inflict on Soviet hegemony in Eastern Europe? Eastern Europe **could** *be held down by the addition of another three or four Soviet divisions and a purge of leaderships; but NATO without full US participation would collapse.*

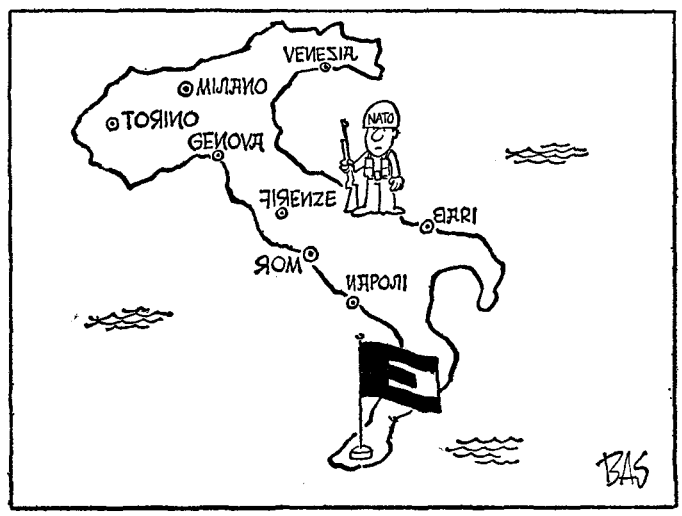
SPINELLI: Without any doubt the Italian Communist Party has already had an immense influence on Eastern Europe. For one thing, it is so much easier for East European Communists to express dissent by pointing to Italian Communism as their model, than to say that they want to become liberal democrats on the Westminster pattern. If they modelled themselves on Solzhenitsyn, their protest would not have the slightest chance of getting off the ground, and probably they would stand genuinely discredited.

I have often told the Italian Communists: Every time there is trouble in Eastern Europe you come out with disapproving comments five minutes *after* the event. Why don't you sit down and make a fundamental critique of the East European Soviet system and issue your warnings before trouble arises?

—You've told this to some of your friends in the Party leadership?

SPINELLI: Yes, I have told Amendola and other leaders I normally see.

I said to them: "Once trouble in Eastern Europe has come out into the open, *everyone* condemns the Russians, and the Italian Com-



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munists may be plausibly accused—as indeed they have been accused—of being mere opportunists by clambering on the bandwagon. You *can* do this without being untrue to the Communist past. You *can* argue that the Russian revolution was the greatest hope mankind has ever had, but then degenerated into a despotism which must be surmounted. You do not even have to re-open the question whether Stalin was a necessity. All you have to see clearly is that the present generation of intelligentsia are Soviet to the bone—you can no longer say that their minds have been formed under Czarist influence or in French universities—and *yet* they feel (and are) oppressed, alienated, and rebellious. You must take a deep breath and denounce this publicly, in speech as in writing, before a really big upheaval engulfs Russia and Eastern Europe, for I am certain that within ten years, possibly within five, the pressure for fundamental change will become irresistible in these countries. There is no stability under Soviet suzerainty. . . ."

—Will the Italian Communists come forward with the principled critique you have suggested?

SPINELLI: They are hesitant. They have apparently made a negative decision: if there is another upheaval in Eastern Europe, they will not be on the side of the Soviet oppressors—they will support Sakharov, and the Polish Workers' Defence Committee, and Charter 77. But whether they will come up with something more positive than that, I do not know. The demand is there. One highly important Communist (Jacoviello) has recently written a series of articles in *l'Unità* in which he admits (to summarise him in a sentence): we haven't yet summoned up the courage to produce a thoroughgoing critique of the social and political system in Eastern Europe.

—How important is the East European nexus to the Italian Communists? That the Italians are important to Eastern Europe is obvious. Is a new centre being quietly formed in the birth-place of polycentrism?

SPINELLI: The Italian Communists are not constructing a centre of their own—certainly not by any act of conscious deliberation. But they undoubtedly derive a certain sense of satisfaction from the fact that their ideas have found a ready response in Eastern Europe. It is psychologically of great importance to them to be able to say: "Well, we are receiving support even from within the Communist countries."

Why is this so important? Because our Communists feel isolated. Apart from the vocal and by no means negligible support of Carrillo and the Spanish Party—the French are a very doubtful asset—they have, or may, with the death of Tito, very soon have no allies. Carrillo is, of course, a staunch friend and he has had the courage to take on Moscow with no holds barred. But the Spanish Communists are a small party, and the Italians feel that they have no satisfactory links with anyone else—not even the Chinese. For a party which is used to internationalism, isolation is exceptionally inhibiting.

If you look deeply into the politico-psychological motivation of Italian Communism it boils down to one factor: the split which occurred in 1921 in the body of the Italian Socialist Party—the Communists going one way, the Socialists another. The Italian Communists now feel that the fratricidal war must be ended—Socialists and Communists must come together and sink their differences. I do not think they would want to hold up this reconciliation as a model to be followed by others, any more than Tito wanted to or did advertise his model after the break with Stalin. If the model attracts people in Eastern Europe and the Third World, well and good, but our Communists have far too much on their plate to turn their hands to the exhausting and open-ended game of fostering a new Communist centre—

—Which will, of course, not prevent Moscow from saying that that is precisely what they are, "objectively speaking", doing. . . .

SPINELLI: Nothing will prevent Moscow from making that accusation.

I AM MUCH INTERESTED *in the conditions surrounding your expulsion from the Communist Party while in prison under Mussolini. It sounds almost incredible that conditions in a Fascist prison should have made an active party life possible.*

SPINELLI: As you know, the Communist Party is like the Church: wherever two Christians gather together, there is a congregation—wherever two or three Communists meet together, there is a party cell. In prison, the Communists were organised—we had our cells and leaders and communication with the outside world.

But remember that Fascist prisons were not of the Nazi or Stalinist type. Nor were they anything like concentration or labour camps. They resembled more closely those old-fashioned Czarist prisons where the prisoners read (and wrote) books, and educated themselves to be more effective revolutionaries. We, too, had all these facilities. For example, when we decided to write a book, we could, through permitted channels, obtain all the documentation and research materials we needed. The Communists in particular have always held that imprisonment is a period of intense revolutionary education

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> *"Once, some thirty-odd years ago, I was expelled from the Party on charges of deviation and ideological degeneration. In the eyes of Amendola and all my friends and comrades I became an un-person, I ceased to exist. . . . Not so long ago I reminded Amendola of this. He smiled and said, "Well, we have changed. . . ."*

which the bourgeoisie bestows on them in order to make them better revolutionaries! I began studying philosophy, history, economics and sociology; and my education in prison turned out to be revolutionary indeed—because I soon discovered that there are more things in heaven and earth than Marx and Lenin suspected.

For many years, therefore, my comrades and I were involved in sharp discussions; but as we were in prison, we agreed that the decision whether I should remain in the Party or leave it should be deferred until we were set free. In the meantime, however, along came the Moscow show trials, and word reached us from the Central Committee that all Communists were expected to give written testimony of their condemnation of Zinoviev, Kamenev, Evdokimov and all the others condemned at the time as spies and saboteurs. The procedure was the usual one: first a resolution by the Central Committee, then one in the sections, and finally a resolution by each Party cell. So, one day news reached our little Communist community on the island of Ponza, in the bay of Naples, that we had been ordered to sign a statement of loyalty to the Stalinist line.

—Was Ponza your place of imprisonment?

SPINELLI: No. In 1937 I was transferred from prison to *confino* (a kind of banishment) on the island of Ponza together with 300–400 other Communists. But the Soviet order would have reached us in prison, too, for our clandestine channels were working perfectly. As political meetings were not permitted in *confino* we had to reach our decisions in small groups of three. Groups like these were allowed to walk together over the island without anyone discovering what they were discussing.

One day I was taking a walk with Amendola and a woman comrade [the companion of another Party member]. Amendola told us he had received documentation about the Moscow trials, that we had to take a position, and he suggested that we declare our loyalty to Stalin and condemn the wreckers, spies, and saboteurs. This was the hurdle I could not clear. I told my two comrades that Stalin's action represented in my opinion a degeneration of revolutionary thinking; that the Soviet Union was clearly in the grip of a serious crisis which Stalin was cynically turning into spy fiction. Amendola replied that my recalcitrance would cost me the membership of the Party, and he added that perhaps this was what I really wanted. I had no further meetings with the Party cell. About a week later Amendola formally told me that I had been expelled from the Party for *petit-bourgeois* deviation and ideological degeneration. Two years later the same fate befell Umberto Terracini, one of the Party's oldest and much respected leaders, who objected to the Ribbentrop-Molotov pact and was booted out by Togliatti.

After my expulsion I spent six more years in *confino* on the island of Ponza. But from the moment of my refusal to sign, I became an un-person in the eyes of my former friends and comrades. They ignored me when they saw me—for them, I ceased to exist.

—Giorgio Amendola has come a long way since Ponza.

SPINELLI: He has. I remember chatting to him not so long ago, after he had made a fine speech in the European Assembly in support of European unification. "Amendola", I said, "you expelled me from the Party 38 years ago, and now—what do I see but that you and your comrades are Spinelli-ites to a man!" Amendola smiled: "Well, we have changed."

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Column

WHEN IN MARCH of 1977 President Carter declared that henceforward the defence of human rights formed one of the cornerstones of American policy, whether at home or abroad, his words inspired in the Western world a reaction which varied from hope through polite scepticism to sheer disbelief. At the reaction of the Soviet bloc, or that mysterious area generally referred to as the Third World, we can only guess; though perhaps one might suspect that while scepticism and disbelief were equally present, a certain measure of alarm might have taken the place of hope. For if President Carter meant what he said, and could translate his words into action, it would mean a considerable change in their relations to the United States, unless they themselves made an equally considerable change in their normal behaviour to human beings.

Of course, such a mixture of reactions, in East and West alike, was largely due to doubts about how seriously one was to take President Carter himself; for after all he was still a newcomer on the world stage, about whom no one knew very much except that he was a successful peanut farmer and ex-Governor of his native state of Georgia, had conducted an exceptionally brilliant campaign to secure the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, and as a devout Baptist was a man who had been "born again", whatever that may mean in political terms. But what all this added up to in practice no one could really tell, and so far at least President Carter's record in his first year of office has done very little to make anyone the wiser.

Whether he is in fact, as he claimed in his election campaign, a man of his word, who really means what he says, is still open to doubt. What is even more open to doubt is whether, however sincere he may be, he not merely says what he means but effectively has the power to do what he says, especially in view of his failure to achieve a successful collaboration with the Congress, which remains the indispensable condition for the effective working of the United States government.

When President Carter first took office, to most people he was very much an enigma, and after nearly a year in office an enigma he remains. Of course there are advantages in such a position. It suggests mysterious powers, like those claimed by Glendower:

"I can call spirits from the vasty deep."

But to such claims the answer always and inevitably is:

"But will they come when you do call for them?"

So far at least all one can say is that whatever the spirits to whom President Carter appeals, until now they have singularly failed to answer to his call. And by now many people, in the United States and elsewhere, have begun to have a nasty feeling that unless they come soon they may never come at all.

BY NOW, THEREFORE, many of the hopes inspired by President Carter's appeal to the principle of human rights, as an essential pillar of American policy, have begun to fade, simply as the result of a decline in faith and belief in the President himself. And perhaps this was inevitable, given the exaggerated expections which the President himself did so much to create during his presidential campaign, though in fact human rights played very little part in his programme. But there is another point of view from which it was perhaps also inevitable that people were bound to lose confidence in the principle of human rights as a working guide to practical policy; as anything indeed except a form of words which may suggest an ideal which we ought to follow but is really of very little use as a practical solution to the problems which face the United States today. The fault may be not so much that the President has failed to carry his words into effect, as that the words themselves were of such a kind that they could not possibly be translated into political reality; as if the President had promised that *one* of his objects of policy would be to realise the Sermon on the Mount—and indeed there were moments in his campaign when he did seem to be advocating precisely this.

Is there then no sense in which one could say that human rights represent a political objective which a President of the United States could adopt as the basis of a realistic and credible policy, just like, say, Medicare, or income tax relief, or energy conservation? In an article in *Commentary* (August 1977), "The Politics of Human Rights", the junior Senator for New York, Mr Daniel Moynihan, has addressed himself to precisely this question, and the conclusions he draws deserve the consideration of everyone who does not dismiss it immediately out-of-hand. One service certainly the Senator does perform, by reminding us of some of the things the President did say, as by now there is some danger that they may be forgotten.

"There's an ideological struggle that has been in progress for decades between the Communist

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> nations on the one hand and the democratic nations on the other. Mr Brezhnev and his predecessors have never refrained from expressing their view when they disagreed with some aspect of social or political life in the free world. And I think we have a right to speak out openly when we have a concern about human rights wherever those abuses occur."

Commenting on the speech, Mr Anthony Lewis remarked that it was giving "not just Americans but people in the West generally a sense that their values are being asserted again, after years of silence in the face of tyranny and brutality". But, as Senator Moynihan says, the question raised by the President's speech was not so much why he should have thought it necessary to assert those values at that precise moment, but why they should have gone by default for so long during so many years of silence. People in the West might certainly feel a sense of relief that at long last their voices would perhaps not go unheard; but how and why was it that they had gone unheard so long?

THE ANSWER, ACCORDING TO Senator Moynihan, is that for some years now there has been a general conspiracy of silence among the governments of the West about the issue of human rights, whereby "as a tactical or strategic concern of foreign policy, human rights had disappeared so completely from the councils of the West that a newcomer to the field might well never have heard the issue even discussed." This was not because opportunities for discussion had not occurred, notably at the United Nations. Senator Moynihan gives the example of the resolutions approved by the Assembly in 1975, when he was the Permanent Representative of the United States at the United Nations, which called for the unconditional release of political prisoners in South Africa and Chile. The United States delegation supported both resolutions. But when it went on to propose a further resolution, binding all 142 members of the United Nations to observe the same standards as they were demanding of South Africa and Chile, it was met by a solid wall of opposition, of so odd a structure that one cannot help wondering of what kind of gimcrack masonry it was put together.

It was not, as might perhaps have been expected, erected by those totalitarian states which might have felt themselves threatened by the United States proposal; on the contrary, it was the work of the democratic countries which felt that a demand for human rights stated in such general terms was a threat to the peace, concord, and harmony of the United Nations.

> "There is [says Senator Moynihan] a 'Western' caucus of sorts at the UN. Somnolent in most matters, it was roused to decisive action by the threat which the American resolution presented to the peace of the UN. A meeting was called. We were asked to explain ourselves. . . . The explanation was greeted with a cold dismay that on the edges verged into anger."

What was the cause of the dismay, verging into anger, of the "Western" caucus? It was the feeling of the United States delegation that somehow, somewhere, there was something profoundly unsatisfactory in the resolutions condemning South Africa and Chile, unless they were extended to cover other nations guilty of precisely the same abuses of human rights, including the 23 sponsors of the South African resolution, and the 16 of the Chilean resolution.

> ". . . the selective morality of the United Nations in matters of human rights [observed the American delegation] threatens the integrity not merely of the United Nations, but of human rights themselves. . . . Unless standards of human rights are seen to be applied uniformly and neutrally to all nations, regardless of the nature of their régimes or the size of their armaments, it will quickly be seen that it is not human rights at all which are invoked when selective applications are called for, but simply arbitrary political standards dressed up in the guise of human rights. From this perception it is no great distance to the conclusion that in truth there are no human rights recognized by the international community."

I myself find it almost impossible to resist the depressing conclusion drawn by the United States delegation from what it calls the "selective morality" of the United Nations in respect of human rights, and I find it all the more depressing because the behaviour of our own UK representatives at the United Nations has so often lent weight to it. But it is not merely depressing to observe the outrageous cynicism and hypocrisy with which fashionable political forms of "selective morality" are practised at the present time; it also provokes a sense of active alarm that in the long run the practice of "selective morality" can only conduce to the harm of those democracies which, like ourselves, willingly lend themselves to it.

A SECOND REASON why the United States had sought to broaden the issue of human rights, as applied to South Africa and Chile, was that at the same time the Assembly had adopted similar resolutions denouncing the United States itself, together with Israel, for violation of human rights. "The second of our concerns", said the United States representative, is

> ". . . not only that the language of human rights is being distorted and perverted; it is that the language of human rights is increasingly being turned in United Nations forums against precisely those régimes which acknowledge some or all of its validity and they are not, I fear, a majority of the régimes in this United Nations. More and more the United Nations seems only to know of violations of human rights in countries where it is still possible to protest such violations.

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> "Let us be direct. If this language can be turned against one democracy, why not all democracies? Are democracies not singular in the degree to which at all times voices will be heard protesting this injustice or that injustice? If the propensity to protest injustice is taken as equivalent to the probability that injustice does occur, then the democracies will fare poorly indeed."

THE CASE, IN 1955, of the United Nations resolutions on South Africa and Chile, and the rejection of the United States' attempt to universalise them so as to be binding on all members of the United States, was only one of a series in which it became clear that, in the ideological struggles of East and West, the issue of human rights has become increasingly a weapon employed by the totalitarian powers to discredit their opponents, while rigidly suppressing any exposure of their own defects. One of the most important aspects of this rake's progress has been the identification of Israel as a leading exponent of racialism and imperialism, its exclusion from the International Labour Office, and the condemnation of Zionism as a racialist movement by the United Nations.

I happened to be present at the infamous debate in the Third Committee (on Human Rights) of the United Nations Assembly, in which the condemnation of Zionism was approved by a large majority. In his article, Senator Moynihan pays me the compliment of quoting what I wrote on that occasion, so perhaps I may be forgiven for repeating it here.

> "There were ghosts haunting the Third Committee that day; the ghosts of Hitler and Goebbels and Julius Streicher, grinning with delight to hear, not only Israel, but Jews as such denounced in language which would have provoked hysterical applause at any Nuremberg rally.... And there were other ghosts also at the debate: the ghosts of the 6,000,000 dead in Dachau and Sachsenhausen and other extermination camps, listening to the same voices which had cheered and jeered and abused them as they made their way to the gas chambers. For the fundamental thesis advanced by the supporters of the resolution, and approved by the majority of the Third Committee, was that to be a Jew, and to be proud of it, and to be determined to preserve the right to be a Jew, is to be an enemy of the human race."

Kafka put what I meant more briefly:

> "They persecute the Jews, and they murder mankind."

The appalling paradox of that debate was that its condemnation of Zionism professed, with undisguised cynicism, and with the approval of the General Assembly, to be based on respect for the principle of human rights. It could be taken as a sign that, in recent years, the struggle for human rights has turned increasingly to the disadvantage of the democracies and been transformed into a weapon in the hands of the totalitarian powers. Despite occasional victories achieved in individual cases by Western protests and internal dissent, the struggle is one which the democracies are losing, not winning. Perhaps in the end the defenders of human rights will have to say: we won the battles but we lost the war. In this respect Senator Moynihan is perfectly right to say that for the democracies (his italics): *Human rights has nothing to do with our innocence or guilt as a civilisation. It has to do with our survival.* For if the democracies lose this particular struggle, it will involve the loss of everything which they believed, hoped and wished themselve to be; moreover, it is a struggle in which the nations of the world are increasingly ranged against them. For the democracies, it has become a matter, not of humanitarianism, but of self-preservation.

Thus when President Carter, on behalf of the United States, claims the right to assert its interest in the preservation of human rights whenever or wherever they are abused, and no matter what other countries or whatever other interests are involved, he is saying something which is vital to all the democracies. He is also asserting a right to moral leadership, on behalf of the West, which all the democracies should be willing and glad to recognise, because it is their own survival which is at stake.

Whether in fact he has the political power to make this claim is a different matter. Senator Moynihan in his article gives a variety of reasons why there are few grounds for optimism in this respect. But what seems certain at least is that he will not succeed without the active and positive support of all the democracies, not merely as aggregations of individuals but as governments, which in both their domestic and foreign policies are prepared to exercise the same right to speak out openly and frankly as President Carter has claimed for the United States. Otherwise we shall find that in the struggle for human rights it is to the Mr Kitsons of this world, to the TUC and its Comrade Ponomarev, or the British Academy and its honoured guest Vaclav Kral, that democracy must look for its defence. And by now, surely, we must all know what this leads to.

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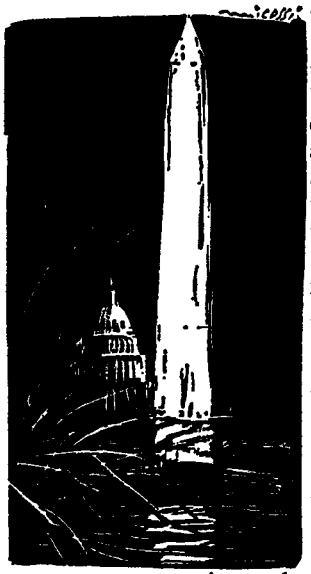
AMERICAN CHRONICLE

Barzini's America

By Jan Morris



WHEN I WAS a child it used to be my proud boast that if I climbed the hill above our house, and looked westward down the Bristol Channel, nothing stood between me and America. Actually I boasted it only to myself, on the off chance that I might be mistaken, but it gave me a tingling pleasure all the same: for the very name of America seemed to me to possess a most potent magic, and the Channel itself, opening its shores so majestically towards the ocean, was like a portal to its mysteries.

My connections with that distant continent were of the slightest. I was raised on *Huckleberry Finn*. I was fired with the vision of Cabot and his successors sailing down that very waterway to the New World. There was an Uncle Eddy who had, in the aftermath of the Great War, sensibly vanished from South Wales in the general direction of California. But mostly my America was no more than an idea, as Scott Fitzgerald had defined it, and was collated in my mind chiefly with the magnetic nature of Westness—the call of the twilight world, the spirit-land, the blur, which begins for me still at Paddington Station, and beckons me to this day.

A decade earlier the young Luigi Barzini had also looked figuratively towards America, from his family home in Milan, and had also thought of it as a summation of the West: but he was Italian, and to him Westness was something very different. For one thing, his father had already lived in America, so that he knew the country well at second-hand. For another, every Italian was familiar with the United States almost as an extra province, a place swarming with compatriots and probably relatives, where Italian was still widely spoken and homely Italian institutions, like grand opera or the Mafia, still reassuringly thrived.

And to a young Italian in the 1920s the West was certainly no misty poetical fancy, Arthurian or Atlantean. It was liberty, opportunity, a fresh start and hard cash. "To go west . . . was to abandon a brute's life, to leave the corrupt and tragic past behind, with its vices and delusions, in order to build a new and happy future."

NOT THAT THE BARZINIS lived brutal lives. Far from it. Luigi Barzini *père* was the most famous Italian journalist of his day, and his decision to return to New York and start his own Italian newspaper there seems to have been more quixotry than despair. Still, even to privileged Milanese America then represented something intrinsically fresher, bolder and more promising than their own world-weary society, and nobody embraced the conception more fervently than Barzini jr. *O America!*[1] is a wistful, nostalgic, witty and perfectly delightful account of *his* American vision, and how over the years he pursued its evasive substance. He went to America with his family in 1925, studied and practised journalism in New York and Long Island, and returned to Italy five years later, a little disillusioned perhaps but certainly not disheartened, to follow in his father's footsteps as a national celebrity.

I suppose every European generation has its own dream of America, and breaks the dream, if at all, differently. But though a quarter-of-a-century separated Barzini's New York landfall from mine, still I recognise in his original responses many an emotion of my own. We both went there first by sea, and both of us seem to have been struck less by the matchless spectacle of the Manhattan skyscrapers than by homelier images of the waterfront. I remember chiefly the tall-funnelled, round-bridged Moran tugs, and the clutter of the immigrants on the pier—still, even in 1953, recognisably peasants from the Old World. Barzini recalls the deck of his liner littered with the prostrate bodies of intoxicated Americans, making the most of their last legal booze before disembarking into Prohibition, and a port injunction, still I think displayed beside the Narrows, which he interpreted as a sybilline warning to himself: DO NOT ANCHOR. CABLE CROSSING.

[1] *O, America!* By LUIGI BARZINI. Hamish Hamilton, £5.50, Harper & Row, $10.

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My dream was for years *literally* a dream—a recurring sleep-visit to a particular American city, whose sidewalk life I would observe with endless interest from the other side of the street. I can see the place now, so often did I visit it! Barzini was surely privy to this experience, for with an astonishing fidelity he has captured the feel of it in this book—and in particular a sense of solidity, of ampleness, which was not just some Freudian compensation, as I discovered when I went to America in the end, but really was, to my waking as to my sleeping self, an overwhelming characteristic of the American urban scene.

TO THE YOUNG BARZINI this polished heftiness spelt stability and power. America in 1925 was bounding with confidence and profit. Anything was possible. The lid was off. Simply adopt the old American virtues of thrift, self-reliance and boldness, so graphically emblemised in those bronze-doored banks, immaculate city clubs, heavy padded railway trains and gigantic bridges—simply latch on to the splendid American bandwagon, and you were bound to succeed. *Life Begins at Forty* was the best-selling masterpiece of Barzini's tutor at the Columbia School of Journalism, and it was only one of a dozen do-it-yourself manuals of life which seemed to a whole generation of Americans infallible text-books of fulfilment.

To Barzini, aged 18, America held the most precious of all historical promises, the promise of constancy. No coups or collapses, it seemed, would ever disrupt this magnificent society. It was all in black and white, from the Constitution itself to those blueprints of self-improvement: all you had to do was follow the instructions, as though you were investing your money in some marvellously productive and durable machine.

Twenty-five years later the trust was still there. As in Barzini's day, so in mine, it was often the most evident of failures, drunk on bar-stools or pathetic in dead-end jobs, who most vociferously lauded the American Way: but I vividly remember the tycoon who, surveying Manhattan from the top of his own skyscraper, murmured almost to himself the institutional incantation: "In this great country of ours there's *nothing* we can't do...."

BARZINI went to the States as an aspirant. He thought he wanted to become an American, and he believed profoundly in the superiority of American systems and institutions.

Here we differed. Nothing was further from my mind, when I first entered the USA on a travelling fellowship, than becoming an American citizen. Like almost all my compatriots in those days, I was firmly convinced that practically anything British was better than practically anything American, and in this delusion I was encouraged by the Americans themselves, who frequently complimented me upon my exquisite accent, assumed as a matter of course that my culture was exquisite to match, elected me to clubs, and offered me jobs all over the place.

"*America, thou half-brother!*" the poet Philip Bailey once sang, "*with something good or bad of every land!*" He sang truly, of course, but some lands have always been distinctly more half-brotherly than others. Throughout this book, though the young Barzini enthusiastically experiments with every American formula of the day, from the clinch in the rumble-seat to the epithet spat from the corner of the mouth, as an Italian he remains irredeemably the outsider. "An *Italian*?" dubiously queried his first employer, a nephew of Mark Twain. "*And can you read and write?*"

The young Italian, dying to be American, looks upon American society enviously from the sidewalk—the young Briton, arrogantly insular, is fawningly welcomed to honorary membership! It would never have occurred to me, had I decided to remain in the States, that I would not in due course have reached the top. It seemed almost a Briton's right—certainly an Oxonian's. To Barzini, on the other hand, much more gifted and infinitely more adaptable, it seemed an almost impossible task. Italians were not meant to run the country. They were meant to keep its restaurants, cut its hair, sing its arias, clean its shoes, organise its speak-easies and fight its exciting gang wars. Whoever heard, in the 1920s, of a top American with a name like Barzini?

To the eager young idealist from Milan, with his preconceptions of America as the kindest, bravest and freest of nations, where only merit counted, this realisation came as a blow. So, he says, did the recognition that opportunity in America went hand in hand with a crippling personal burden—"the individual moral duty not to waste one hour of [life, to] achieve success and make money, build and produce more and more, and at the same time, persistently improve the world, untiringly trying to teach all men how to live, work, produce, consume and rule themselves the American way!..." So, still only 22, Luigi Barzini jr abandoned his plans for American citizenship, and sailed away to success in tired, squalid, and inequable old Europe.

BY THEN Wall Street had crashed, and American optimism had temporarily foundered with it. Similarly my original America, the exuberant

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post-War America that had saved the world by its courage and generosity, was to be knocked askew by Viet Nam and Watergate. "The irony is", Barzini concludes, "that I still believe the world would be a better place if some of the American ideals of my youth had prevailed everywhere, and first of all, in the United States itself."

No irony, in my view. Self-evident! But too resigned, perhaps. I have more than once, since I myself first translated that childhood fancy into fact, believed the old genius of America to be lost, and concluded that the pioneer ideal of hard work, fair play and excellence was no more than a historical pretence. I thought so during the McCarthy era, I thought so during Watergate—not because of Nixon, but because of the national hypocrisy and vengefulness that attended his fall. Each time, though, idealism has bounced back—by which I mean a conscious popular resolution, like Queen Victoria's, to Be Good. I don't know if the enigmatic President Carter truly embodies this determination, but I do believe it to be a genuine national instinct still—more than an instinct, indeed, an *institution*.

"Something in me", Luigi Barzini says at the end of his lovely book, one of the two or three best books about America I have ever read, "is forever American." I claim the same for myself. If it catches you young enough, America remains in your bloodstream like a perpetual tonic. *O America!* is more than just the title of this work: with its undertones of astonishment, amusement, revulsion, regret and plain love it stands as a slogan for all those of us who, touched in our susceptible years by the American excitement, look back wonderingly, all our lives, along the sea-paths and jet-ways to the West.

Cities of 1945

On your travels, one day, you'll arrive
In such a place, with its evocative name,
Where the associations move in the same
Way that people mingle and come alive.

Watching, from café tables, you'll presume
That a few years, inhabiting your mind
Or existing down the street, are easy to find,
And are open for you, like a hotel room.

Ruin you can imagine as on a screen
Grew here, here an explosion made it real.
So you'll envelop the place in what you feel.
You'll hear the assertive footsteps, and in between

That speech and yours, the mouthing of refugees
For silence, harking back to the theatrical
End of a world, a dread made actual.
Thus new streets and parks begin to please,

Which, tidy as scars, come to evoke their healer,
The atoning years, that you personify
As after the great trial, shuffling by
Under the watchful seasons of the jailer.

An age of prisoners, foreigners in your eyes:
Your illusion where the city has arisen
Contains them now, circling in their prison,
Measuring out the world you recognise.

Michael Vince

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Carol Rumens

Rules for Beginners

They said: "Honour thy father and thy mother.
Don't spend every evening at the Disco.
Listen to your teachers, take an O level
or two. Of course, one day you'll have children.
We've tried our best to make everything nice.
Now it's up to you to be an adult!"

She went to all the X films like an adult.
Sometimes she hung around the Mecca Disco.
Most of the boys she met were dead O level,
smoking and swearing, really great big children.
She had a lot of hassle with her mother;
it was always her clothes or her friends that weren't nice.

At school some of the teachers were quite nice,
but most of them thought they were minding children,
although they said, "Now, Susan, you're an adult"
—when it suited them. The snobs taking O level
never had fun, never went to the Disco;
they did their homework during "Listen with Mother."

She said: "I'd hate to end up like my mother,
but there's this lovely bloke down at the Disco
who makes me feel a lot more like an adult!"
He murmured, "When I look at you it's nice
all over! Can't you cut that old O level
scene? Christ, I could give you twenty children!"

She had to marry him. There were three children
—all girls. Sometimes she took them to her mother
to get a break. She tried to keep them nice.
It was dull all day with kids, the only adult.
She wished they'd told you that, instead of O level.
Sometimes she dragged her husband to the Disco.

She got a part-time job at the Disco
behind the bar: a neighbour had the children.
Now she knew all about being an adult
and, honestly, it wasn't very nice.
Her husband grumbled, "Where's the dinner, mother?"
"I'm going down the night-school for an O level,

I am", said mother. "Have fun at the Disco,
kids! When you're an adult, life's all O level.
Stay clear of children, keep your figures nice!"

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Keith Howden

Uncle Tom and Auntie Lizzie

Uncle Tom taught me algebra. His math-
ematics had A always as one, B two.
I never solved equations. He hit me with
his walking-stick so hard it fixed a blue

weal on my bum. My Uncle Tom taught me
the language of flowers, a daftness I
quickly forgot. Tom had seen angels fly
across the sunset; in the framed "Agony

of Faustus" on his wall, he used to see,
if it were damp and only he were there,
the Devil's face. My mad and shouting Auntie
Lizzie complained of deafness to her Doctor

who told her, at her loom for twenty years,
she had lip-read for ten. His diagnosis
brought her a pair of spectacles for ears,
whose sharpness told her the unkind asides

the cameras caught at royal weddings. Then
I made a buzzer that could simulate
the noise her deaf-aid made when it was on
the blink. And though the thing was working right,

that shrieking buzz convinced her it was broken.
She threw it on the fire. After that, she could
be fooled by mouthing noises, lip-reading when
nothing was spoken. Now both of them are dead.

I pray some region of the spirit's reach
for Uncle Tom, where A is one, B two;
valhallas of such errant logic; such
landscapes as he would want, whose flowers grow

articulate. My mad Aunt Lizzie fitted
her end to that most subtle irony
in which the finely tuned machine transmitted
the image of its fault so perfectly

it finished in the fire. A sphere so crude
needs little search. I pray her better luck
next time. For her, at least, death came unheard;
I hope Tom got him with his walking stick.

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SCIENCE

How Scientific is Freudianism?

On Some New (Very Tentative) Doubts—By H. J. EYSENCK

NO ONE WOULD deny the wide-ranging influence of Freudian theories on modern life. Even nowadays, most people regard Sigmund Freud as the most significant proponent of modern psychology—in spite of the fact that Freud was no psychologist at all, either by training or in terms of his knowledge of academic psychology. So much the worse for psychology, critics will say—Freud revitalised the fossilised psuedo-science and made it into a living, meaningful reality. Perhaps so. Or perhaps he directed attention away from a developing science to the abracadabra of a pseudo-religious cabal, equivalent to Christian Science as far as academic respectability is concerned. However that may be, clearly it is important for us to have some idea of Freud's contribution and to know whether or not it was a genuine contribution, or a *cul-de-sac*.

Professor Sir Peter Medawar, Nobel Prize Winner in Medicine and a noted critic of psychoanalysis, has no doubt on the point. As he has written:

> "Considered in its entirety, psychoanalysis won't do. It is an end product, moreover, like a dinosaur or a zeppelin; no better theory can ever be erected on its ruins, which will remain for ever one of the saddest and strangest of all landmarks in the history of 20th-century thought."[1]

Medawar has been joined by practically all the great philosophers of science—Karl Popper, Thomas Kuhn, Imre Lakatos, Ernst Nagel and many others have pointed out that Freudian theories are so far-ranging, contradictory, and protean that they do not permit any unequivocal deductions to be made from them. Unless a theory makes such deductions possible, which can then be experimentally tested, it is not a scientific theory. This view is also held by most experimental psychologists. Indeed, the people who most frequently advocate Freudian ideas are not scientists at all, but artists, writers, social workers, teachers and others who seek for a framework on which to hang their ideas about human behaviour, and who find the Freudian framework particularly attractive precisely because of its looseness. Having read just a little of Freud you can immediately talk portentously and sagely about human nature in a manner which it might be difficult to fault. You cannot do that in academic psychology which presupposes a modicum of learning and some serious effort.

Freud's contribution has two sides. One is the theory of human behaviour, the other the working out of a therapy applied to neurotic and psychotic patients. The new book by Fisher & Greenberg[2] deals with the scientific credibility of both. As the authors point out, it is possible that the verdict on the therapy might be negative, without necessarily disproving the value of the theory of human nature. Freudians themselves are divided on this issue. Most of those I have spoken to feel that Freud's work possesses a unity which would make such a distinction invalid. If the therapy doesn't work, then there is something wrong with the general theory. I would myself share this view, and I am sure that Freud too would have done so, at least in his younger years. He became much more pessimistic about the value of his therapy in later years, and laid more emphasis on his general theory of human behaviour, and the methods he had used to establish it. To most people the

[1] Sir Peter Medawar, *The Hope of Progress* (1972). See also his article in ENCOUNTER (November 1969), "Misunderstanding Psycho-Analysis: A Reply."

[2] *The Scientific Credibility of Freud's Theories and Therapy*. By SEYMOUR FISHER and ROGER P. GREENBERG. Harvester Press, £12.50.

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therapy is probably uppermost in considering the importance of Freud's work—if that doesn't work, then there would be little interest in his contribution. With this view I would concur. Freud's theories about the development of personality are indeed so involuted and so barricaded against criticism that any actual experimental disproof seems almost impossible. An example may make clear just how these barricades can work.

Briefly, the particular theory tested in this study was based on Freud's notion of "the oral type", *i.e.* the type of personality fixated at the stage of development when oral activity (sucking at the breast, *etc.*) is normal. Alvin Scodel predicted on the basis of clearly expressed Freudian theory that men showing dependency—which is supposed to be an important aspect of orality—would prefer large-breasted women. In an ingeniously designed and carried out experiment he found that the results were significantly in the wrong direction—dependent men preferred small-breasted women! (This indeed would be in line with my own theory; I too have found similar results.) Scodel, therefore, concluded his paper by saying that his results are "contrary to a widely held Freudian hypothesis."

Now let us see what a determined apologist for the Freudian theory, Dr P. Kline, makes of this. He argues that this correlation, although in the wrong direction, "could be regarded as support for the Freudian aetiology of the oral character." This is how his rescue attempt goes.

> "Dependency, of course, is a trait claimed to be part of the oral character, who, according to psychoanalytic theory, should be concerned with breasts. The fact that small rather than large breasts were preferred would have to be attributed to reaction formation. . . . We must admit that only psychoanalytic theory could have explained this observed relationship."

Reaction formation is one of those Freudian mechanisms which make it impossible to perform any proper test of his theory, or to produce any disproof. At the touch of a magic wand it simply transforms any prediction into its opposite. Thus Freudian theory can easily explain everything (after the event) but can never predict. Scodel in fact advocates a theory which would have predicted the correct result, and so do I; these theories are blithely disregarded by Dr Kline who prefers the Freudian theory although it predicts exactly the wrong result.

FISHER & GREENBERG, although they claim to have adequately covered the ground, and although they present us with 75 pages of references, making a total of over 2,000, fail to mention the Scodel study, just as they fail to mention quite a number of other important experiments. Thus, they do not discuss the famous experiments of the Russian psychologist Aleksandr Luria who many years ago showed that you could make experimental subjects live through a certain experience by suggesting to them, under hypnosis, that they were doing or suffering certain things. He then got them to dream about their experience and correlated the symbolism of the dream with the actual experience. His were some of the most impressive experiments in this field; one wonders why Fisher & Greenberg's scrutiny did not extend to his work. Perhaps they have simply followed the usual American fashion of disregarding anything not done by American researchers or published in American journals; certainly very little of the German literature is mentioned by them either. However, 75 pages of references is perhaps enough for most readers; and this part of the book will certainly prove valuable and interesting to anyone seriously concerned with the topic.

How, then, have Fisher & Greenberg tackled the topic and what are their main conclusions?

LET ME STATE at the outset that they are more critical than most writers have been in the past three or four decades, and much of what they say makes perfectly good sense and would be acceptable to most authors familiar with the topic. Nevertheless, there is one outstanding fault I have to find with their presentation. Science is not usually so much concerned with assessing the value of a particular theory; mostly what it is concerned with is to assess the relative value of two or more theories dealing with the same phenomena. Fisher & Greenberg at no point seem to acknowledge the existence of alternative theories (which, as in the case of the Scodel study, may give more acceptable predictions than Freud's). This is particularly unfortunate in the case of psychotherapy where in recent years an alternative theory of neurosis—and alternative methods of treatment of neurosis—has come to the fore, claiming much greater successes than have ever been reported for the Freudian type of psychoanalysis. This is Behaviour Therapy, basing itself on a conditioning theory of neurosis, and using methods of deconditioning developed in the psychological laboratory to treat patients suffering from neurotic disorders. Behaviour Therapy is not even mentioned in the subject index of the book (which is absurdly short and incomplete, and will be of no help to anyone consulting the book for any special purpose whatsoever). Why is the comparison between Psychoanalysis and Behaviour Therapy so important?

For an answer to this question, let me go back again to the criticism made by philosophers of science of Freudian theories: namely, that they

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do not lend themselves to falsification. Fisher & Greenberg dismiss this criticism laughingly by saying that many people have in fact made deductions from the theory, and have tested it experimentally. They conclude that consequently Popper, Kuhn, and the others must be wrong. This does not follow of course; the deductions made may not actually follow from the theory; or, even when they seem to follow from the theory, it may be possible to overturn them (as in the case of the Scodel study mentioned above).

It has become a quite monotonous event in the history of the testing of Freudian theory: an inventive and keen young psychologist performs an experiment testing a Freudian hypothesis; he disproves it; a Freudian spokesman then alleges (*a*) that the theory did not really make this particular prediction, and (*b*) that the experiment was not really designed to test it. As I pointed out in *The Experimental Study of Freudian Theories* (1973), a book I wrote with Dr Glenn Wilson, it is really difficult to say whether or not the Freudian theory does permit of testable predictions. Perhaps we are on safest ground when Sigmund Freud himself made the prediction and when this is clearly testable.

FREUD WAS VERY KEEN to dissociate himself from what he called "mere symptom treatment." According to his theory, all neurotic symptoms are caused by deep-seated complexes which maintain the symptom and cause it originally. The only cure which is lasting is a cure which bases itself on the elimination of the complexes. Mere symptom treatment, in his expressed view (in which he has been followed by almost all practising psychoanalysts), would lead to a recurrence of the symptom or to symptom substitution, *i.e.* to the occurrence of yet another symptom motivated by the same complex.

This is a very clear-cut and definite prediction; and it is clearly tested by behaviour therapists whose theory is quite different. They maintain that all neuroses are merely conditioned emotional reactions, conditioned according to the typical Pavlovian paradigm and, therefore, similar to the way in which Pavlov's dogs were conditioned to salivate to the sound of the bell by pairing the bell with food. The so-called "symptoms" are, therefore, not symptoms at all of anything underlying them. The symptoms are indeed the disease. If that is so, then the deconditioning of the symptoms should abolish these symptoms once and for all; there should be no relapse, and there should be no "symptom substitution."

Here, then, we have a very clear-cut divergence of predictions. According to the Freudian theory, behaviour therapy should not work in any case whatsoever; or if it did work, then the success should be short-lived, only to be followed by a recurrence of the old symptoms, or by symptom substitution. According to behaviour therapists, the cure should be not only possible, but permanent.

There is now, I contend, a very large body of work to indicate that the Freudian prediction is wrong, and that of the behaviour therapist is correct. The evidence is in my view conclusive that behaviour therapy works in a large number of cases; that it works in a relatively short period of time (very much shorter than the usual four years or so of psychoanalytic treatment); and that success, once achieved, is in practically every case permanent. Here, then, we have a decisive experiment disproving completely the Freudian assertion on which his whole system is based; yet Fisher & Greenberg do not even mention this most important disproof. This is of course a consequence of their lack of concern with alternative hypotheses, and this clearly constitutes the most serious fault in their book.

What has been said of theories of therapy could also be said of the Freudian theories of personality development. By paying no attention to alternative theories, Fisher & Greenberg neglect the most prolific source of information on the lack of validity of Freudian theories. In the Eysenck & Wilson book I mentioned above, we give several examples of alternative explanation of phenomena sometimes deduced from Freudian hypotheses, and try to show that these alternative theories possess much greater validity and predictive power.

This is the greatest weakness of this book; unfortunately it is not the only one. As an example, consider the following quote:

> "Large masses of experimental information are available for testing psychoanalytic propositions. We have been amused by the fact that while there is the stereotyped conviction widely current that Freud's thinking is not amenable to scientific appraisal, the quantity of research data pertinent to it that has accumulated in the literature grossly exceeds that available for most other personality or developmental theories (for example, Piaget, Witkin, Allport, Eysenck). We have actually not been able to find a single systematic psychological theory that has been as frequently evaluated scientifically as have Freud's concepts! This is a real paradox. But why has the opposite impression become the common coinage? We can only guess. Perhaps the negative attitudes of the psychoanalytic establishment towards experimental observations have persuaded those most interested in Freud's ideas to wear blinders that shut out the very existence of a vast literature. Where could one find a more dramatic example of 'tunnel vision'? . . ."

What is wrong with this statement? Well, there are two things wrong with it. In the first place, I have in my files (to take but one example)

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well over 2,000 papers relating to the theory of Extraversion, and I am under no illusion that these complete the number of papers and books actually dealing with the concept. That is about the same number of references given to Freudian work in Fisher & Greenberg (and many of those, to be sure, do not deal with experimental tests but are only remotely associated with this topic). It is simply untrue that the Freudian literature "grossly exceeds" that available for most other personality theories. This is a careless sort of statement, not supported by known data, which makes one suspicious of the accuracy of reporting throughout the book. It tries to create an atmosphere favourable to Freudianism, but does so by mis-stating ascertainable facts.

In the second place, there is the authors' considered notion of what could be scientific evidence in this context. They mix together all sorts of investigations, some serious, some absurd, and then simply take account of the whole lot, without paying attention to the quality. Several investigators, for instance, have used the so-called "Blackie" test, which consists of a number of pictures showing a dog (Blackie) indulging in defecation, tail sniffing, and other slightly undignified activities. Subjects of the experiment are asked about their reactions, and these are then interpreted psychoanalytically. Similarly, some experimenters have used the "Rorschach Inkblot" test, in which inkblots are shown to the subject and his associations are noted down and interpreted. Both tests have low reliability, and such evidence as there is suggests that they have no validity of any kind; to quote research dealing with these tests is simply to court ridicule. In one of our own studies we gave one Rorschach expert 50 filled Rorschach forms done by seriously-ill neurotic patients, and another 50 forms done by perfecly normal people, with the request to simply sort out the two populations. She was quite unable to do so. Now if a Rorschach expert, reviewing a hundred sets of associations collected by another expert, is unable to distinguish seriously-ill neurotic patients from normals, it is unlikely that she would be more accurate in making the refined and very subtle distinctions that are required in the sort of experiments reported in this book. Fisher & Greenberg are quite uncritical in their treatment of the literature, and this is a serious embarrassment when it is precisely the adequacy of the evidence which is at issue.

ANOTHER SOURCE OF ERROR which pervades their book is their inability to take psychoanalytic theories seriously. Let me take but one example. They say that

> "we were puzzled, as we examined those studies supportive of Freud, to discover that they not infrequently involved sources of information alien to the Freudian model. For example, an important part of the scientific data giving substance to Freud's oral and anal personality typologies is based on conscious self-reports elicited by questionnaires. Most of the factor analytic studies that have shown that certain traits clustered together in accordance with Freud's typological schema (such as was found to be true of parsimony, neatness, and obstinacy, in relation to the anal character) secured information from subjects by quite directly asking them whether they behaved in certain ways or entertained particular attitudes. There was no attempt made to tap into an unconscious sector of response."

This is all very nice, but it should be remembered that the Freudian hypothesis predicts that these reactions and attitudes would in fact be unconscious. In other words, to find them conscious actually contradicts the Freudian hypothesis. Thus Fisher & Greenberg accept as evidence for Freud what on any serious reading of his hypothesis would be evidence against him. This is surely not the way an unprejudiced author would proceed.

Fisher & Greenberg do well to remind us forcibly that while there is a common notion, both among patients and among psychiatrists, that there is a unified and consistent treatment approach called "psychoanalysis", this is in fact not so. Dr G. A. Oberndorf in 1941 sent a questionnaire to 24 leading analysts, all of whom had more than 20 years of experience. Eighteen replies were received to his questions about psychoanalytic treatment, and the data were extremely disconcerting.

> "There was nothing upon which they agreed, not on the type of case best suited for analysis, nor the method of approach, nor the method of termination, nor results, nor how many patients were helped through analysis to avoid serious mental illnesses."

Other authors, more recently, have found much the same situation. This raises the question of whether it is even sensible to ask if a method is or is not successful, when there is no agreement on what this method is.

IF THERE IS NO EVIDENCE that psychoanalysis works, why then do so many people believe that it does? The answer may well be a very simple one. Neuroses are self-terminating disorders. In other words, neurotics on the whole will get better, and even recover completely, almost whatever happens in the meantime. Psychiatric treatment does not seem to accelerate or retard this process, but where it is applied it may reap the benefit of spontaneous remission. Thus the analyst—or the psychotherapist, or the psychiatrist—becomes the residual legatee of a

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process which could have occurred in any case. In the same way any method will seem to "cure" a cold, simply because a cold would cure itself in any case. Spontaneous remission is an extremely important factor in any discussion of neurosis—if only because, according to Freud and his theory, it should not be possible for such spontaneous remission to occur. Fisher & Greenberg's treatment of spontaneous remission is poor; they rely on the outdated surveys of A. E. Bergin, whose work has been shown by S. Rachman in his book *The Effects of Psychotherapy* (1971) to be not only biased but downright misleading. Fisher & Greenberg do not mention these criticisms, nor do they attempt to defend Bergin; they simply disregard a very important contribution.

On the whole, I found the book by Fisher & Greenberg to be interesting, to contain a lot of references not previously gathered together, and to be rather more critical than many previous works. The book fails in not being critical enough, not being comprehensive enough, and in setting too low a standard of scientific investigation to make its conclusions, in so far as these are favourable to psychoanalysis, credible. It is certainly not a book, technical and complex as it is, for the uninstructed layman to read. For the trained psychologist and psychiatrist, it will be a valuable adjunct to other, more clear-minded and incisive books on the topic. Writings on psychoanalysis are characterised in general by the premature crystallisation of spurious orthodoxies. In so far as this scientific book is an exception, it is valuable. Unfortunately it has not gone far enough in this process of emancipation.

Waves

Once a reef jutted into the sea.

And the waves mocked at the reef
they formed ranks and they charged the reef
they giggled and pretended to run away.

But the reef stood firm.

The waves spoke to the moon.
They consulted the tide.
They formed seasons to wear down the reef.

They caressed it with spring
they seduced it with summer
they brought fear in the autumn
each winter an all-out attack.

Yet still the reef stood.

Thousands of years passed.

Now the waves themselves have grown old.
They run at the reef. It shows them their age.
Old women at the mirror they weep and turn again.

Jennifer Rankin

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RELIGION

The Case of Hans Küng

Christianity Translated—By JOHN BOSSY

ONE OF THE things a historian may have against modern theologians is the way they seem prone to feel that the past ought never to have happened. The feeling has been making progress in the Church of Rome. The Swiss theologian Hans Küng is its most prominent representative there and his *On Being a Christian*,[1] first published in German in 1974 under the more existentialist-sounding title *Christ sein*, is a sort of theological, historical and moral *summa* expounding, from the point of view of a radically modernised Catholicism, what a Christian may or ought to believe, think about his past and his present, and do in the future. It is 700 pages long and seems to have been a best-seller in Germany.

Küng first became known in 1957 with a book (originally a dissertation for the Gregorian University in Rome) on the Protestant doctrine of justification by faith which, to many people's surprise, he held to be in accordance with the Roman Catholic doctrine on the subject as defined by the Council of Trent. After that he was appointed to a chair in Tübingen, which has traditionally maintained both Protestant and Catholic schools of theology, and as an adviser to the second Vatican Council of 1962–65. He wrote a number of more or less occasional books of an ecumenical kind, mainly concerned with the structure of his Church, and looking forward to a dismantling of its monarchical and hierarchical traditions. To a spectator, he seems to have been saying, to put it crudely, that genuine Catholic belief actually was Protestant belief, and that the Council could not fail to recognise that this was so. His position rather resembled that of numerous Catholics on the eve of the Council of Trent, notably of Cardinal Pole; though Pole would not have agreed with Küng's assessment of what that council had to say about the justification of sinners, which gave him a nervous breakdown. Küng does not seem subject to nervous breakdowns, but an equivalent point for him seems to have been reached with the election of Pope Paul VI to succeed John XXIII in 1963. He was disappointed wih the later sessions of the council, dismayed by many of Pope Paul's subsequent actions, and finally driven to exasperation by the publication of the encyclical on contraception, *Humanae Vitae*, in 1968.

Küng took the view that the question at issue had become that of infallibility, or the capacity of the pope, the church, or a general council to make statements about Christian faith and morals which were unquestionable and unalterable. In *Infallible?*, published in 1970, he rejected this capacity, for constitutional, theological, and philosophical reasons variously relevant to *Humanae Vitae*, to any such purported statement of Christian truth, and to any such purported statement at all. He applied his objections rather particularly to the statement concerning papal infallibility made by the first Vatican Council in 1870. At this point several respected Catholic theologians who till then had rather sympathised with his point of view, like the Austrian Jesuit Karl Rahner, came to the conclusion that Küng had changed his ground and could no longer be considered a Catholic.

Something certainly seemed to have shifted since 1957: it does not seem too unfair to say that Küng had moved from the idea that Catholic councils had, despite appearances, actually held Protestant doctrine, to the idea that they had not but should have done, and finally to the idea that it did not too much matter what they had held. But it now seems generally agreed that the shift, if such it is, does not conceal a displacement of

[1] *On Being a Christian*. By HANS KÜNG. Translated by EDWARD QUINN. Collins, £7.95.

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loyalties of quite the kind, for example, that Luther experienced when persuaded that he agreed with John Hus. Küng, who is obviously very attached to his church as a community and a *locus* of friendship, has protested his intention to stick with it and hope for better times. Nobody, so far as I know, has said that as an individual he is not entitled to do this. As a teacher of theology, he has been admonished from Rome that propositions put forward in his discussion of infallibility are untenable for Catholics, and that he ought not to teach them publicly if he wishes to continue as an accredited Catholic theologian. Küng has dismissed the admonition as theologically trivial, and the problem seems now to rest with the German bishops, who do not have much idea what to do about it. They are possibly quite relieved that they cannot in fact do much about it, since it is not they who employ him but the state of Baden-Württemberg. Its reaction was to give him a sabbatical to finish *On Being a Christian.*

FROM THIS IT EMERGES that contraception and infallibility, on which most people are likely to sympathise with Küng, are the small tip of a large iceberg, and now that the whole iceberg is revealed some may be in for a bit of a shock. You are, let us suppose, a historian of Catholicism, a non-believer, as tempted as anybody to jump on the passing band-wagon. You have formed in your mind some kind of ideal standard in virtue of which to make judgments about your subject. Suppose this standard is a more or less secular version of Catholicism, civil to other Christians, respectful of the Reformation, thin in ritual and marital regulation, worshipping and praying in the vernacular within a loosely congregational pattern, keeping its distance from the Middle Ages. Not being a theologian yourself, you turn to Küng for some assurance that your standard is more than a matter of taste and has some foundation in the gospel. You get an extraordinarily coherent account of the life and intentions of Jesus, of the primitive history of Christianity, of the moral, social and institutional implications of faith in Jesus as Christ. You discover that, if Küng is correct, your standard is not only defensible, but a rather tepid version of the only genuine embodiment of Christianity.

At this point, if my own case is anything to go by, just where you ought to be most grateful to Küng for doing for you what you could not do for yourself, you begin to get cold feet, to find reasons for irritation with yourself and with Küng. What is the matter? Jealousy? Perversity? A twitch on the thread? I do not believe it can be that Küng thinks in German. Admittedly his description of the state of the world is set in a German philosophical and theological tradition and might be more recognisable to a Tübingen student than to a Dagenham bus driver or an Oxford don. But his point of departure seems as good as any, and he has made a remarkable effort to write in accessible language (his translator, Edward Quinn, seems to have done a fine job).

Probably the nervousness is just something to do with being an historian. An historian cannot help feeling some affection for his subject; Küng seems to hate such a lot of it. He feels, for example, very cross about the Crusades, and calls them "anti-Christian." It is surely possible to feel very glad that Christians do not behave like that nowadays, while keeping some respect for people who believed they were vindicating Christ's cause and helping to save their souls by invading Muslim territory in Spain or the Holy Land, or rescuing Constantinople or Vienna from the Turks.

For much of his book Küng is actually writing history. It does not seem bad history, it seems both learned and imaginative, but it is the sort of history that may make a historian nervous. He has a chapter on the "social context" of Jesus's life and doings, in which he distinguishes four elements: an establishment of priests and aristocratic families, compromising with Rome; the Zealots or apocalyptic revolutionaries; the Pharisees who stood for a careful and moralised religious observance and came from the official classes; and the people who retired to world-fleeing communities like those at Qumran. This seems a bit too neat, too visibly value-laden, and to be trying too hard, in the guise of a description of its particular subject, to render what Küng regards as universal truths. Küng makes no bones about this. It is meant, for example, as much as a description of the Roman Catholic Church as of Palestine in the reigns of Augustus and Tiberius. For high priests: read Pope, Curia, hierarchy. For Zealots: read revolutionary Catholics. For Pharisees: read scholastic theologians or ordinary Catholics. For the people at Qumran: read monks. A model which can be so readily transposed makes difficulties for itself by casting doubt on the accuracy with which it describes both or any of the situations it is applied to; it becomes a thin description rather than the thick one which is intended.

I cannot judge, for example, whether the people in the desert at Qumran ought to be described as monks, but the facility of Küng's analogy makes me wonder. The model is designed to reveal the uniqueness of Jesus, who did not follow any of these available ways; and I can believe that this is true and important. But I am rather alarmed by Küng's use of this contingent historical fact as a sort of absolute ground for

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belief in him, and the proposal is surely invalidated by the implied transpositions of the model. If, that is, the model is transposable, then Jesus looks more like another ideal type than a unique person, since an identical configuration of unsatisfactory possibilities will be likely to produce an identical effect—an effect like, say, Hans Küng. If, on the other hand, we say that Jesus is a unique case, we also seem to be saying that there is something funny, as a description of his environment, about a model which looks as if it was designed so as not to fit him. It seems more difficult than Küng supposes to make a point which will hold up at the same time in history, sociology, and apologetics.

WHAT IS HANS KÜNG SAYING? Man, he says, is nowadays a progressive humanist, and is running into difficulties with the two forms of progressive humanism in which his hope had been placed: the Western way of political evolution plus technological advance, and the Eastern way of social and political revolution. Christianity may have something to say in this situation in so far as it is properly a progressive humanism, makes fewer falsifiable predictions, and has a more general idea of what the world is all about.

It certainly involves believing in God, and God cannot be proved or disproved. Küng's point about God is that it is more rational for progressive humanists to believe in him than not, since progressive humanism supposes a confidence that things are going in roughly the right direction, a "basic trust in reality" which cannot otherwise be substantiated. God, in something like the traditional sense, can be the ground for this confidence, on condition that belief in him can be liberated from some features which have traditionally accompanied it—liberated, that is, from posing as a scientific explanation of the universe; from the submission of reason to authority; from non-critical social and political ideology; from concern with the hereafter at the expense of the here-and-now, with the human past rather than with the human future.

Among the major forms of religious belief in the world, Christianity is the only one within which these forms of liberation are at present in train, and (I think) the only one in which they can spontaneously occur, since they are embedded in its original message. It seems to be suggested that Islam, for example, or Buddhism are patient of such a transformation, but only by contact with Christianity. I am not quite sure about this since, in the case of Judaism, Christianity seems to be presented as just such a transformation of it; and a chapter or two later we find Moses, Buddha, Mohammed, and Confucius assembled to form the model, mentioned above, of the four ways which Jesus is not.

THIS HISTORICAL JESUS, not any ethical message or theological system (including the theological system about Jesus elaborated by the Greeks in the early Church councils and embodied in the Christian creeds) is the particular substance of Christianity. He is known through the New Testament, which is indeed a collection of kerygmatic or propagandist texts drawing on various mythological genres, but one to which Rankean "counter-questions" about what actually happened can be put with hope of getting a decent answer. The upshot of this process is that Jesus did say most of the things he is supposed to have said (parables, Sermon on the Mount, *etc.*) and was executed in the circumstances narrated. These two areas of the gospel account seem to be the objects of Küng's faith. Others—for example the story of Jesus's birth and its interpretation in the light of Jewish prophetic tradition or Hellenistic theophany—are not. He believes in the Resurrection, but not as an unsophisticated person would understand it: you could not, he says, have taken a photo of it.

The proper context for understanding what Jesus said and what his execution meant is the Jewish one, already described. Within this context, and addressing himself as a Jew to Jews, Jesus announced the impending coming of the "Kingdom of God" in an actual human future—and meanwhile the total abolition or at least the radical *dépassement* of "the law", that is, of the system of ritual, moral and legal practice, the structure of symbols, social articulations and institutions which held the existing community of Jews together. The Kingdom of God means the perfect fulfilment of God's will; God's will is, and only is, the salvation or total well-being of man, for which is required his liberation from this (and by implication any other) law. The Kingdom will come in God's time, but will be prefigured by love, a self-surrendering, non-transactional (though not necessarily eros-excluding) relation with God, the neighbour, and the enemy. Love of God cannot be distinguished from love of man, since God's will is man's well-being. Love is to be expressed in day-to-day forgiveness of offences and service to those in need; it applies across all barriers, whether those erected within the community by the law (sinners) or between the community and outsiders (Samaritans). It is related to, and in so far as Jesus practised it himself by forgiving sins exemplifies, God's forgiveness of the sinner, his willing not the observance of the law but the well-being of man.

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THIS SEEMS A MOMENT to pause; for whatever one may feel about Hans Küng's exposition, it seems perfectly coherent up to this point. But here I would have liked Küng to be more explicit about what he considers the relation between the forgiveness of an individual's sins and the kingdom of God, because I feel there is a difficulty. I can see that the human forgiveness of sins (other people's offences) has something important to do with the coming of the Kingdom, but cannot quite see how God's forgiveness has. It seems to be an end in itself, pointing in a different direction. Or perhaps one ought to make more of a distinction inside "the law" than Küng does. For example: to pick corn on the Sabbath is to make a statement about the future kingdom of God, in which such actions will be perfectly legitimate, to say that they simply do not incur guilt. To say to a woman taken in adultery that her sins are forgiven her is to relieve her of a burden of guilt but not to say anything about the kingdom of God, in which presumably adultery remains adultery. To say of the justification of sinners that "here already is the dawning of God's kingdom" strikes me as a rhetorical evasion of this difficulty, imposing a future-orientation on something which will not really bear it.

Jesus, for Küng, died as a martyr of the law. Belief in Jesus means adhesion to his anarchic and future-directed teaching and example as against the law. The crucifixion represents the vengeance of the law; the resurrection God's confirmation of Jesus's rightness as against it. Metaphysical or speculative issues are set aside as later interpolation, Greek elaboration, or scholastic misunderstanding. Küng does not seem to be a unitarian, but obviously thinks it less useful to think of Jesus as the Son of God or the second person of the Trinity than as an "absolute criterion" of behaviour. The Church, which Jesus did not himself found, is not properly a hierarchical system reflecting some metaphysical order, but a place of "liberty, equality, and fraternity", a witness within itself and for the world to Jesus's rejection of the law.

In the present state of the world, the implications for a Christian of adherence to the person of Jesus seem to be: sticking to one's church in the hope that it may be transformed into his likeness; avoidance of denominational rigidity and ethical dogmatism; and a generally liberationist view of the political and social scene. This, in certain cases like South America or South Africa, is likely to lead the Christian, as an individual, to some kind of commitment to revolutionary change. It does not necessarily do this, and in particular a Christian who comes to the conclusion that there is no way out but violence must reckon with the fact that Jesus has given him no warrant for this. A Christian can be, but is not bound to be, a socialist; the implication seems to be that a socialist option is on the whole the better part and that, for example, a Burkean traditionalism is excluded. In the case of education, which is raised in the last few pages of the book, adherence to Jesus is held to require a non-authoritarian practice, mutual service of teachers and children, and no claims to "precedence."

IN VIEW OF HIS FORMULATION of these last two problems, it seems a bit unrealistic of Hans Küng to protest that his "radically humanist" version of Christianity occupies, politically speaking, some kind of middle ground between Left and Right. He is surely a Leftist, though of a gently anarchic kind. He also seems right to claim that his kind of Leftism is superior to non-theistic or non-Christian sorts in its capacity to measure up to questions about human suffering.

I am not sure that it is successful in measuring up to questions about human evil: his account of it seems feeble by the standards of Augustine or Hobbes, and perhaps by those of Marx as well. I expect it is right to dismiss Satan as a mythological figure imported into Christianity from Babylon, and also to object to taking evil to be a purely private affair of individuals. But I think he is trivialising an insight about Evil being somehow objective, and worth its capital letter, when he resorts to "modern sociological findings" which show that it is "substantially more than the sum total of the wickedness of individuals" by identifying it with collective and anonymous powers and systems.

This remark contains two of the words Küng uses as if they were not open to question. *Modern* is one of them. His "modern man" with his "modern consciousness", living in a "modern world bearing the imprint of science and technology, oriented not to the past but to the future", unable to comprehend metaphysics or tradition, is a real bore, a myth a good deal less interesting than Satan or the shepherds at Bethlehem. He also seems, in 1977, a slightly *dépassé* figure. Küng says in his introduction that he could not afford, in 1974, to let his book mature for another three years, but if he had done so I think his notion of modernity would have become a bit less fragile.

Society is equally dubious. To say that his quadrilateral of establishment, revolutionaries, pious observants, and monks is Jesus's social context is certainly to follow conventional usage, but I think a Christian theologian, particularly one so hostile to metaphysics, ought to be more

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worried than Küng is about taking "society" to be a thing-like collective subject, and more anxious to keep a place in it for what the French call sociability.

As for *Bourgeois*: to call the Pharisees a "petit-bourgeois middle class", their notion of merit a bourgeois accounting with God, to speak *à propos* of the traditional Catholicism to which these remarks are actually directed of an "unassuming God of bourgeois mediocrity" is, if not just vulgar abuse, applying standards of historical criticism a good deal less stringent than those he has applied to the New Testament.

Then there is *decisive*. Jesus, for the Christian, is "ultimately decisive." He demands "a final decision for God's cause and man's." The moral of the story about the Samaritan is that we should display towards our neighbour "decisive action in each individual case in the light of the particular situation." What is decisive about the story of the Resurrection is this-and-not-that. I can see that Küng's recourse to the decisive mode is a way of saying that something is more important than something else without recourse to metaphysics, a hierarchy of ethical norms or excessive scholarly discussion; but it gives a rather bullying impression. I should think many people will find the demand for relentless decision-making ("The individual Christian must take a stand on all outstanding questions") more than they can cope with.

PERHAPS THESE ARE marginal observations, but altogether they amount to a query whether Hans Küng's humanism is quite as human as it claims. The anthropologist's view of man as a symbol-creating creature, dependent upon symbolic systems for his very existence as man, seems perfectly alien to him. Hence his contemptuous remark about the sign of the cross:

> "Is there not something questionable about that shrunken, often purely ritual gesture of making a cross-like sign which is thoughtlessly repeated a thousand times and often degraded to a more or less magical symbol?"

The sacrifice of the mass, in its traditional form, may quite probably have embodied an unsound theology, but it is simply crass to say that it is of no interest except to "a few aesthetes and philanthropists." Küng does not seem to be saying that all ritual behaviour is incompatible with Christianity, because he has a rather splendid passage pointing out the ritual significance of Jesus's taking meals with publicans and sinners. But his book does leave you with the impression that such behaviour, carrying its baggage of symbolic expression from the past, is something which "modern man" has no time for, God does not want, and Jesus came to do away with.

It is hard to know whether this is right about God, but it seems rather drastically wrong about man, even in this secular day and age.

Ghosts

What you think, is what she mostly is—
The folded look in the garment on the floor,
The photograph moving into place,
Knuckles raining on the widening door.

What you desire, is what she cannot be—
The dream and parlour sorcery are lies.
Only her blood returns on childish feet
With that direct look of hers in other eyes.

What you know, is what you always knew—
His last absence is what you most condone.
He is the black fortune in your cup,
The sensuality you bear alone.

What you fear is what you always feared—
His receding face recedes for ever,
Is passionless and inclined to smile
The friendly smile of a former lover.

Freda Downie

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MUSIC

Stravinsky and Eliot

"Renard" and "Old Possum" By ROBERT CRAFT

T. S. ELIOT's first published reference to Stravinsky is found in a 1921 "London Letter" in *The Dial*:

> Stravinsky was . . . our lion . . . . Stravinsky, Lucifer of the season, brightest in the firmament . . . took the call many times . . . small and correctly neat in pince-nez . . . [*Le Sacre du printemps*] was received with wild applause[1] . . . . The music seemed very remarkable . . . but at all events struck me as possessing a quality of modernity which I missed from the ballet which accompanied it. . . . Music accompanying . . . an action must have a drama which has been put through the same process of development as the music itself. . . . The spirit of the music was modern, and the spirit of the ballet was primitive ceremony. . . . Even *The Golden Bough* can be read in two ways: as a collection of entertaining myths, or as a revelation of that vanished mind of which our mind is a continuation. In everything in *Le Sacre du printemps*, except in the music, one missed the sense of the present. . . . Stravinsky's music . . . seem[ed] to transform . . . the barbaric cries of modern life; and to transform these despairing noises into music.

Stravinsky's first public reference to Eliot, the quotation of a passage from "Tradition and the Individual Talent", occurred in a lecture at the University of Chicago, 20 January 1944. Jacques Maritain, a member of the audience, may have drawn the composer's attention to this essay; but Stravinsky had read Eliot at a much earlier date, and had probably been introduced to his work by St-John Perse. In the mid-1940s, Eliot's name begins to appear in Stravinsky's correspondence; a letter from John U. Nef, for example, mentions the composer's discussion, during a luncheon, of Eliot's "The Music of Poetry." During the 1940s, too, in Eliot's *Essays Ancient and Modern*, Stravinsky approvingly underscored some remarks including as an attack on "that faith in human reason to which naive people of undisciplined emotions are prone."

But the poet and the composer did not meet until 8 December, 1956, when they were introduced by Stephen Spender:

> Among the few notes I made of Eliot's conversation, the only ones I can find are about the first meeting of Eliot with Igor Stravinksy, which Nicolas Nabokov asked me to arrange. In them, Stravinsky steals the show, but that he should have done so is also characteristic of Eliot: I drove Eliot to the Savoy. He was in a good humour. The conversation was carried on mostly in English, though some of it was in French which Eliot talks slowly and meticulously. Stravinsky started talking about his health. He complained that all the doctors told him to do different, sometimes quite opposite, things. He suffered from an excessive thickness of the blood. Moving his hands as though moulding an extremely rich substance, he said: "They say my blood is so thick, so rich, so very rich, it might turn into crystals, like rubies, if I didn't drink beer, plenty of beer, and occasionally whisky, all the time." Eliot said that a pint of beer did him less harm in the middle of the day than two glasses of red wine. Stravinsky returned to the subject of the thickness of his blood.
>
> Eliot said meditatively: "I remember that in Heidelberg when I was young I went to a doctor and was examined, and the doctor said: 'Mr. Eliot, you have the thinnest blood I've ever tested'."
>
> Stravinsky talked about Auden writing the libretto of *The Rake's Progress*. He said it went marvellously. Auden arrived at the Stravinskys' house in Hollywood, ate an enormous dinner and drank much wine, went to bed at exactly half past ten, and then was up at 8 the next morning ready to listen to Stravinsky's ideas. No sooner were these divulged than he started writing the libretto. He would think of something, write it, then ask himself where it could be fitted in, pulling out lines and phrases, and finding places in which to insert them, as though he were fitting the pieces into a puzzle.

[1] London, 27 June, 1921. On June 28, *The Times* reported that "M. Stravinsky got a laurel wreath . . . and the whole house roared itself hoarse." According to Robert Sencourt, "After the performance Eliot stood up and cheered" (*T. S. Eliot: A Memoir*).

Three years later Eliot recalled his "efforts, several years ago, to restrain (with the point of an umbrella) the mirth of my neighbours in a 'family house' which seemed united to deride . . . the music of one of the greatest musicians, Stravinsky." (*The Criterion*, October 1924).

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After consulting with Chester Kallman, within a few days Auden returned the libretto[2], neatly typed out. Only minor alterations had to be made, and Stravinsky only had to suggest that there was some difficulty somewhere and the solution to the problem would arrive by return of post.

Stravinsky started talking about the annoyance of publicity. A reporter had rung up and suggested coming to his hotel to take down notes of his reaction to the performance of one of his works on the B.B.C. Vera Stravinsky chipped in here and said: "We explained that we never listen to the radio." Stravinsky added a terse comment on the British conductor.

Eliot asked him what he did when people wrote asking for photographs.

Stravinsky said he did not send them, because they cost money. He said that when he was in Venice where a choral work of his was performed in St. Mark's, *Time* had created a link between him and T. S. Eliot by captioning their review of it: "Murder in the Cathedral." He said that after this performance, he waited 25 minutes so that the crowds might disperse[3], and then, accompanied by friends, walked out into the piazza. There were very few people by this time, but as he walked across the square, a few people seated at tables saw him and started clapping. He said he was extremely touched. The performance had been broadcast through amplifiers into the square, and these people, most of them young, had waited in order to applaud.[4]

Cocteau

A year later Stravinsky wrote to Eliot in his capacity as a publisher:

> *Dear Mr. Eliot*, I would like to send a manuscript of a short (about 40,000 words) book of Dialogues of mine. It will be published in Germany, France and Italy in the fall, but I have not yet arranged for English publication . . . . I think [that the dialogues] are in the order in which they [were] written, [*i.e.* are] not categorised, as perhaps they should be. I will greatly value your opinion, especially [about] what to cut . . . . Very sincerely yours, *Igor Stravinsky*. (Letter of 30 January, 1958)

Eliot answered (on 5 February) expressing the "keenest interest" in reading the book. Then (on 19 March) he wrote to say that Faber & Faber wanted to publish it, but that he wondered whether "you could be persuaded to continue the Conversations in the same vein." Stravinsky replied on 25 March:

> *Dear Mr. Eliot*, I thank you for your kind letter and, of course, I am very pleased with your and your colleagues' interest in the book . . . . I have not seen the manuscript that was sent [to] you. Someone in New York[5] was responsible for the "grouping" according to subject. I might not like this . . . [but] a merely chronological order . . . will not do either; the "questions" range too widely. Perhaps we should work with the manuscript that you have . . . . I should like to do immediately what work has to be done on it. I finished the composition of my Threni a few days ago and have now a little time between musical compositions. . .[6] With best wishes, Most sincerely yours, *Igor Stravinsky*.

Eliot's next letter, dated 23 October, is an invitation—*"Cher maître"*, this time—to a reception by Faber & Faber for Stravinsky during his forthcoming stay in London. He answered from the Sacher Hotel, Vienna, 1 November:

> *Dear Mr. Eliot* . . . My time will be more free at the very beginning of my stay in London [because of

---

[2] Actually five months later.

[3] "3,000 special guests . . . followed purple-robed Cardinal Roncalli [later Pope John XXIII] into the Byzantine basilica of St Mark's for one of the strangest events in its 1000-year history. Outside thousands more were gathered around loudspeakers to hear Igor Stravinsky's latest work . . . ." (*Time*, 24 September 1956).

"The Patriarch of Venice wanted the concert to be broadcast for those who could not afford to pay . . . ." (Vera Stravinsky to Catherine d'Erlanger, 15 September, 1956.)

[4] "Remembering Eliot" ENCOUNTER (April 1965).

[5] Ms. Deborah Ishlon of Columbia Records.

[6] Here Stravinsky enters into detail with respect to the title of the book, but in a letter to Faber & Faber, 21 August, he states the same arguments more succinctly:

"I objected to 'Dialogues' for the reason that [the exchanges] do not make enough of a consequential thesis to satisfy that word (which I respect so much). However, they are not 'Conversations' either. Answers to questions is what they more nearly are . . . ."

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rehearsals later for a BBC concert]. In fact, since I arrive on the morning of [December] second, perhaps the party could take place that afternoon, or, even better, the next.... With best wishes, I am sincerely, *I. Str.*

AT THE PARTY Eliot had hoped to introduce Stravinsky to Jacob Epstein, who wanted to make a bronze head of the composer; but the sculptor was ill and could not attend. A few days later (8 December) the Stravinskys dined with the Eliots in their Kensington Gardens ground-floor flat:

T.S.E. provides lapidary translations for the French and German expressions that occur with regularity in Stravinsky's talk, but at the same time disclaims ever having been a linguist: "I only pretended to be one in order to get a job in a bank." He breathes heavily, harrumphs—"*Hm, hmm, hmmm,*" each additional "*m*" deepening the significance, so it seems—and he folds and unfolds his fidgety fingers, or touches them tip-to-tip, which makes me aware that Stravinsky's hands, otherwise remarkable for the large spans between the knuckles, are the least nervous I have ever seen.

Eliot carves and serves the meat, and walks around the table to fill our wine glasses. His manners are formal, reserved, parsonical, and his talk is marked by pauses and deliberations; in matters requiring adjudication, it is restricted to implications. Stravinsky, in comparison, seems to think with the tip of his tongue.

Concerning public readings, Eliot says: "I cannot remember my poetry because it was re-written so many times that I forget which version was final." His stories tend to be self-deprecating: "One day in a New York taxi with Djuna Barnes, I noticed that the driver had become engrossed in our conversation. Then after Miss Barnes had left, he asked whether 'That woman is a writer'."

When the talk turns to mutual French friends, Eliot is interested above all in Stravinsky's recollections of Jacques Rivière, and of Rivière's brother-in-law, Alain-Fournier.[7] Cocteau's name comes up, too, and Eliot remarks, drily, that "he was brilliant when I saw him last, but I had the impression he was rehearsing for a more important occasion."

The following day Eliot sent a copy of *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats*,[8] inscribing it: "To Madame Igor Stravinsky in memory of a very happy evening."

ELIOT'S NEXT LETTER, addressed to Stravinsky in Tokyo, discusses a project for an opera. Eliot had been offered a commission to write the libretto, Stravinsky an equal sum[9] to compose the music. But Eliot expatiates on his lack of qualifications, saying that "distinction as a poet" is not necessarily an asset in a librettist, and that the book of *The Rake's Progress* did not succeed in the attempt to combine the very different subjects of Hogarth and of the traditional pact with the devil.[10] Yet the letter did not reject the possibility of a collaboration. Stravinsky answered from the Imperial Hotel, Tokyo, 8 April, 1959:

Dear T. S. Eliot, The proposition from Mr. Paul Horgan came at a very bad moment for me, and until your letter I had not thought seriously about it.... I myself am not very attracted by the operatic form at present, and I would certainly not undertake to write an opera like *The Rake's Progress* for any fee ... $20,000 is not much after the United States Bureau of Internal Revenue has enjoyed *jus primae noctis* with it .... Perhaps I [may] ... propose another kind of work, a cantata, or a static stage piece (genre my *Oedipus Rex*), shorter than an opera and ... more suitable to my present non-operatic musical thought—[perhaps] a Greek-subject piece in a contemporary re-interpretation.[11]

I will think about this.... Of course it would be a pleasure and an honor to work with you, and I think that we might invent something very interesting together. Would you give me your thoughts about this suggestion (it is not really a proposition) and let me manage what I can manage?... My wife joins in sending most affectionate regards. *I. Str.*

P.S. I hope we can talk some day about the *Rake* libretto....

P.P.S. Do you have a copy of your article about Julien Benda?... It must be 20–25 years old [and] I do not remember the magazine, but I wish to say a few words about Benda, whom I met once on a transatlantic crossing.

Eliot replied (on 21 May), enclosing a copy of his June 1928 *Cambridge Review* essay on Benda but expressing dissatisfaction with it, and surprise at the opinion stated therein of Péguy's prose writings

[7] It was on Eliot's recommendation that Stravinsky included some of Rivière's letters in the "Conversation" book. Rivière was the first critic to have sensed the composer's true stature, writing, as early as the summer of 1911, that "*Petrushka* must be called a masterpiece, one of the most unexpected, most impulsive, most buoyant and lively of our age. The music is by Igor Stravinsky, and this name, that we have learned through *The Firebird*, we will never forget now" (*La Nouvelle Revue Française*, September 1911) Eliot's obituary for Rivière was published in *La Nouvelle Revue Française*, 1 April, 1925.

[8] Both Stravinsky's ailourophiles, as well as admirers of Eliot's onomastic genius, had memorised passages from the book.

[9] The money had been pledged by Mr André Senutovitch of New Mexico.

[10] Auden had shown the completed libretto to Eliot before giving it to Stravinsky; and the typescript has some pencilled corrections in Eliot's hand.

[11] In 1938, Ida Rubinstein wanted to commission Stravinsky to work with Claudel, but the plan came to nothing when the would-be collaborators failed to agree on a subject, the composer insisting that it be Greek, the poet demanding something Biblical. Claudel wrote to Stravinsky 21 June, 1938:

"There can be no question of *Prométhée* but only of *Tobie*, of which I have just finished the first part. For nothing on earth would I stick my nose in to that antique, pagan, threadbare frippery which even Offenbach could not revive...."

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which Eliot supposed he had always admired, since first being introduced to them by Alain-Fournier.

STRAVINSKY was in Copenhagen when this letter came and he did not answer it until 6 August:

> *Dear T. S. Eliot*, I did not write . . . because I was anxious to complete my new composition[12] and could not consider other work . . . . I have received a proposal from NBC television, meanwhile, that has helped me to see my own direction—commissioners always have in mind a work of one's past [that] they want repeated, but the very reference to a past work helps one to realize how unrepeatable it is. Perhaps . . . NBC or even the Arts Council of Great Britain (I have an offer from that organization, too) will commission us . . . [and] an ex post facto commission [may] be preferred, [since] commissioners think in the categories that they know—ballets, operas, plays— and I do not propose to write in any of these.
>
> I have been considering the story of Noah. I can imagine a dramatic work [based on] it [and] involving narration (as in my *Oedipus Rex*), singing— a chorus, the voices of Noah and his sons, and perhaps an angel—and scenic and choreographic elements. It might follow the form of a medieval morality play, for example, with narration used to connect sequences of set pieces, instrumental and vocal numbers, pure, *i.e.* spoken verse (what delightful animal rhymes . . . you could do . . .), dances. . . . Here, anyway, is a subject I hope you will consider. . . .
>
> Thank you for your cable. We will fly to London from New York September 2 . . . and telephone . . . as soon as our heads have cleared from the flight. Most cordially, *I. Str.*

Eliot answered (16 August), saying that he was more certain than ever of his lack of vocation as a librettist. Nor was the subject discussed at dinner at Claridge's (on 6 September).

> T.S.E. looks younger, and *is* livelier and more talkative, than last year, but he seems to think of himself as a hoary ancient with little time left. After chatting about the weather—"Isn't it unusual? Why last year at this time . . ."—he says that social obligations are the bane of his existence: "I cannot accept lectures because the people who pay for them expect me to attend cocktail parties at which I am caught between someone wanting to know what I think of Existentialism and someone asking what I really meant by such-and-such a line."
>
> When Mrs. Eliot asks if we have read "Edmund Wilson's attack" on her husband, Eliot interrupts to say that Wilson's "only good line must have come to him from personal experience or have been told to him by someone else. It occurs in one of his stories, where a man stroking a woman's back exclaims how soft it is, and she says 'What the hell did you expect, scales?' "
>
> Speaking of Aldous Huxley, Eliot says: "I don't read him, of course—I am much too fond of him for that— but he was pretty pessimistic when we saw him last: too many people in the world already and more all the time. So there are indeed, indeed."
>
> The subject moves to Pound's latest Cantos, and Eliot observes that "There are more Chinese characters than ever; Ezra is becoming the best Chinese poet in English." When Stravinsky describes his impressions of the Japanese theatre, Eliot says that he once watched a Noh dancer in a play by Yeats and was very moved by the performance: "One really could believe that the dancer had become a bird." Stravinsky mentions Büchner, and Eliot notes that "*Wozzeck* is too simple for a play, just simple enough for an opera."
>
> Eliot gazes at each of us in rotation, beaming affection toward his wife each time around. He drinks a gin and tonic before, claret during, and whisky after dinner, which in his case consists of a partridge, for though he obviously enjoys sniffing the cheese platter, he does not, after a final moment of indecision, actually make a choice.

On 24 November, Stravinsky wrote from the Gladstone Hotel (East 52nd Street, New York):

> *Dear T. S. Eliot.* We were obliged to change our plans and sail back rather than fly. We therefore reached New York later than we expected, in fact a day after you sailed. . . . You have probably not had much time to consider our project, nor, frankly, have I, with all of my concerts in the past two months. . . . I am going to read the York Mystery plays. . . . I haven't had time to read *The Deluge* yet.
>
> I expect to see Mr. E. Martin Browne's production of Charles Williams's *Cranmer* next week; I will report on that later. I was interested by some remarks of yours in . . . *The Paris Review*—that a poet hears his own voice reading everything he writes. So, too, I think, does a composer write vocal music for his own voice [even if he cannot sing]. Kindest regards, *Igor Stravinsky.*

ELIOT ANSWERED on 8 December, offering to help with "suggestions for the arrangement of the texts" from *The Deluge*, and adding that "Your programme of travel and work while in Europe astounded me." But Stravinsky postponed *The Deluge*[13] (*The Flood*) to compose *A Sermon, A Narrative, and A Prayer*, and he did not see the

[12] *Movements* for piano and orchestra.

[13] In Venice during an inundation 14–15 October 1960, Stravinsky printed the word "*DELUGE*" across the two pages of his diary, and shortly after that time made some musical notations.

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Eliots again for nearly two years, during which period, however, their Christmas cards became more affectionate ("*With love from*", even "*Our love*"). On 5 January 1961, Eliot read his poetry at the YMHA—introduced by Robert Lowell (very droll at the expense of Sandburg)—and the Stravinskys were invited to join the Eliots afterward at the home of E. E. Cummings; but the composer had a recording session the same evening and could not come.

COMPOSER AND POET dined together at the Savoy Hotel London, 16 October 1961, ostensibly to consider a proposal from Cambridge University Press that Stravinsky set "two lyrical stanzas" (as Eliot describes them) from "Little Gidding." In a letter of 11 October, Mr P. F. du Sautoy (of Faber & Faber) wrote to M. A. Black (of the Cambridge Press): "I have asked Mr. Eliot to raise the question [of the setting with Stravinsky, but] whether the two great men will remember to discuss this . . . when they meet, I cannot be sure. . . ." In fact nothing was said about this at the dinner.

> Eliot has aged very noticeably since we last saw him, and his color has changed, his lips and ears having turned purplish. He complains of the nuisance of having to refuse repeated invitations to Tagore Centenary celebrations: "I took something of his from the library the other day, to be certain I had not made a mistake, but could make nothing of it. Difficult to tell that to the Indians, though. Yeats once pretended to like it, but he was making a case for 'The East' at the time. . . ."
>
> The composer and poet talk about their favorite *romans policiers*. Both men are Simenon addicts, and Eliot says that "I can read about Maigret when I can read nothing else." Another mutually admired sleuth is Perry Mason. "Gardner knows California law," Eliot affirms, "but Chandler is a better writer."
>
> At one point, when Mrs. Stravinsky voices some criticisms of Switzerland, Eliot agrees with her but says that "I like it nevertheless because more than any other country it resembles what it used to be."

ELIOT WROTE on 24 November, to a representative of the Cambridge Press about the stanzas from "Little Gidding":

> I would be willing to have [them] set to music if the composer was Stravinsky. Stravinsky could get more out of me that way than any man living.

Shortly before this, Stravinsky arrived in New Zealand where, at a press conference,

> Asked why he had never set to music a poem by his friend T. S. Eliot, Stravinsky replied: "I have thought about it. But his words . . . do not need music. I can find notes for Shakespeare because he wrote words for singing.[14] Eliot's are for speaking." (*Wellington Evening Post*, 16 November 1961)

Six weeks later, back in California, Stravinsky wrote:

> *Dear T. S. Eliot*, First of all I send you and your wife my best wishes for the New Year, though these greetings will probably reach you out-of-season and some time after the event.
>
> I have finally seen the correspondence concerning Cambridge . . . . I would like very much to set the two beautiful verses from *East Coker* [sic]. They are certainly "verses to be sung," and the standard, four-part hymn-choral is the way to present them, I think. Such a piece would be only a minute or a minute-and-a-half long—like my *Epitaphium* (for flute, clarinet and harp)—or twice that because the second verse would repeat the same music. If I undertake to do this it will be as a tribute to you. . . .
>
> I must continue my series of concerts, but I will inform you of my progress. Cordially as ever, *Igor Stravinsky*. (Hollywood, 26 December, 1961)

The anthem, *The Dove Descending*, was completed on 2 January 1962[15] before Stravinsky's next concert, and his papers contain a memo: "Air-mailed manuscript 1–4–62 with a word asking, after printed, to give the MS as a homage to T. S. Eliot." Eliot was informed of the gift while vacationing in Barbados, but thanked the composer from London (28 March 1962).

Stravinsky wrote again from Hollywood on 16 April 1962:

> *Dear Eliot* . . . I have not yet had news of any performance of the *Anthem* in Europe, though I believe it was sung in Venice (Biennale) last week. I will conduct it in Toronto next week myself . . . recording it "commercially" at the same time, and I promise to send the record as soon as it is released . . . . I do not expect to be in London this year . . . but I will be in Paris for a few weeks . . . and in Hamburg conducting my ballets in the latter part of June. Please let me know (Hotel Berkeley, 7, Avenue Matignon, Paris, 8-ième, 15–17 May) when and if you expect to be in the United States . . . . With most cordial regards to you and Mrs. Eliot, *Igor Stravinsky*.
>
> *P.S.* Have you ever considered *Oedipus at Colonus* as a subject for contemporary music-dramatic treatment?

The composer was well aware, of course, of the importance of this play for Eliot, and aware that

> *The nightingales . . . singing near*
> *The Convent of the Sacred Heart*

were present in the sacred wood in which Oedipus died. But Eliot did not mention the proposal in

[14] This refers to the songs in the plays. In 1953, Stravinsky had composed music for "Full Fadom Five" and "When Daisies Pied."

[15] Next to the word "redeem", Stravinsky wrote "*spŭsat' zvlyecat'*."

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his reply (24 April). The final letter was from Stravinsky:

> *Dear Eliot,* I have seen a quotation from your *Sunday Telegraph* piece concerning mistranslations in the New English Bible. As this is a matter of acute interest to me, could you kindly send a copy of the text? . . . We expect to be in London at the end of May ourselves en route to Ireland and will hope to see you. Best New Year's wishes and kindest regards to both of you, Yours very cordially, *Igor Stravinsky.* (Hollywood, 26 December, 1962)

LONDON. *29 May 1963.* The Eliots have heard the fiftieth anniversary performance of the *Sacre* "on the wireless", and they applaud the composer as he enters the apartment. Comparing tonight's ovation with the reception in 1921, Eliot observes that "The English think it is polite to laugh when confronted with something serious that they do not understand."

When the conversation switches to this afternoon's Derby, he says: "I used to wager in the Calcutta Sweepstakes but never drew a horse. During a visit to Stockholm in 1948 I put some money on a long shot called Queen Mary—out of loyalty, of course, it was not a hunch—but we came in last."

He says that the British Arts Council asked him to receive Yevtushenko, but that the meeting was not a success: "I am unable to speak through a translator unless I know him . . . . Incidentally, Igor, one of your Russian 'r's reminds me of the variety of 'r' sounds in Sanskrit that Indians do not recognise as differentiations, although they pronounce them."

When Stravinsky refers to Eliot's recent pamphlet on George Herbert, Eliot says that "Herbert is one of the very few poets whom I can still read and read again. Mallarmé is another, and, hm, so is Edward Lear. . . ."

11 December 1963. New York. Dinner with the Eliots at the Pavillon. We call for them in a car, at the River Club on East Fifty-Second, Eliot's favourite New York street, he says, "Because it is a dead end." Glimpsing the United Nations building on the way to the restaurant he denounces it as "the centre of an anti-European conspiracy." He drinks and eats almost nothing, but sits upright from time to time, focusing his piercingly intelligent gray eyes on each of us in turn.

"I am rereading *Nostromo*", he says. "After I first read Conrad it was a terrible shock to hear him talk. He had a very guttural accent."

"Was it like mine?" Stravinsky asks, but the question is deflected with "Yours, Igor, is easier to understand."

On the subject of languages, Eliot says: "My Italian was quite fluent when I was at Lloyds, but Dante's Italian is not the most suitable instrument for modern business phraseology.[16] I had a smattering of Romanian, too, and of modern Greek, and for this reason the manager of the bank insisted that I must also know Polish—that *not* to know Polish would be illogical."

When we leave, Stravinsky and Eliot walk arm in arm to the vestiaire, where the headwaiter remarks to the attendant: "There you see together the greatest living composer and the greatest living poet." But Mrs Stravinsky saves the day—and the two men from embarrassment—by remarking, in exactly the right tone: "Well, they do their best."

WHEN ELIOT DIED (4 January 1965) Stravinsky was in New York. After returning to California, he composed an *Introitus* (14 January–17 February) on the words "*Requiem eternam dona eis, Lux perpetua luceat eis*", which derive from the apocryphal Hebrew book of *Esdras.* In a letter to his publisher, 26 February 1965, Stravinsky describes the piece as "A Panikheda chorus in memory of the unforgettable Eliot."

[16] But Eliot did read contemporary Italian books. In fact he first mentions Little Gidding—referring to Crashaw's connection with the retreat—in a review of Mario Praz's *Secentismo e Marinismo in Inghilterra* (TLS, 17 December 1925). This book may have influenced Eliot to withdraw his own essay on Crashaw, which is a pity since its incidental comments on Shelley's "The Skylark" are among Eliot's most amusing criticism: "The line 'That from heaven or near it' merely . . . provide[s] an imperfect rhyme for spirit . . . I am still ignorant what the devil [Shelley] means by an intense lamp narrowing in the white dawn."

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ART

Hitler & Painting

The People's Art?

By Joachim Fest

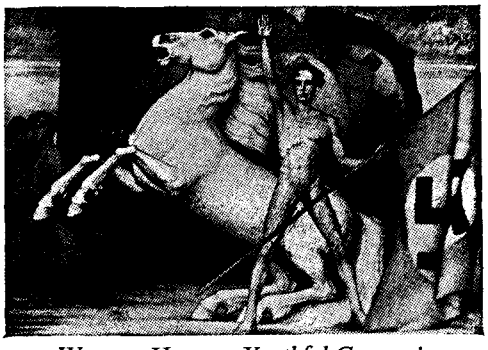
AMONG THE NAZI platitudes of artistic ideology was the formula: "ART BELONGS TO THE PEOPLE!" And among the platitudes of a consciousness that has continued unchanged for around thirty years is the practice of treating the art that actually was presented to the people with contemptuous scorn, when it is not simply ignored. Berthold Hinz's recent book *Die Malerei im deutschen Faschismus* proves that empty verbiage may be just another way of ignoring something.[1]

Naturally, there can be no argument as to how wretched this art was in all its empty solemnity, how much dilettantism and academic rigidity were at work in it. The nudes set before Arcadian backdrops seem to have come straight from the well-lighted studio, so do the German workers with their resolute gaze, the peasants and the Stahlhelm heroes; even the landscapes look curiously faked. Everything is *nature morte*.

But the question remains as to whether this art was not really the people's art, whether a public which had for so long found its simple need for beauty, its longing for a romantic view of nature, satisfied in the proverbial *Röhrenden Hirsch*, the *Stag at Bay*, or at least in scenes of lake and mountain, was not more authentically mirrored in this art than in the complex formal language of Kandinsky, Picasso, or Klee. After all, the tens of thousands who made the annual pilgrimage to the *Haus der deutschen Kunst* in Munich were not forcibly driven there. The crassly symbolic nature of many of these pictures, their comprehensibility and accessibility, rather favoured their popularity, as did their technical clumsiness, which was closer to the simple mind than the artistic refinement of an audaciously experimental art that made a clearly arbitrary use of material and imagination. Everything was recognisable, drawn from a familiar store of visual perceptions. And precisely this made it easy for the Art ideologists of the Third Reich to pretend that with the aid of this art they were healing the century-old schism between art and the public. *Art for the People!*

To this was added the fact that the Nazi régime was able to draw support from the deep resentment of those unhappy artists who for so long had had the *Zeitgeist* against them and hence the market and opportunities for prestige. Curiously enough, Hitler himself belonged in this category, even though his artistic endeavours had evaporated at an early stage in lethargy and lack of confidence. In this respect Berthold Hinz is certainly right: the painting promoted in the Third Reich was not inevitably linked to the person of Hitler. But nor was it, as he obviously believes, the bourgeois art of the *Grossbürgertum*, "powerful forces in the economy, politics and culture", as he vaguely phrases it. Both notions are surely refuted by the example of art in the Soviet Union.

THESE, IN BROAD OUTLINE, are some starting points for a consideration of the subject. But Hinz makes of them a high falutin' mish-mash of socio-economic analyses and conspiracy theories, a chapter from the dark plot between Capitalist and Fascist wire-pullers, the whole concoction spiced with a very cavalier treatment of the facts and an inexact use of terms. One would have expected a book by an academic scholar at least to be properly informed on one of the concepts contained in the title. In reality, however, Hinz has an entirely inadequate conception of "Fascism", using the word as it is employed in left-wing demagogy. "A central principle of Fascism", he states, for example, is the accumulation of capital. Significantly, he is unacquainted, to judge from the bibliography, with the works of either Ernst Nolte or Henry A. Turner, or of Francis L. Carsten or David Schoenbaum. Instead he pre-



WALTER HOECK: *Youthful Germania*

[1] Berthold Hinz, *Die Malerei im deutschen Faschismus: Kunst und Konterrevolution* (Hanser Verlag, Munich).

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sents the reader—and even this only second-hand—with the pompous platitudes of the late Max Horkheimer, according to which Fascism sprang from modern capitalism. Of course *all* contemporary political systems originated in capitalism, Fascism no less than the various forms of Liberalism or Communism.

In analysing what he calls painting under German Fascism, Hinz evolves two mutually contradictory theses. One states that the function of painting was to conceal the horrible reality of this régime (and its "late-capitalist excesses") behind an idyllic façade. Anyone who approaches this art with a stubbornly fixed ideological outlook, who will be undeterred from "calling a spade a spade" and fails to recognise that something of quite different size and shape is before his eyes will probably see it like this. But it is not very hard to imagine a spectator for whom the painting of those years by no means "veiled reality", and to whom both Nazi art and the German context itself seemed theatrical, violent, unreal, full of mythology and a sentimental nostalgia for the *gute alte Zeit*, the good old days. How insensitive or prejudiced one must be not to perceive in these pictures of the 1930s the whole unmistakable effluvium of the epoch, its sweaty pseudo-nobility, the amalgam of blond hero with savage aggression. The disturbing question is precisely why so few people felt this: why so many were able to see this art, without aesthetic or intellectual irritation, as the apt expression of their own ideas and yearnings.

The author's second thesis states that the painting of those years had lost touch with its social basis and origins, and for this reason was so primitive, so false and unreal, in short so bad. It seems to me quite impossible first to attribute a social function to painting, namely the veiling of reality, and then deny that it played a social role. Once again we see the intellectual confusion wrought by the fashionable academic slogan, *Cherchez le social.* The question of social preconditions is undoubtedly a fruitful starting point; but it is only a starting point. It is not the answer, but at most an instrument to assist in finding the answer. Moreover, this starting point fails as a means of establishing aesthetic rank. As a general rule the individual work of art does not mirror any social reality, nor is an object a work of art merely because it mirrors social reality. Otherwise the salon painting of the 19th century would be superior to the Impressionists, Alexandre Cabanel more important than Claude Monet or dear Käthe Kollwitz more significant than Georges Braque.

Hinz consistently opposes the so-called "theory of totalitarianism", according to which Fascism and Communism are similar forms of terrorist domination that are merely in a different ideological key. He brushes aside the inescapably evident concordance between National-Socialist and Socialist realism with the odd remark that the two have nothing to do with each other because Socialism "had to suffer most severely from Fascist aggression." In a similar manner, he also dodges the disturbing problem of the Italian

ADOLF WISSEL: *Farmer & Family*

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example, where Fascism, unlike Nazism, was for a long time linked with the artistic *avant-garde*. Elsewhere he describes National-Socialist art as a "copy" of Socialist art, although one of the book's "surprising findings" is supposed to be that "painting under German Fascism" continued a long-standing tradition.

Similar inconsistencies continue throughout the book, only they are not worth considering more closely. The whole work is a perfect example of the catastrophic consequences of fashionable theorems, under whose dominion thinking loses all openness and becomes a search for the confirmation of preconceived ideas. In the course of such intellectual conformism, the writer's own positions are abandoned without a qualm: those men of the Marxian Left who seize upon trivia, wherever they appear in the present or the past, and use them for the denunciation of bourgeois standards, suddenly lose their sensitivity entirely when confronted by the work of Sepp Hilz, Elk Eber, or some other painter of the period, although in its "Fascist" form it fulfilled this function more effectively than anywhere else.

The imprecision of this thinking is in keeping with its inconsistency and opportunism. Hinz develops one of his lines of thought on the thesis that after the outbreak of World War II in 1939 the "Fascist élite" visibly withdrew from the people. But who is this élite? The officers? the *Gauleiters*? the *SS*? the bureaucratic corps of officials? And what does "withdrew" mean? How did this withdrawal express itself? At the very beginning of the book we find a sentence that is typical of the sloppy thinking that marks it throughout. In the empirical subject itself, it says, there is "already so much that is universal or general that has been made 'inner' (*verinnerlicht*) . . ." and every single word here is vague by nature or at least fuzzy at the edges. Hinz begins by attacking, certainly quite rightly, the tendency of Germany's established art criticism to exclude National-Socialist painting from consideration. But what this book comes up with is merely another way of excluding it from consideration.

THE PAINTING OF THOSE YEARS actually was, I am afraid, an art of the people: similar works, or at least works belonging to the same tradition, decorate the walls of countless parlours and living-rooms irrespective of whether the occupants belong to the proletariat or the bourgeoisie, large and small. Everyone knows that. This is precisely the reason for the concordance with Socialist Realism, which is surprising only at first sight. This is roughly what we get when "the People", following their own unconsidered aesthetic inclinations, express their aesthetic wishes: sentimental scenes from recognisable life, commercialised folklore, upstanding vapidity. It is true that the Nazis propagated the slogan "ART FOR THE PEOPLE!"; but, significantly enough, *die Kunst dem Volke*! originated in the Socialist movement of the late 19th century. All this reminds us once again how difficult it is to apply aesthetic norms and criteria, how many prerequisites are involved, indeed how much artistic understanding is necessary for the understanding of art.

OF COURSE ONE CAN MAKE THINGS EASY for oneself and see in all this a monstrous defamation of "the People." After all "*das Volk*" is one of the idols of our ideological age. But how deeply that art really corresponds to the people's deepest needs was shown only recently by a protest against one retrospective exhibition of Third Reich Art in Frankfurt. In the opinion of men like Ernst Bloch and Jean Améry, Franz Josef Degenhardt or Helmut Ridder, thirty post-war years of Germany's democratic education have clearly not yet freed "the People" from their simplistic and narrow-minded ideas on art. These sturdy protesters still scent danger, not in gramophone records of Hitler's speeches or revivals of old NS films, but precisely in such exhibitions. The still unwritten book on art in the Third Reich would have to deal with just this paradox. Perhaps it might then make a contribution to the far graver German question as to where so many gloomy, anti-rational, anti-human tendencies draw the strength for such lingering triumphs.

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NOTES & TOPICS

Letter from Guernica

The Bridge across the Mundace

By Dieter Zimmer

IT WAS about 4.30 p.m. on Monday, 26 April, 1937, the first sunny day for a long time. The thin bells of the fortress-like church of Santa Maria perched high over the centre of the town sounded an air-raid warning. It was a market day in the middle of the Civil War. The town of some 6,000 inhabitants was crowded with peasants and cattle from the surrounding country, the green mountainous coastal strip that edges the north of Spain, as well as with several thousand refugees, civilians and Republican soldiers, for the front fifteen miles to the east had just been breached by the rebel troops of General Franco, then at Salamanca.

For three hours Heinkel-111 and Junker-52 bombers that had taken off from Vitoria and Burgos flew over the town from the north in formations of three, dropping high explosive and incendiary bombs on the town centre (about 300 square yards), and in between low-flying aircraft machine-gunned people scurrying about or fleeing in the streets. When evening fell and the last aircraft had disappeared 70% of the houses had been destroyed; the number of dead who lay in the burning ruins has never been even approximately established. Franco Spain in the end admitted to "several hundred." The Basque Government at Bilbao in 1937 officially quoted a figure of 1,654; but later reduced this by 100.

An eye-witness described the night in the burning town as follows:

> "The place is full of heart-rending cries and shrieks for help. . . . No recognisable streets are left . . . more are dying under the collapsing walls, but it is impossible to prevent men and women returning from the fields in alarm from desperately searching for their families."

Thus the Basque officer Joseba Elosegi, then aged twenty-one. Three days later, when Franco's troops occupied the town almost without resistance, it was a mere heap of rubble. A number of places on the Spanish northern front had already been attacked by German and Italian aircraft, for "terror raids" were part of the Spanish-German-Italian strategy. Raids in which bombs were dropped, not all at once, but over a protracted period had proved to be especially effective. But now, for the first time in history, a whole town had been systematically wiped out from the air.

> "Bomb craters are still visible in the streets, it's fantastic [*einfach toll*]. The town was completely blocked for at least 24 hours, it was just what was required for a big success if only troops had followed up. As it was, it was a complete technical success for our [high explosive and incendiary bombs.

This was Colonel Wolfram Freiherr von Richthofen's note in his war diary.[1] The colonel—who became a field-marshal and a *Blitzkrieg* specialist in the Second World War—was a cousin of the famous "Red Baron" of the First World War, a Ph.D. in engineering, a flute player, a sportsman, and a highly qualified demolition expert. Thus he was not without an eye for the attractions of the landscapes he devastated, and not quite without heart either—he described a pile of corpses in his diary as "not an aesthetically pleasing spectacle (*kein erfreulich-ästhethischer Anblick*)." Since January 1937 he had been Chief of Staff of the German Condor Legion which had hastened to Franco's aid in 1936. With the raid of 26 April he introduced an epoch marked by such names as Rotterdam, Coventry, Dresden, Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the sound of whose howling sirens still lingers in humanity's nervous system.

THE FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS IN BILBAO, above all, George Steer, the correspondent of *The Times* of London, saw to it that the destruction of Guernica became notorious. Publicity was aided by a circumstance of which obviously no one had warned the Condor Legion in advance. Guernica was not just another small provincial town, but had long been the political (and was still the emotional) capital of the Basques; and it was the place of a sacred oak under which since the 14th century the Spanish kings had sworn to recognise the *fueros*, the special privileges of the Basque people. It was here, under the "tree of Gernika" (as the Basques spell it), and

[1] The passages about Guernica in his war diary have been published in Klaus A. Maier's military study *Guernica* (1937).

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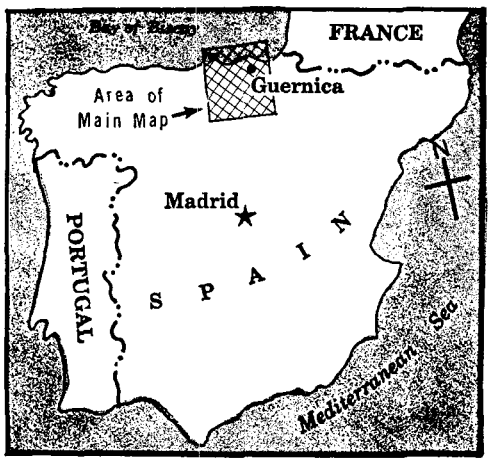
later in the Casa de Juntas (the civic building next to it), that the Basque parliament had met. The destruction of Guernica was a knife in the democratic Basque heart. In the Basque country it is still assumed that Franco did it deliberately.

IN VIEW OF the world-wide indignation that it aroused, the raid very soon became an embarrassment to those who had carried it out. The truth was obscured with legends by both sides, but particularly on the right. The version put out by Salamanca and Berlin was that the place had been destroyed by the Basques themselves—transmogrified into "red hordes" and "Bolsheviks" who had put dynamite in the drains and poured petrol into the houses. Berlin, driven into a corner by the Non-Intervention negotiations, pressed Franco officially to deny the bombing in order to exculpate itself. But, on 7 May, Salamanca merely sent a telegram that partially exonerated the Germans of responsibility but explicitly confirmed that the raid had taken place. This document, which was, of course, kept secret at the time, stated:

> "Front-line units made direct request to Air Force for bombing of road junctions, [which was] carried out by German and Italian Air Force, in the course of which, because of bad visibility due to smoke and clouds of dust, bombs fell on town."

The Spanish nationalists thus formally accepted responsibility; anything else would have been equivalent to admitting that the Germans (who were supposed not to be there at all) could do what they liked on their territory in their war.

That the town was destroyed by German bombers has since been confirmed by any number of eye-witness accounts, and the story of the raid has been reconstructed in accurate detail. In 1969 and 1970 the raid was openly admitted in Franco Spain, though its effects were minimised and the whole thing was attributed to the Germans.



Galland, the *Luftwaffe* ace, himself admitted it and dismissed it as a "mistake" (*ein Irrtum*); and one of the most revealing German documents is Richthofen's diary. The Condor Legion, incidentally, was bound to silence.

BUT WHY, and at whose instigation, Guernica was levelled to the ground is still a mystery; the answer is still under lock and key in the military archives of Madrid and Salamanca. Was the raid ordered by the Spaniards or the Germans? There is no evidence yet of an explicit Spanish order. On the other hand Richthofen, who presents himself as an all-powerful military commander (*omnipotentor Feldherr*), says in his diary: "In practice we ran the whole show without real responsibility." His notes teem with derogatory remarks about the war-like capabilities of the Italians (who had been "shamefully" beaten in the battle of Guadalajara in March) and the feebleness of their Spanish "hosts", who to compensate for their fiasco in front of Madrid wanted a quick victory on the Basque northern front. The war was not going well for Franco at that time.

The official objective of the raid, and so it was described in Richthofen's (perhaps, subsequently, slightly touched-up) diary, was to block the road junction at Guernica and thus cut off the retreat of and bottle up the Republican troops fleeing to the defence-ring round Bilbao from the breach that had been made in their front. For this purpose a road bridge over the narrow river about 100 yards east of Guernica was to be destroyed. The fact that the town was destroyed instead was attributed to bad visibility; thus it was destroyed by mistake.

THE CLAIM THAT THE WHOLE THING was a bad blunder was repeated recently on West German television by two former *Luftwaffe* officers, von Beust and von Knauer, who took part in the raid. According to them, unexpected winds blew the bombs so far westwards that they missed the bridge and hit the town. In addition to that, visibility had been appalling, and the real tactical objective—the bridge and the road junction to the east of the town—had been obscured by mist and smoke.

This story is not very plausible. If the purpose was to knock out a pinpoint target, why did the Condor Legion not use their four Stuka dive-bombers? Why was the whole bomber formation, with the notoriously primitive bomb-sights with which the Junker planes were fitted, sent to Guernica? Why were the bombers loaded partly with high explosive and partly with incendiary bombs, which would be ineffective against a stone bridge? According to eye-witnesses the wind

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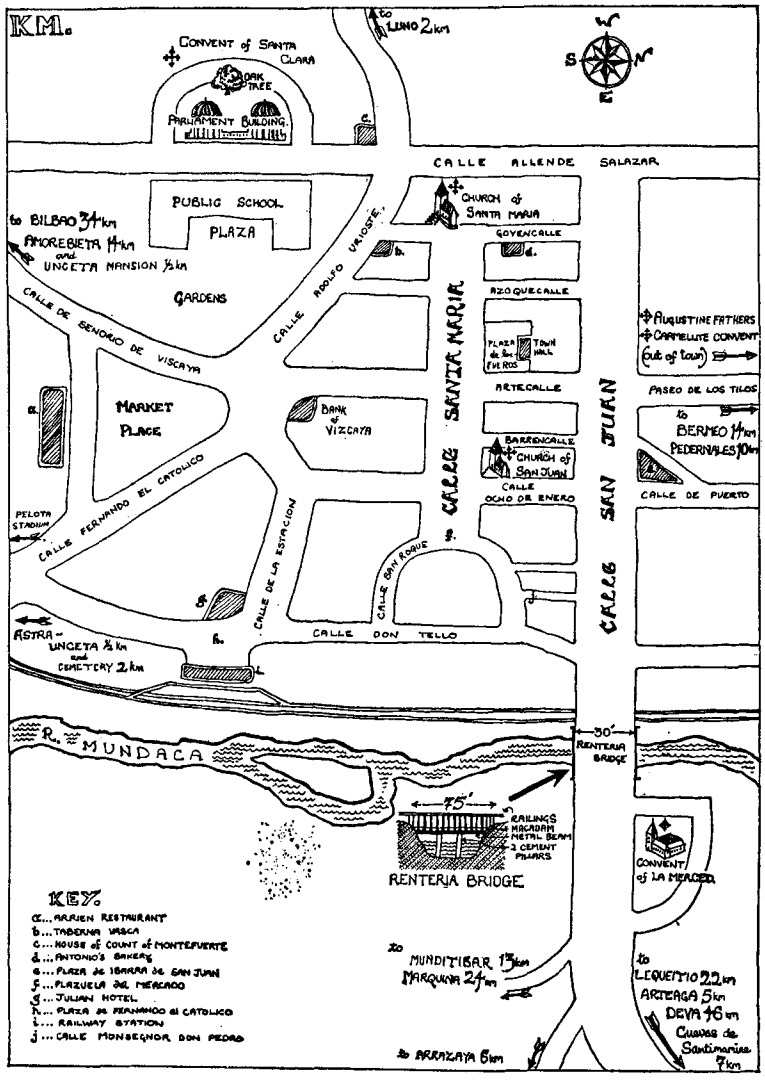
was not particularly strong that day; a hurricane would have been necessary to have affected the bombs in the way that was claimed. There is also another reason why the wind story is fishy; the strong east wind that was alleged would have blown smoke and dust westwards, away from the bridge, and thus kept the tactical objective clearly visible throughout the raid. Moreover, visibility was good before it began; otherwise the Condor Legion would have stayed at home, as it did on the day before and the day after; it deteriorated only during the raid, and then not badly enough to prevent fighters from operating over the streets and squares of Guernica.

One of the two officers, significantly enough, did not remember incendiaries being taken on the raid, and the other had no memory of the fighter escort. The surprising thing about their performance was not so much the absence of moral or political considerations as the circumstance that they presented themselves as being stupid at their job. The Condor Legion was bound to silence, and it looks as if the old spirit of *Kamaraderie* has survived to the present day.

In the present state of the evidence, pending the appearance of fresh and unsuspected documentation that might lead to other conclusions, it seems better to stick to common sense and assume that the raid was ordered, planned and carried out by the Germans after a routine conversation with Richthofen's Spanish counterpart, Vigón. The Spaniards may have thought it was going to be one of the usual raids in support of the combat troops. If the tactical objective was not attained (the bridge survived intact, and among others a priest, whose evidence was later very embarrassing to the Franco régime, sought shelter under it), that was because the Germans, out of irresponsibility, high spirits, or a sense of sport, unloaded their bombs over the town (they were not allowed to take them back, which would have made landing too dangerous)—or it was because there was another secret objective behind the official tactical objective, to try out destroying a town from the air. At Nuremberg (at the War Crimes tribunal) Göring said that one of the purposes of the whole intervention in Spain had been "to try out my young *Luftwaffe* on this or that technical point. . . ."

THAT WOULD CERTAINLY MAKE psychological sense of what Richthofen says in his diary. Had he merely ordered the destruction of a bridge it would have been more than strange of him to describe the result of the raid as "simply fantastic" and "a complete technical success"—if the target had been missed and instead a whole town had been destroyed by mistake.



Central Guernica (not to scale) before it was destroyed on April 26, 1937

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PABLO PICASSO heard about the raid in Paris two days afterwards. In January he had been commissioned by the Spanish Republican Government in exile to paint a large mural for the Spanish pavilion at the Paris world exhibition. Deeply stirred by the news from Spain, he started work on 1 May. Forty-five sketches for his *Guernica* have survived from the beginning of that month. Dora Maar, his companion at the time, photographed the almost monochrome grey picture measuring 7.7 by 3.4 metres that was begun on 11 May and finished in seven sessions before the end of June. There is no other work of Picasso's of which the painting is so well documented. In spite of that, and though *Guernica* is perhaps the most famous modern painting, it is still strange and baffling. One sees at once that human suffering is represented here in a state of intense indignation, and one can agree with John Berger when he says: "What has happened to [the bodies] *in being painted* is the imaginative equivalent of what has happened to them in sensation and in the flesh. We are made to feel their pain with our eyes."[2]

But the picture is not a mere accumulation of wounded bodies painted in a painful manner. It has a "story", it can be read, as it were; and what one reads is much more closely related to Picasso's two years older mythological etching *Tauromaquia* than it is to any particular air raid on any particular town.

Familiar though the picture is, people cannot say what they see in it or on it. Over the figure of a "broken warrior", under an eye that is at the same time an electric light bulb, a highly agitated woman holds an oil lamp out of a window towards a bull that stands there looking away and has perhaps just slit open the belly of the dying horse, that is between it and the woman. There are also a number of "chorus-like" subsidiary figures. On the left beneath the bull there is a shrieking woman with a dead child (a kind of *pietà* group), and on the right there is a fleeing woman and another collapsing in flames.

Whether the scene is taking place indoors or out, by day or night, is not clear. (Though Picasso could hardly have known any details about the raid when he conceived the picture and was not painting any particular raid, nearly all the details recur in Elosegi's eye-witness account: the women with the dead child, the fleeing and falling woman, even the dying cattle and a few unharmed cows waiting for their master in the midst of the chaos. . . .)

The woman with the lamp, the bull, the horse, are all symbols, but of what? The bull has among other things been interpreted as a symbol of the protective strength of the Spanish people and the horse as dying Fascism. But the opposite also makes sense; and that seems to have been Picasso's intention. At all events, after the liberation of Paris he said to an American soldier (Jerome Seckler): "In *Guernica* there is a conscious appeal to the people, a considered propagandistic intention. . . . The bull embodies brutality and the horse the people." And a few days later he said (in connection with another picture): "The bull is not Fascism but brutality and darkness." When rumours arose while he was working on *Guernica* that he sympathised with Franco, he published a manifesto in which he said: "How could anyone think even for a moment that I was in agreement with reaction and death? In *Guernica* and all my recent works I express my revulsion at the military caste that has plunged Spain into an ocean of pain and death. . . ." Thus, contrary to his usual custom, Picasso openly declared himself about *Guernica*, even though the picture is symbolic propaganda, not the crude or straightforward kind.

PICASSO also declared where the picture (now, together with the preliminary sketches, on loan to New York's Museum of Modern Art) was ultimately to go: that is, to Spain. In 1969 an envoy from Franco's entourage informed him that it was desired that the picture might be offered to the new Madrid Museum of Modern Art; or alternatively he could choose for himself a room in the Prado for his works.

This offer was certainly not motivated by an undiluted love of art. Franco thought it expedient to make a conciliatory gesture towards the rebellious Basques; and the approach coincided with the admission that Guernica had been bombed. At all events Picasso (through his lawyer Roland Dumas) declined. The picture would go to Spain, he said, only "when republican freedoms have been restored." Controversy now centres round that phrase. Many people in Spain now feel that a right to the picture is now being slowly established; and the town of Guernica would very much like to have it. But the Museum of Modern Art and *Maître* Dumas take the view that Picasso's conditions are still far from having been fulfilled, though perhaps they will be in three years' time if Spanish democracy has been consolidated by then. The decision lies with the lawyer and Picasso's family.

Guernica is a symbolic town, its destruction had symbolic significance, and the picture itself is now gaining a significance over and above its content. Giving it to post-Franco Spain would signify international recognition of that country as a democracy—and that the Madrid govern-

[2] John Berger, *The Success and Failure of Picasso*, (1965), p. 169.

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ment had made peace with the rebellious Basques. For, among other things, the bombing of Guernica and its hushing up over many years stands between Madrid and Bilbao.

AND GUERNICA ITSELF? It has long since been rebuilt. The buildings are taller and rather more solid; it no longer creates the impression of being a new town. Some factories have been established there, and there are now about 16,000 inhabitants. Its walls are plastered with Basque inscriptions and placards in which the words "Amnesty" and "Autonomy" recur (the Basque language, Euskara, is related to no other European language and is consequently unintelligible to strangers). The oak tree and the Casa de Juntas were not affected by the raid. Monday is still market day, when the cavernous bars are crowded with men taking their glass of wine, and towards evening the pelota ball smacks sharply against the *frontón*, which has been reconstructed on a much larger scale. It is an ordinary busy little town, not yet affected by luxury; the shop windows are not decorated, but simply packed to overflowing with furniture, hardware, tools and clothes; and there are a few banks.

THIS YEAR public commemoration of the raid was possible for the first time. On the weekend before the 40th anniversary there was an exhibition of photographs and paintings, a town rally; mass for the dead was celebrated; and two discussions took place with historians and eyewitnesses, among them Joseba Elosegi, who survived the raid. It was Elosegi who brought Franco's propitiatory advances of 1970 to an abrupt halt by rushing up to the dictator covered in flames at a pelota championship in the San Sebastian stadium as a protest against the propaganda claim (revived again in Germany in

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1973) that the Basques themselves reduced their town to rubble and ashes. Elosegi's memoirs are no longer banned in Spain, and have just been published. A reproduction of Picasso's painting hangs in the town's only restaurant.

Guernica has now spread to where the road reaches the narrow Mundaca river, and the bridge which spans it stands intact, as it was 40 years ago.

London Commentary

Democracy & its Illusions

The Relevance of Plamenatz—By JOHN P. MACKINTOSH

JOHN PLAMENATZ'S book *Democracy and Illusion*,[1] which first came out in 1973, has been reissued this year. He begins with Robert Dahl's remark that "everything believed about democratic politics prior to World War I, and perhaps World War II was nonsense." Neither Dahl nor Plamenatz fully share this view though by the time Plamenatz has refuted some of the pre-1914 (or pre-1939) thinkers, such as Mosca, Pareto and Michels, he certainly leaves the reader thinking that their arguments are not worth much time or attention.

Throughout this early period, the critics of current forms of democracy used a simple logical formula. Democracy (a good thing) was defined, for instance, as a situation where all voters shared in making political decisions. Then there was some research to show that in country *A* or *B* all voters clearly did not share in taking political decisions, and the conclusion followed—that country was not a democracy. Carried to its conclusion, this kind of argument makes it impossible to have a democracy in anything larger than a village, and even there, if some people emerge as regular leaders of the village gathering, the whole thing is dubious. If this is what these critics want to regard as democracy, well and good; but it is of no great help to students of modern states and their political problems.

One obvious feature of these early critics is that they lived in a time when the old, powerful monarchies and empires of Europe were "democratising" or broadening the franchise, and the question they kept asking themselves was whether the whole operation was phoney. If the result was only to confirm Napoleon III or Prince Bismarck in power, could it be genuine? Then, even worse, they found that if the Old Order (buttressed by electoral support) was to be combated, pure democracy was not enough on its own. The people had to be organised in parties and to develop their own leaders. This experience led Michels to produce his *Iron Law of Oligarchy*. In the end, it meant combating one governing class or élite with another.

ALL THIS TELLS US more about these writers' reactions to the situations they faced than about either the philosophic justification for democracy or its modern application. We have seen Western democratic states in the toils in recent years, and we have watched democracy collapse in so many countries and survive in one or two others that these old arguments seem not only out of date but almost totally irrelevant or misguided.

For instance, all these ideas that democracy is thwarted if there are groups of people who are expert at government, who are trained in the process, and who compete for power, are in fact the reverse of the truth. In reality, running any state is a complex business and requires more knowledge and experience, more institutions and accepted practices than running any large corporation, university, or hospital. Moreover, these governing groups must have learnt the conventions of democracy or else the word suddenly takes on another meaning. As normally used, it describes a form of government where, among other things, the public can regularly,

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[1] *Democracy and Illusion*. By J. PLAMENATZ Longman, £2.75.

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peacefully, and effectively change their rulers and the policies of their governments.

But if there are no governing élites accustomed to these practices, who understand these conventions and their limitations, "democracy" may mean simply a transfer of power in order to alter the whole basis of society. Democracy—or one-man-one-vote—in South Africa or Rhodesia today is a battering ram to break down white supremacy; and if it succeeds the existing governing groups may well flee. After this has happened, whether Rhodesia will or will not become a democracy in the other sense of the word depends on whether a Black administration can be built up which will remain in office and alter its policies depending on whether Black-party *A* or Black-party *B* wins subsequent general elections.

So far from a governing élite who subscribe to the rules of democracy being a handicap, something of this kind is essential if the system is to work at all. One problem in creating a self-governing Scotland is where the governing class would be recruited from and is there enough talent to offer the people a real choice?

THE SAME POINT arises over policies. A familiar criticism included in those refuted by Plamenatz arises over policies. One can show that if the citizens vote for Party *A*, they get certain policies. Then they turn to the alternatives offered by Party *B* but, once in office, the result may be much the same. So it is said, this is "a Conspiracy" by the Civil Service—or by the military-industrial complex—to see that whatever changes, they always get their way. Democratic choice, in this sense, becomes "a farce." Again, one has to point out that the development of a community does not admit of cataclysmic change. In the education system, there are fixed buildings, and equipment, trained teachers all the way up to retirement; and changes of form and content are possible but only at a certain limited rate.

IN A DEMOCRACY, especially where certain rights are built in for each citizen, the system only works if the bulk of what has been built up in the past is accepted, if most of the existing arrangements are accepted, and what is changed is the margin of new decisions which the new administration has to make. A democratic government can alter the atmosphere, shift personnel, change course, rethink old priorities and so on; but it cannot undo all that has been done in the past. A number of democracies in Black Africa have collapsed because the victorious party changed every contract, every teacher, every salaried post; and, knowing that this would be done back to them if the other side won, they either cancelled elections or the elections became a battlefield. It is the fatal logic by which a Communist party victorious at an election has to declare "the dictatorship of the proletariat." If it does not and it loses the next free election, all the vaunted revolutionary changes might well be reversed.

SO A DEMOCRACY needs groups capable of government, and it needs an element of consensus if the concept of popular control of the government is to work. Plamenatz attacks these old critics of democracy, but unfortunately he does so in a heavy, philosophical way when the practical experience is ready and available. When, at the end of the book, Plamenatz turns to his own views, he sums them up in two sentences.

> "Democracy is a matter of rights and obligations and of procedures that secure rights and ensure that obligations are or can be fulfilled."

and

> "there is democracy where rulers are politically responsible to their subjects."

This second means the freedom to criticise, to organise, and to vote the government out of office at periodic elections.

All this is quite admirable, but some would disagree; and I can find no clear-cut defence by Plamenatz of his own position. Many would define democracy in a manner which placed most emphasis on "what the people wanted." This kind of consent thesis recognises that the people can positively desire to deny people certain rights at certain times. Plamenatz clearly wants to say that the essential rights are not merely those that permit political freedom of choice—to vote, speak, organise, and so on—but that there are rights of a Lockean kind to life, liberty, and estate, and modern freedoms to choose jobs and forms of education as well as obligations to obey the state.

He is also clear that a utilitarian defence of these rights is not adequate. It is no good saying everyone is *happier* if Irish bombsters get a long, and eminently fair, trial. Many would be very happy if terrorists were shot out of hand. Nor can this be twisted into an adequate argument by saying that a society which observes certain rights must make people happier because they themselves might one day be part of a persecuted minority. Many do not believe this, and it is patently untrue for the majority. The same point is even more obvious on the matter of *obligations*. People are asked to obey Incomes Policies put into practice by a government which they have

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voted into office and can vote out again. In the long-term, rational, utilitarian argument, everyone is happier if all do not ask for more wages than the economy can bear. Yet group after group does so. Does the refusal to accept these obligations mean that the country ceases to be a democracy?

Even more important from this perspective, how does Plamenatz justify or make a case for the defence of these rights and observance of these obligations? He has rejected any form of Utilitarian case. Earlier he rejects ideas of some kind of General Will. (Obviously people who voted Labour in 1974 were willing themselves a higher rather than a lower standard of living.) The nearest he gets to a justification is to say that democrats have

> "a conception of man that entails these rights"

and these

> "private rights are apt to be the more widely valued, the most industrial and literate a society is. . . . Liberal democracy does more to secure these rights, where they are valued, than does any other form of government."

All these quotations show that he ducks the issue of justifying these rights. For that matter, he also ducks the justification for the freedom and power to change one's government. Why does a popularly elected but corrupt, cruel, and incompetent government constitute a *desirable democracy* while an honest, benevolent and effective one-party régime constitutes an abhorrent system? That the latter may become worse is not an answer as in logic it need not happen (and, in any case, this is to go back to a Utilitarian answer).

IT WOULD SEEM TO ME that the only adequate answer must be founded on the "Nature of Man" type of argument. Plamenatz clearly does not want to do this, but the only coherent case which supplies a defence for all aspects of his arguments for democracy is one which has regard for man as a being endowed with moral judgment. He is responsible for his actions (to God if he is a believer, to himself and his conscience, if he is not). To govern is partly a matter of technique but it is also a matter of values, of priorities, of putting oneself first or one's whole neighbourhood (*i.e.* the community).

This gives a coherent defence of one-person-one-vote. Obviously some voters know more about government than others; some men of wealth or of influence have more power; but when it comes to pronouncing *yea* or *nay* on the record of a government, no one can take away or should take away each person's right to pass his or her own moral judgment. As to rights, these may not need to be defined. It is possible, as in Britain, to establish rights "the other way round", *i.e.* to define what is not allowed. But the point of having and defending rights (other than those necessary to permit free political activity) is that it enables individuals to develop this moral stature to be responsible for their own actions. This is why free action and free speech, free choice of job, of marriage partner, of education (would this still be accepted, here and now?) are rights—or at least areas of choice—which enable people to exercise this essential aspect of their being.

No society holds people blameless for free actions. There are no inner compulsions unless one is of diminished responsibility. So it follows that in the essential decisions of one's life (and this should include critical political choices for one's own country) the fewer compulsions the better; the more one is free to act as a true human being. This is the case for Plamenatz's quite admirable attempts at a definition of democracy. He does not quite make it, yet it must be made.

Why are these issues (let alone such answers) so unfashionable in the universities and among those who teach and practise politics? It is hard to say. It is not just what has happened behind the Iron Curtain—or in Cambodia, Cuba, Chile, Uganda or South Africa—that cries out for a re-affirmation of basic democratic concepts. It is as necessary in the older Western democracies themselves which are losing their way. They have the edifice but have forgotten the plan; they have the trappings but not the spirit. One can only hope that the current public disillusionment with British institutions will promote the kind of rethinking that will cut the illusion out of our current concept of democracy.

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First Catch Your Puffin

On Cooking & Eating—By JOHN FULLER

UNDE ET QUO CATIUS? Any reviewer of the season's new cookery books must feel like Horace's poor friend, so eager to jot down some of the recondite gastronomic lore that he has just acquired that he misses the sane reader's amusement. Horace's gentle prompting (in the fourth satire of the second book) is a fine example of the master's good-natured raillery, which I shall expect the reader to bear in mind:

"You're in a hurry, aren't you, Fuller?"

"Mm, yes: got to get this sorted out."

"Oh, I am sorry. Obviously a bad moment to talk."

"No, no. I hadn't really got very far in sorting it out. It's rather an elusive subject."

"What about telling me, then?"

"Well, I'll just mention all these tips I've discovered as they occur to me, shall I? The best stews are kept going from day to day, an Indian practice followed by the settlers of Dutch Guiana. One example has been quoted of a stew which lasted for thirty consecutive years without the pot ever being cleaned. At the other extreme it is better not to cook the food at all, as with Japanese sashimi or Cantonese raw-fish conjee. Indeed, it's plain that the most delicious Chinese food is *never* cooked for long enough to kill such things as amoeba cysts and parasitic worm eggs. If it were, it wouldn't be so delicious. But however much you cook your food (or not) the final effect largely depends on where you live. When the snows are thick on the ground and your sledge teams have been worked to death, then what could be nicer than the ham of Newfoundland Dog, salted and smoked with juniper berries and branches of raspberry? If you possess infinite patience, a 10-foot pole and a stick with a bent six-inch nail in the end, and live in the Faroes, you may end a long day enjoying puffin served with rhubarb jam. In hotter climes you are probably going to prefer flying termites collected by your children in a tin and then fried in rancid butter (a convenience food in many ways, not least in the convenience of being for a while free from flying termites). You might wash this down with Hottentot Fig Gargle."

"My dear Fuller, I can see that I shall have to sample all this wisdom for myself."

ALL THE FOREGOING EXAMPLES come from two anthropological books on food which take very seriously the social symbolism of eating habits. *Food in Chinese Culture*[1] is also an immensely detailed and technical economico-historical study, showing for instance how radiocarbon dating of grains proves the existence of peanuts in the third millennium BC or how the stomachs of ancient corpses can be made to reveal their final pathetic meals. No real room for pathos, though: 138½ musk-melon seeds simply prove that musk melons were available.

The resourcefulness of the anthropologists in assembling such data matches that of their forebears in discovering and developing new sources of food and methods of preparation. And after all, the rules with which Catius drew such gentle mockery from Horace were merely the refinement of those distinctions (of availability, digestibility, and so on) upon which the whole edifice of taste is founded. The individual gourmet has always counted for much less than the general state of food technology. The introduction of noodles into Chinese cuisine is dated as accurately as possible, for instance: however mysterious this essential development may still be, it is evident that noodles could not begin to exist until the Chinese had been introduced to techniques of large-scale flour grinding. Again, if you live on a small, remote, rocky island absolutely infested with puffins, then you are likely to eat puffin, although the excellent *Anthropologists' Cookbook*[2] doesn't explain *why* the only vegetables cultivated are potatoes and rhubarb.

[1] *Food in Chinese Culture: Anthropological and Historical Perspectives.* Edited by K. C. CHANG. Yale University Press, £14.40, $20.00.

[2] *The Anthropologists' Cookbook.* Edited by JESSICA KUPER. Illustrated by JOAN KOSTER. Routledge, £4.75.

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The framing essays in this book (by Mary Douglas and Claude Lévi-Strauss) give one a few clues as to the kind of thing that anthropologists do like to explain. Too few clues, perhaps, since the bulk of the book consists of exotic items observed by practising anthropologists in the course of their field-work, and more or less imitable (with the help of specialist food-stockists) in this country. However, it is clear that the role of food in defining social relationships is in itself a fascinating subject of general study. Miss Douglas mentions the way in which food is so often and irrelevantly the means of charity, when it is in fact the least radical solution to problems of poverty, and she instances other examples of family blackmail in which food plays a surrogate role, pleasing the giver rather than the receiver. Horace himself, always alive to the responsibilities of host and guest, would have understood this. Would he have understood M. Lévi-Strauss, with his more basic symbolism of cooked and raw, exo- and endo-cooking, boiled and roast? There is something stranger going on here: "Boiled food is life, roast food death" he concludes, and if we are in agreement at all, it is only because it is a kind of poetry—like William Empson's marvellous observation that the order of food in a banquet (soup, fish, meat) follows the origin of species.

One thing that anthropology teaches us is that no food is really *recherché*; or at least, that first of all (like those wretched puffins) it has to be *cherché*. The Faroese have no option but to *like* puffins and rhubarb jam. Poverty precludes waste, and means that if any part of an animal *is* considered inedible, to eat it is a pretty silly thing to do. The only inedible part of a horse to the Han Dynasty Chinese was its liver. When the Emperor Wu's court necromancer was said to have "disappeared" because he ate horse-liver, this appears to have been a sinister royal joke. The Faroese also eat sheep, and so they eat all of the sheep including the head (though the relevant recipe concludes helpfully that the fastidious may omit the eyeballs and gums). Some writers, ever adventurous like Colonel van der Post galloping all over Africa,[3] are in the last resort like the rest of us: fastidious. But he is polite, too, and the moments when politeness conquers fastidiousness are enlivening ("The raw meat was passed, bleeding and still lukewarm from the living animal, from one guest to another") in an account which is for the most part sentimental and picturesque. The great gulf between hotel food and real African cooking is one of the points which comes across strongly, and the chapters on the Cape cooking of his childhood somehow make a virtue of nostalgia and superlatives. This is, after all, a book of effortless learning, and we most of us know nothing much about African food. A pity that there is no index.

MOVING INTO THE more familiar territory of the recipe-book with a theme—into, that is, what is on the whole *our* territory, the food of Europe past and present—we may be grateful not to be required to cook camel hump, human flesh, grubs, puffins or what-not, but we still encounter some strange fare. Indeed, possibly the nastiest-sounding dish I encountered was Greek Milk Pie. The point here is that if we are to be encouraged to enlarge our taste and eating-habits, there must be seen to be a reason for it. If any of these books are going to become anything more than an aunt's glanced-at Christmas present, if they are going to become well-thumbed and spotted with *sauce béarnaise* or peanut oil, then they have to convince us that the recipes provide a cheaper, healthier or more ingenious way of cooking those materials that may without much difficulty come our way.

Health is one current concern. The essay by Joseph Rykwert in *The Anthropologists' Cookbook* blames the kitsch industrialisation of *haute cuisine* (tinned *béchamel* and stock cubes) to "explain" wholemeal bread and rough-cut salads in wooden bowls as part of a major cultural shift. Of all these books, *From a Monastery Kitchen*[4] is the sole representative of vegetarianism and the virtues of the simple life, although I don't believe that the trend can have had its day. Its recipes are framed inside plentiful marginal glosses of culinary wisdom, so plentiful as to constitute a small literary and aphoristic anthology of food quotations (not always accurately quoted). There are some decent cakes and salads here, though there is a predictable American reliance on the ready-made and ersatz (frozen spinach, garlic powder). In an introductory photograph, the monks are seen in habits and aprons leering at the camera in resplendent bonhomie and cunning. One is reminded of the epicurean elasticity of ecclesiastical rules: in the 16th century the Archbishop of Canterbury declared the puffin to be a fish so that its meat could be eaten on fish-days. So much for the simple life.

Another American book, Lorna Sass's *To the Queen's Taste*,[5] introduces the problem of alien

[3] *First Catch Your Eland: A Taste of Africa.* By LAURENS VAN DER POST. Hogarth Press, £4.95.

[4] *From a Monastery Kitchen.* Compiled by ELISE BOULDING with the assistance of BROTHER VICTOR ANTONIO AVILA and SISTER JEAN-MARIE PEARSE. Illustrations by DANIEL MARSHALL. Collins, £4.95.

[5] *To the Queen's Taste: Elizabethan Feasts and Recipes.* By LORNA SASS. John Murray, £3.25.

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measures. She points out that the US pint is 16 not 20 fluid ounces, but we still have to remember to translate in each recipe. The American monks don't bother, but deal in litres which they doggedly explain as "two pints." This is either disastrous or immaterial, depending on your sense of touch with recipes. It's convenient for publishers to ship sheets across the Atlantic rather than translate or reset, however inconvenient for the reader: guess who is inconvenienced. Miss Sass is also a bowdleriser. Her Elizabethan recipes are explored with an enthusiasm oddly tempered with reserve and deviousness. In a recipe for Livering Puddinges, "the Liver of a Hogge" and "Hogges suet" are converted for the American palate into "1 pound chicken livers" and "1 tablespoon melted beef suet." What was wrong with the poor pig? The recipe for Piggs Petitoes clearly specifies the animal's liver and lights as well as its feet, but Miss Sass omits them. The result simply can't be said to be authentic.

Even worse is *A Jane Austen Household Book*,[6] where there is no method or accuracy at all in the editing of the MS of the Austens' friend Martha Lloyd. Where passages are reproduced in facsimile it is possible to check Miss Hickman's transcription. She gives no reason for changing "half a pint of whitewine" into "½ a cup of white wine", or "ten minutes" into "two minutes", for instance, and she admits that she cannot "claim to have tried many of the recipes." The book therefore seems to me to be of no use to anyone.

But this is not to say that a useless cookery book may not be worth reading. Francatelli's *A Plain Cookery Book for the Working Classes*[7] falls into the category of historical curiosity. In 1852, with magisterial condescension, Queen Victoria's chef expounded economy, maximum nourishment and variety in plainness to an artisan readership. There are many delights in this pocket-sized facsimile ("It does sometimes happen that when you are living in the country, in the neighbourhood of considerate gentlefolks who possess game preserves, that they now and then make presents of a hare and a few rabbits to the poor cottagers in their vicinity"—see Miss Douglas above) but any hope that it might have some use for present-day "poorer classes" is immediately dispelled by the very first recipe which involves the boiling of a five-pound joint of beef. It is pure nostalgia.

THE BETTER HISTORICAL cookery books simply make better use of history. Michèle Brown's *Food by Appointment*[8] is well-researched and wears its learning lightly. One or two favourite recipes of every monarch from William I to Edward VII are given at the end of a lively preamble. Miss Brown *has* tried everything, and the result has the air of being trustworthy. The same publishers have also given us an historical work based on the careers of famous cooks. Anne Willan's *Great Cooks and their Recipes*[9] is another transatlantic monster ("to stone means to pit") but it is an extremely elegant and informative monster, with finely chosen illustrations. Its one failing happens to be a serious one, however. The pages on which the actual recipes are printed are photographic imitations of pale green laid paper, and the type used for the ingredients and quantities is a small one designed to imitate handwriting: the result is almost unreadable at a distance greater than six inches. What a mistake! However, in every other way the practical side of the book is as efficient as the visual. We tried some of the recipes of Amelia Simmons (American, *fl.* 1796)

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[6] *A Jane Austen Household Book with Martha Lloyd's Recipes*. By PEGGY HICKMAN. David & Charles, £3.95.

[7] *A Plain Cookery Book for the Working Classes*. By CHARLES ELMÉ FRANCATELLI. Scolar Press, 75p.

[8] *Food by Appointment: Royal Recipes since 1066*. By MICHÈLE BROWN. Illustrations by JOHN LAWRENCE. Elm Tree Books, £5.95.

[9] *Great Cooks and their Recipes from Taillevent to Escoffier*. By ANNE WILLAN. Elm Tree Books, £8.50.

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and can report that her pumpkin pie works well, while her gingerbread men are sound of limb if not quite hot enough i' the mouth.

Miss Willan's book reminds us (despite the emphases of the anthropologists with which I began this review) that after all individuals can and do have a tremendous influence on our eating habits. The simplifications of Carême, the inventions of Soyer, the organisation of Escoffier: where would our classic cuisine be without the great chefs who have developed it? Consciousness of this tradition lies behind every chef's ambition to be remembered. Jean Conil in his *European Cookery*[10] emphasises the passion and devotion needed if one is to make a mark in the history of gastronomy. Despite the tough training there is always the need for inspiration, even accident, in the creation of new dishes. M. Conil was working on the liner, the *Ile de France*:

> A speciality was *langouste au gratin*, a lobster without claws in a sauce. I had made a filling of mushrooms, shallots, fennel and chopped eggs, and flavoured the whole mixture with Pernod. Actually the chef wanted a glass of Pernod for himself and a glass of Port for the dish, but I had misunderstood the directions. When the compliments came from the Captain, who had enjoyed the unusual dish, the head chef still did not know what had happened. When asked for the name by the head steward, he said it was Langouste du Père Noël; the name stuck, and for many years they repeated the dish. But in my professional diary I entered the date of creation and called it Langouste Pernod. It was my first contribution to international gastronomy.

M. Conil's book itself is excellent. Each European country is introduced briefly but with verve and affection, and a comprehensive selection of representative recipes follows. France, needless to say, gets very special attention.

And rightly so. The days of fun and disgust at the expense of French cuisine are over. How can we contrast their frogs and fricassees any longer with our honest roasts when we can no longer afford honest roasts? When the world, indeed, can no longer afford them? The main theme of the anthropological books is the need in poverty to make the most of little. Oriental cooking, for instance, always distinguishes *fan* (rice) and *ts'ai* (dishes). *Fan* is commonly "food", in fact, and *ts'ai* exists simply as a way of helping one to assimilate *fan*. It is well known that stock raising is absurdly wasteful of land, and that we must all eat more cereals and pulses. It is also well known that we in the West need to eat far less as individuals. With this in mind, we would expect chefs of the great tradition to turn their attention to simple versions of the classic dishes, and to low-calorie meals that

[10] *European Cookery*. By JEAN CONIL and LIDA HANSLEY. Croom Helm, £7.95.

The Anthropologists' Cookbook

Edited by Jessica Kuper

Introduction by Mary Douglas

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are none the less worth the gourmet's attention.

HOW EFFECTIVE IS the most famous exponent of this development, Michel Guérard and his Cuisine Minceur?[11] It must be stressed that of all the virtues of culinary reform suggested above, it is only the virtue of self-denial that Guérard preaches. Cuisine Minceur is not simple and it is not cheap, nor would its widespread adoption revolutionise Western agriculture. It is, in fact, simply a way for rich epicures to keep slim. A disappointment, in fact, in the larger context, although a most significant novelty in the smaller world of coronaries and diseased livers, and chastely delicious in practical terms.

Guérard avoids sugar, flour, butter and cream, using puréed vegetables and *fromage blanc* as liaising agents. There is no pastry, bread, noodles or potatoes. The results are marvellous. The food is better for you and just as delicious as the traditional equivalents. Nor, oddly enough, do you still feel hungry at the end. I made half a dozen of his dishes and found the work involved considerable. You need small quantities of prepared purées, and find yourself at the very last moment straining, sieving, unwrapping and slicing. His suggestion that you involve yourself in it for at least a week at a time is a good one: you'd have the prepared ingredients to hand and would get used to the methods. But since it is really dinner-party food, you would also be out of pocket. Some of the recipes are laughably expensive or difficult to set up. One of the basic sauces begins with a raw lobster, one of the soups with four thrushes. Other recipes variously require eight goose hearts or twelve fresh figs or four live lobsters (there are too many recipes for this almost unobtainable item). There is a liberal use of costly ingredients such as truffles or green peppercorns. A recipe for leg of lamb requires twelve tablespoons of gravy *from a previously roasted leg of lamb* (how do you break into that closed circle?).

However, don't be deterred. The quantities and instructions are beautifully laid out in large type and sepia ink and the book is a pleasure to handle. The food itself is finally, in a way, quite modest. Like Japanese food, helpings are small, appearance and colour everything. You are not supposed to drink wine with it, but I think that is an instruction to be ignored, for after all, pleasure is to a large degree reconciled to virtue in this book and you may feast with a fairly good conscience —*atque haurire queam vitae praecepta beatae.* Though Horace had his tongue in his cheek to the end.

[11] *Michel Guérard's Cuisine Minceur.* Translated and adapted by CAROLINE CONRAN. Macmillan, £5.95.

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Talkative Transparencies

Recent Fiction—By TOM PAULIN

A BLUE AUGUST SKY, the wheat is being harvested in the hot afternoon. A vicar's son is helping to stook the sheaves. Flushed with cider, he feels at one with the warm landscape and the farm workers—he is "bathed in the green pond of Devon voices"—but he also knows that he's cut off from these "quick and tortuous ancestral voices." John Fowles describes this setting[1] with a luminous accuracy that, in suggesting Marvell, Samuel Palmer and many other imagined harvestings, still manages to absorb and accommodate the sense that the scene itself might be just the kind of received image which properly belongs in a commercial for cider or stone-ground flour. Any doubts about his indulgence of a simple pastoral nostalgia are dispelled by the sound of gunfire and the sudden appearance of a German bomber which flies low over the panicked harvest. It is 1942 and the green world is crossed by history.

John Fowles's opening chapter is rich and promising. His stated aim is to offer "an exploration of what it means to be English", and his epigraph from Antonio Gramsci ("The crisis consists precisely in the fact that the old is dying and the new cannot be born; in this interregnum a great variety of morbid symptoms appears") promises an objective diagnosis of English decline. Succeeding chapters set in California and Oxford seem to have a fairly sure grasp of cultural realities and limitations—Los Angeles is described as "those famous hundred suburbs in search of a city", and Oxford is "not a city, but an incest." But then that feeling of too-familiar recognition which the harvest scene hints at begins to deepen. Solipsism, narcissism, incest, shimmering illusions, multiple adulteries, glittering prizes—Daniel Martin's account of the young Dan Martin is starting to look like last year's images. Not that Fowles isn't aware of this; Daniel is preparing the script for a Hollywood spectacular about Kitchener and we all remember how, a few years ago, that famous poster was a camp cultural cliché, a decoration in every boutique. But the trouble is that Fowles's narrative technique is so self-conscious it seems like a form of self-abuse—it's reminiscent of Isherwood's unbearably narcissistic *Christopher and His Kind*—while the characters it manipulates are a series of talkative transparencies who join Daniel Martin in numerous seminars on all those human emotions and motives we're meant to credit them with possessing. It's quite incredible that Fowles should present his celluloid fiction as an illustration "of an unfashionable philosophy, humanism." His vaguely theoretic and occasionally mystic imagination is in no sense humanist.

This is especially evident when Daniel argues with the unconvincingly socialist Jane about whether "the new awareness of self . . . that had invaded the Western psyche since the First World War was a good thing or a largely evil consequence of capitalist free enterprise." Jane takes the view that people have been "media-gulled into self-awareness" while Daniel sees such awareness as "an essentially liberalizing new force in human society." Here and elsewhere, the illusion of participating in a deeply intellectual narrative is adeptly created. It is, unfortunately, only an illusion. This doesn't mean that John Fowles isn't intelligent—he is very intelligent—but his attitude to ideas is essentially that of a cultivated collector. Just as his botanising protagonist likes "looking for women who would interest him, for new specimens", so Fowles has culled a number of occasionally interesting ideas about contemporary society from various sources. However, in merely collecting those ideas he has reduced them to the status of intellectual curios—they are fixed and dead, like objects in a museum. One looks in vain for that living process of thought which is altogether different from the intelligent appropriation, the formal quotation, of someone else's possession.

FOWLES SURVEYS A SOCIETY which is "drifting slowly downstream into oblivion", and he offers an unsurprising definition of Englishness as a "fear of exposure", an "onanistic fondling of privacy" which is largely responsible for cultural failure:

> I have never felt "British" since my schooldays . . . only English, and even that tenuously most of the time. But I think it is clear now that we made a bad mess of the transition from nation of brainwashed patriots to population of inturned selves. We failed to see what was really happening; and just as we also failed to evolve new political parties to meet the needs—and dangers—of an increasingly self-

[1] *Daniel Martin.* By JOHN FOWLES. Cape, £4.95.

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> centred society, so also we lacked the honesty to throw away the old masks. Obsession with self was everywhere, yet we treated it like some personal secret that had to be hidden from everyone else . . . so on with the puritan motley—endless public concern about the economy, about Britain's new role (as if it were some distinguished actor), the Suez farce, the more recent rantings against pornography and the permissive society, the triumph of Carnaby over Downing Street, of television bread-and-circuses over true democratic feeling. All that my generation and the one it sired have ever cared a damn about is personal destiny; all the other destinies have become blinds. This may be good, I no longer know; but the enormous superstructure of hypocrisy and the clouds of double-talk emitted in the (still incomplete) process must make us stink in the nostrils of history.

There is something curiously hesitant and moderate about this analysis, though it would be too easy to argue that its evasiveness is characteristic of the condition it tries to explore. The detached intelligence and clarity of the style begin to blur as Daniel Martin retreats into the shifty "This may be good, I no longer know", before disappearing behind a smokescreen of metaphor when he speaks of "the enormous superstructure of hypocrisy" and "the nostrils of history." This failure to deliver a promised idea occurs again when Daniel comes to what is termed "the most important decision in his life", a declaration that seems "self-centred", but which is in fact "suppremely socialist." What, we begin to wonder, is this momentous idea? And it seems that it's contained in the decisive shrug of the shoulders that concludes the chapter:

> To hell with cultural fashion; to hell with élitist guilt; to hell with existentialist nausea; and above all, to hell with the imagined that does not say, not only in, but behind the images, the real.

This sentence says nothing: it's the cerebral equivalent of an empty visual image, a surface pretence of thinking.

Again and again, Daniel Martin's reflections on culture manage to sound both naive and informed:

> He suddenly saw the political establishments of the world as a conspiracy of the humourless against laughter, a tyranny of stupidity over intelligence; man as a product of history, not of his true, inner, personal nature. He might, if he browsed further in the book he had picked up in Jane's drawing-room at Oxford, have seen that Gramsci had once said almost exactly the same thing, though he had derived his proof of it from the failure of mankind to make socialism universal. Dan saw it much more in existential terms, a universal failure of personal authenticity, faith in one's own inner feelings.

That "personal authenticity" is itself a culturally enforced value, and that man's inner personal nature can't be so crudely treated as an ahistorical condition (a noble savage outside society) is an idea which is glaringly absent from Fowles's collection. He has read Gramsci's *Prison Notebooks*, but he hasn't even begun to understand Lionel Trilling's *Sincerity and Authenticity*, a great essay which explores that narcissistic insistence on the self which Fowles has allowed to victimise his gifted imagination. It isn't enough to make Daniel Martin dismiss his self-absorption as "disgustingly solipsistic" and then devote 700 very imperfectly ironic pages to that wilderness of receding mirrors which is Martin's personality.

Daniel Martin dreams of what he terms "*la bonne vaux*", a phrase from Restif de la Bretonne which describes "a place outside the normal world, intensely private and enclosed, intensely green and fertile." That this green world is both the territory of noble and authentic savagery and a very English dream of pastoral privacy is scarcely recognised in a narrative which is often static with received opinions. And the dismissal of "that dreadful English middle-class trap of never showing what you feel" is facile and misleading because of Martin's contradictory commitment to both reticence and self-obsession. He is not a free spirit struggling to think outside the barriers of class and cultural conditioning; rather, he's the victim of a malaise which he only appears to dissect. His self-conscious, ironic personality is the void over which numerous bright images and perceptions travel. So many similar voices and names are absorbed into his intense self-love that the story eventually dissolves into a series of glossy figments in search of a character. *Daniel Martin* is a brilliantly bogus structure, a mock-pyramid on a film set, a dead monument to what Samuel Johnson, in one of the sources of Fowles's novel, called "that hunger of imagination which preys incessantly upon life."

LIKE DANIEL MARTIN'S happy valley, the Republic of Sarmeda is located somewhere outside the geography of history. It is the setting of Dan Jacobson's *The Confessions of Josef Baisz*,[2] an account of a systematic traitor and police-spy whose confession of "my days as a petty functionary" is, at least partly, an allegory of the artist as political Judas. Like Judas, Josef Baisz "can love only through betrayal", and his justification of his sins contains occasional insights into the psychology of disloyalty. Baisz is disloyal to the bureaucrats who employ him, and his autobiography is offered as a translation by "M. D. de B.", a lecturer at "North End Polytechnic" who duly thanks the British Museum, his colleagues in the Geography Department, and his wife for their "unfailing

[2] *The Confessions of Josef Baisz*. By DAN JACOBSON. Secker & Warburg, £3.90.

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helpfulness", *etc.* It's a witty parody of the standard academic preface, and as Dan Jacobson lectures at an English university there are sound reasons for thinking that *The Confessions of Josef Baisz* is on one level an account both of the situation of a writer employed by an academic institution and of the spirit that now pervades many such institutions—a spirit of complacent irrelevance, bland scholarly courtesies, and outmoded, autocratic habits of thought.

What is remarkable about this story is the clammy, stifling atmosphere of the one-party state that is the Republic of Sarmeda. The country is governed by a party called the Phalanx, a vast bureaucracy whose secret police are recognisable by "the look of bored brutality on their faces." The landscape, with its "vaguely discerned shapes of mountains and plains", trembles between the remotely mythic and the precisely realistic:

> The sky, tinged with the faintest green light, separates itself from earth; the stars vanish; sunrise exposes millet-fields, steel wind-pumps, the main road with its telegraph-poles about a kilometre down the slope. Farther off, at great distances from one another, are a few small, whitewashed farmsteads like the one we are in, each with a clump of dark trees standing sentinel around it.

It might be somewhere in the Balkans or an oblique vision of South Africa. The whole country seems "to lie in that trance-like state which so often precedes a great change." Everywhere "the pathos of inexpectancy, the fragile stillness that precedes a violent disruption" can be sensed. And on the afternoon of a coup by "the Armed Forces Purification Grouping" there is a sudden feeling of "attentive stillness . . . glittering silence and vacancy" which is the atmosphere of a state or institution which is about to be forcibly reconnected to the historical process (it is interestingly similar to the atmosphere of J. M. Coetzee's recent South African novel, *In the Heart of the Country*).

Jacobson designs a mysterious political landscape of clandestine meetings in misty parks where alleyways open out "into circular, apse-like spaces where statues and metal benches faced one another." Trams click through the streets, crowds gather in the squares, police spies disappear into shadowy apartment blocks, and Josef Baisz nourishes a Faustian ambition: "I dreamed that precisely that which enclosed me would enable me to burst through the walls of circumstance, through the confines of the self, into a realm of unconditioned freedom." But his dream is impossible, and he can only confess his wish to escape being a servile functionary. Like Daniel Martin, he is the rebellious victim of a process of cultural conditioning, though Jacobson (since he

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has invented a whole culture) has a much surer sense of the workings of such a process, and so is able to explore Baisz's wish to understand and transcend it. However, it's also possible to view Baisz's longing for the unconditioned as one side of Jacobson's private dialogue with himself—another part of his mind seems to be screaming to be released from the pure freedom, the unconditioned territory, of this fiction. Baisz's demand for complete irresponsibility is in fact Jacobson's way of reminding himself that the extremities of dreams can be the beginnings of responsibilities.

BARBARA PYM IS a neglected novelist who, after a long period of enforced silence, has recently published a bitterly amused account of decaying Englishness.[3] And although Lord David Cecil has called *Excellent Women* and *A Glass of Blessings* "the finest examples of high comedy to have appeared in England during the past 75 years", their comic vision is elegantly grey rather than "high"—unless that adjective refers to their type of Anglicanism. They define a spinsterly purgatory where characters with names like Rowena, Sir Denbigh Grote, Reresby-Hamilton, engage in politely meaningless conversations in a vanished world of trolley buses, Hillman Huskies and impoverished Anglo-Catholic gentlewomen. They attend moth-eaten jumble sales in draughty parish halls, sip weak China tea and read *The Church Times* and *Crockford's Clerical Gazette*. Meek spinsters imagine romance with an archdeacon among "chipped Della Robbia plaques, the hissing of gas fires and tea urns, and the smell of damp mackintoshes."

This sad aroma permeates *Quartet in Autumn* which is set in the 1970s, this unfinished decade of inflation, anxiety and soul-searching on a national scale. Barbara Pym neatly suggests such issues, as in this confrontation between her elderly quartet of lonely office-workers and a young black secretary:

> Marcia closed her eyes wearily as Norman began to go on about "the Blacks." Letty tried to change the subject, for it made her uneasy to criticise Eulalia or to be guilty of any unkindness towards coloured people. Yet the girl was irritating and needed to be disciplined, even though there was no doubt that her exuberant vitality was disturbing, especially to an elderly woman who felt herself in contrast to be greyer than ever, crushed and dried up by the weak British sun.

Threatened by "vital, ebullient" black preachers and trendy priests with long hair, Letty's Anglicanism reveals itself as "a grey, formal, respectable thing of measured observances and mild general undemanding kindness to all." And like the other characters, Letty meditates on the drab strangeness of a life that expected very little and was still disappointed.

After Marcia's death, Letty feels completely alone and is overcome by a "sense of desolation." And yet, ironically, "it wasn't even as if they had both been close friends"—they merely met during office-hours and were always trapped in a frozen politeness that advancing age and social change have made increasingly redundant and pathetic. All Letty can do is try to discern some small ironic mercy in this pitiless state of deprivation: "There was something to be said for tea and a comfortable chat about crematoria."

Quartet in Autumn has an exact misery, and those "small poignancies and comedies of everyday life" which Philip Larkin has praised in Barbara Pym's work have now deepened into a formal protest against the conditions both of life itself and of certain sad civilities that no longer make even the limited sense they once acknowledged.

FOR BERYL BAINBRIDGE and Caroline Blackwood hell is also a social condition.

[3] *Quartet in Autumn*. By BARBARA PYM. Macmillan, £3.95. Two earlier novels—*Excellent Women* and *A Glass of Blessings*—have recently been reissued by Jonathan Cape (£3.95 each).

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In *Injury Time*[4] it's a twilight zone where Binny, a deserted wife trying to cope with unruly children and a feckless lover, gives a disastrous dinner party which is first invaded by Alma (whose husband has battered her for not washing his socks) and then by a group of terrorists who hold the guests hostage. It's a grim, controlled comedy of middle-aged despair and dereliction: the men are piggish, the women resentfully sluttish, and blowing through the slummy night Binny hears the distant sound of "fornicating cats, thinly screaming." She and her selfish lover are driven away by the terrorists: "I'll never leave you", he cries, and then the door of the car opens: "Liar thought Binny, as Edward fell away from the car." A woman at a window screams "like the blast of a whistle", and *Injury Time* is neatly and wittily over.

Though Caroline Blackwood's novella,[5] with its stately and dilapidated mansion in the rainy province of Ulster, again socialises despair, it belongs to a remoter world of comic aristocrats rather than to the contemporary reality that Barbara Pym and Beryl Bainbridge ruthlessly dissect. Great Granny Webster is a loveless monster who presses down on successive generations of her family with all the angry moral authority of the Victorian society that created her. In her cold, gloomy house in Hove she looks like "a piece of dried-up antique brown moss that can mysteriously survive without water, simply by clinging to the hard cold surface of a rock." She and her furniture are dark, vindictive and chilling, and they provoke "an uncomfortable feeling of superstitious terror." But it's a feeling which is accommodated too easily—it ought to be more disturbing than it is. And much the same sense of accommodation can be detected in all these works of fiction which assume and accept a complete void with an almost comfortable readiness. It's as though that snub-nosed and pitiless monster is now a tolerably welcome guest at any dinner party and not the radical, unsettling result of more ambitiously unsuccessful picnics. Perhaps doom can become so customary a feature of our environment that it appears domestic, witty, and rather normal?

[4] *Injury Time*. By BERYL BAINBRIDGE. Duckworth, £3.95.
[5] *Great Granny Webster*. By CAROLINE BLACKWOOD. Duckworth, £3.95.

The Smell of Sulphur

"The Lady's Not for Burning" Now—By ROBERT GITTINGS

SINCE THE 1930s have lately been seen so much in retrospect—including an excellent exhibition—and since literary historians seem to assume that culture moves in decades, it is now the turn of the 1940s. Two books at least have recently appeared, Derek Stanford's *Inside the Forties*[1] and Robert Hewison's *Under Siege*.[2] In some senses they complement one another. Stanford's is gossipy, personal, often inaccurate (concluding with a misapplied cricketing metaphor, and containing two nonsensical references to Keats). Hewison's is factual, largely impersonal, widely researched, and generally correct in the manner of a British Council hand-out. Neither is quite confined to the 1940s, though Stanford's title is; Hewison covers the war years 1939–45, with some later overlaps. They represent, roughly and respectively, the unofficial and official view. Interestingly, their *dramatis personae* hardly anywhere coincide. Both have confusing subtitles. Stanford's "Literary Memoirs 1937–1957" disguises the fact that most of his action is in the 1940s, while Hewison's "Literary Life in London 1939–45" neglects the considerable space he gives to ballet, music, art, and the theatrical efforts of CEMA and ABCA up and down the country.

Both, perhaps unconsciously, give a depressing picture of the second half of the decade. Hewison's brief summary of culture under a Labour government might have been written by Dr Rowse at his most disapproving. Stanford's tale of trivial literary quarrels has nothing like the zest of what he calls his "inglorious war." Yet the period 1945–50 was not like that. It saw the flowering of talents which had matured in the war years. Christopher Fry's *The Lady's Not For*

[1] *Inside the Forties*. By DEREK STANFORD. Sidgwick & Jackson, £6.95.
[2] *Under Siege*. By ROBERT HEWISON. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £6.00.

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Burning was its symbol. After 30 years, it is worth looking at the literary and topical origins of that play.

The Lady's Not For Burning was written late in 1947 and first produced in March 1948. Like *The Firstborn* (completed 1946) and *A Phoenix Too Frequent* (written 1946), its leading character is a soldier; for the Moses of *The Firstborn* is a military leader in the Egyptian army before showing his Israelitish origins by killing an Egyptian guard. All these soldier characters are disillusioned with military life, and, to a greater or lesser extent, with life itself. Without seeking too closely for biographical interpretation, it is interesting to follow the events which led to this pattern, culminating in the ex-soldier hero of *The Lady's Not For Burning*, Thomas Mendip.

In 1940, Christopher Fry, then the director of the Oxford Repertory Players at the Playhouse, Oxford, was called up for military service. He appealed to the Oxfordshire Conscientious Objectors' Tribunal for exemption on pacifist grounds. When he came before the Tribunal later in the year, he offered to do work in the Royal Army Medical Corps. Tribunals at that time, though generally understanding and reasonably fair, were not likely to give directions into specialised services unless there had been previous specialised experience. Fry had had no previous medical training, such as, for example, that of a hospital orderly. His application was therefore rejected. The Tribunal, however, were impressed by his conscientious objections to the taking of life, and directed him into the Non-Combatant Pioneer Corps. This was a body whose duties varied widely, from helping with essential civilian duties, such as the digging and laying of drains, to the often dangerous tasks of fire-watching during the heavy raids that developed on industrial targets. Fry undertook these duties and the life of the Non-Combatant Corps with efficiency and enthusiasm, but a drafting to a different type of duties in 1944 seems to have precipitated a breakdown, and he was moved to the Military Psychiatric Hospital at York, and invalided out later in the year. Stanford was invalided out of the NCC the following year.

The somewhat horrific experiences of a Military Hospital to some extent contributed to the play's Thomas Mendip; there are other lines worth following in considering the disillusioned ex-soldier of the play as representing Fry's own attitude at this time. There are, for instance, some curious and probably quite unconscious parallels with Fry's own family history. Thomas Mendip, discharged from the war, wanders into "the small market town of Cool Clary." This fictitious place-name at once suggests two small towns in Somerset, Castle Cary and Combe Flory. These towns are each within 20 miles of the family home of the playwright's maternal grandmother, from whom he had adopted the surname of Fry in the 1930s though the family was not, as Stanford thinks, Quaker. This is not, of course, to suggest that Mendip *is* Fry. He does, however, embody an attitude toward the world which corresponds with Fry's experiences of it during and after the war years. Mendip sees it as a world of "hypocrisy . . . cruelty" still.

WHAT THEN SHOULD embody in dramatic terms the horrific signs of mankind's hypocrisy and cruelty? By placing his play in a vaguely historical setting, "1400 either more or less or exactly", Fry was able to use as his evidence of man's inhumanity to man the historical hunting-down of witches. His source for information about this horrible cult is a fascinating one. While directing at the Oxford Playhouse, Christopher Fry had come into contact with Charles Williams, an editorial director of the Oxford University Press, and himself a poet-dramatist of some standing. Williams was a man of passionate enthusiasms and equally passionate revulsions. In both prose and verse he delighted in the extremes of paradox and contradiction. In 1941 he published with Faber & Faber a book on *Witchcraft*, which showed all these qualities. In a preface he claims that "this is history." It is basically history, but expressed with extreme emotive exaggeration of style. He begins with a bitterly sarcastic and paradoxical dedication "To the immortal memory" of three of the most notorious and cruel witchfinders in all history: a Spaniard, Alonzo Salazar de Frias; a Frenchman, Nicholas de la Reynie; and a New Englander, Andrew Eliot. He ends in the same tone of high and indignant irony with a final description of "the crowds of serious Christians who watched a child, at the instance of pious and intelligent men, scourged three times round the stake where its mother was burned." Yet the book elsewhere is a panegyric of Christianity, which is presented as fully justified by the fact that in two thousand years it has protected us by denouncing and attacking "the hideous supernatural." He does, it is true, draw some distinction between "two schools; the school that rejected evil with a stern awareness of it, and the school that rejected evil with a sweet neglect." To the second school, presumably, belongs the representative of the Church, the Chaplain, in *The Lady's Not For Burning*, who is described in a foreword by the author as "as sweet and uncertain as church-bells on a windy day."

Whether this paradoxical attitude in the book is repeated in the play will be discussed later: but

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first, it is quite clear that Williams's book is the main source for the theme of witchcraft in Fry's play. To begin with, the simple matter of names: the names of five of the chief characters in the play are Alizon Eliot, Nicholas Devize, Margaret Devize, Humphrey Devize, and Jennet Jourdemayne (the alleged "witch"). Charles Williams's *Witchcraft* deals with most of the notorious witch-trials from the 15th century to the end of the 17th. One of the earliest was that of "the witch of Eye", named Margery Jourdemayne, who assisted the wife of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, to obtain her husband's love. At a later trial, early in the 17th century, Williams deals with the so-called Lancashire Witches. These included Alizon Device and Jennet Device. The name Jennet Jourdemayne, in the play, is compounded from the names of the two witches, two hundred years apart, Jennet Device and Margery Jourdemayne. The Devices become the Devizes, suggested perhaps by the z in both Alizon Device, the Lancashire witch, and Alizon Eliot in the play. The latter gets her surname from Andrew Eliot the witchfinder, to whom the book is in part sarcastically dedicated, and Nicholas Devize his Christian name from one of the other dedicatees, Nicholas de la Reynie. Both trials concerned the bewitching of a Humphrey—Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, in the 15th century, Humphrey Milton in the 17th.

Nor is it by any means a mere matter of names, however striking these obviously are. Speeches in the play are founded on whole paragraphs and ideas in the book. Perhaps the most obvious instance is when the Mayor of Cool Clary, the representative of orthodox officialdom, tries to prove that Jennet Jourdemayne's long fanciful description of what she *might* do if she *were* a witch is in fact proof that she *is* a witch. He says that she has been

> *Giving us a rigmarole of her dreams:*
> *Probably dreams: but intentionally*
> *Recollected, intentionally consented to,*
> *Intentionally delighted in. And so*
> *As dangerous as the act.*

According to Williams, the orthodox Canon Law position in the 15th century was that

> The evil powers were deceiving the women who dreamed of such things . . . even if the dream were only a dream, yet intentional recollection and intentional consent to or delight in such a dream made the subject as guilty as if the dream had been actuality.

Fry's five lines of verse are an almost exact paraphrase of both the words and the ideas of this passage from Williams's book.

Yet there is an even more remarkable large-scale section where this happens. Thomas

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Mendip, in order, it later appears, to provide a diversion from the town-folks' witch-hunt, pretends he has murdered a disreputable rag-and-bone man called Matthew Skipps. Skipps has, in fact, been off drinking, and makes a very late entrance in the play—"Enter Skipps, unsteady" is the stage-direction. The Justice questions him, "Are you the rag-and-bone merchant of this town, name of Matthew Skipps?" Skipps replies in a drunken, nonsense parody of the Catechism and various parts of Holy Writ.

> Who give me that name? My granfathers and granmothers and all in authorority undrim. Baptized I blaming was, and I says to youse, baptized I am, and I says to youse, baptized I will be, wiv holy weeping and washing of teeth. And Immersion upon us miserable offenders. Miserable offenders all—no offence meant. And if any of youse is not a miserable offender, as he's told to be by almighty and mercerable God, then I says to him Hands off my daughter, you bloody-minded heathen.

In Williams's *Witchcraft*, there is a long section on magical charms, and the Church's attitude toward the reciting of these. These charms were prayers, which, if correctly said, could not be objected to; but if altered or spoken with "evil intention", they could be diabolical. They frequently contained a kind of subterranean folk-verse on holy names, which was particularly suspect. In the 17th-century trial of the Devices, the Lancashire Witches, the Justices specially condemned as evidence of witchcraft the use of these semi-nonsense rhyming charms, or charms using Holy Writ with "evil intention." One such brief charm is given in Williams's *Witchcraft* and the passage in the book then proceeds:

> James Device (his sister swore) said "that he by this prayer hath gotten drink; and that within an hour after the saying the said prayer, drink hath come into the house after a very strange manner. And the other prayer, the said James Device affirmed, would cure one bewitched, which she recited as follows:
>
> *Upon Good Friday, I will fast while I may*
> *Until I hear them knell*
> *Our Lord's own bell,*
> *Lord in his mess*
> *With his twelve Apostles good,*
> *What hath he in his hand*
> *Lie in leath wand:*
> *What hath he in his other hand?*
> *Heaven's door key,*
> *Open, open Heaven door key,*
> *Steck, steck, hell door.*
> *Let Christ child*
> *Go to its Mother mild;*
> *What is yonder that casts a light so farrandly?*
> *My own dear Son that's nailed to the Tree.*
> *He is nailed sore by the heart and hand,*
> *And holy harne Panne,*
> *Well is that man*
> *That Friday spell can,*
> *His Child to learn;*
> *A Cross of Blue, and another of Red,*
> *As good Lord was to the Rood*
> *Gabriel laid him down to sleep*
> *Upon the ground of holy weep:*
> *Good Lord came walking by,*
> *Sleepest thou, wakest thou Gabriel?*
> *No Lord I am sted with stick and stake,*
> *That I can neither sleep nor wake:*
> *Rise up Gabriel and go with me,*
> *The stick nor the stake shall never deere thee.*
> *Sweet Jesus our Lord. Amen."*

Fry has made a fascinating amalgam of this part of the book. Without quoting in dialogue the first brief charm, it is clear that, in the words of the Device family, "drink hath come into the house in a very strange manner", actually in the person of the drunken Skipps, who staggers into the play's Devize household still carrying a bottle. He then launches into a speech which has all the aspects of James Device's charm, its parody and confusion of the Prayer Book, its muddled words and misapplied phrases, and even the exact malapropism of "holy weeping and washing of teeth", clearly resembling the line "Upon the ground of holy weep" in the jumbled incantation of the historical James Device.

Quite apart from these two long passages, verbal parallels with the book abound throughout the play. Jennet Jourdemayne, once more mocking the idea that she is a witch, says:

> *I have wiped my shoes so that I shouldn't bring in*
> *The soft Egyptian sand which drifts at night,*
> *They tell me, into the corners of my house. . . .*

Williams notes the early historical appearance of

> . . . shapes and images, whether of demons or of witches. The Egyptian desert had been full of them. . . .

Later in the book Williams has an interesting passage on the sort of people who were suspected of devilish activity:

> It was the pretty young woman in the next house, the ascetic priest of the parish, the dignified wife of the town councillor, the idiot son of the poor couple in the hovel, the old market-woman with the power of invective, the wandering pedlar, the learned scholar, at whom men and women looked; whom . . . they imagined doing this and that.

This is practically a cast-list of some characters in *The Lady's Not For Burning*, even of some who do not appear, but are spoken of. "The pretty young woman"—Jennet—passes "a sad rumpled idiot-boy" on her flight from the pursuers: these have partly suspected her because she is the daughter of a "learned scholar." "The ascetic priest"—the Chaplain—and the dignified sister of the mayor, are shown in the play as culpable of condoning a witch-hunt, and Thomas suggests that if *their* souls were looked into, they could be proved as guilty themselves.

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I see a gleam of hell in you, *madam,*

he reminds the Mayor's sister, and bids her remember

The wicked sobbing old body of a woman

whom, he imagines at that time, the citizens are hunting, before it turns out to be "the pretty young woman in the next house." As for the Chaplain, he knows very well about evil and cruelty,

But he's subdued
To the cloth he works in.

Other minor likenesses are merely verbal, such as Thomas's "incubi, succubi, imps, and cacedemons", who all occur in Williams's book, or the "spiritu maligno" of which the Mayor suspects Jennet, and of which Williams takes particular notice in a footnote.

STILL MORE INTERESTING are the major likenesses between general ideas in Williams's book and general ideas in Fry's play. Williams traces certain ideas that most famous witch-trials have in common. One is that the witch can be identified and betrayed by the mistaken evidence of a child. This is quite specific in the play. Jennet says

Then you must know
I have a peacock which on Sundays
Dines with me indoors. Not long ago
A new little serving maid carrying the food
Heard its cry, dropped everything and ran
Never to come back, and told all whom she met
That the Devil was dining with me.

This is typical of the evidence of children that the "witch" had been observed associating with animals, which were really the Devil in disguise. The whole theme of the Devil is once more common ground between book and play. Williams points out that the Devil is always "a black man" or very dark. Although Thomas Mendip claims to be the Devil, to distract attention from Jennet, the real "Devil" in the play is Humphrey Devize. Without any reason or explanation he is at once presented as very dark indeed.

ALIZON: *He's very nearly black.*
RICHARD: *Swart.*

Humphrey, it turns out, represents Lust, and attempts to gain Jennet's body. The Devil throughout the book is represented as head of lustful orgies, during which obscene ceremonies occur, including kissing his arse. Theatre audiences in 1948 were not quite ready for such four-letter words, but there is a considerable hint of this in Thomas's sarcasm—

Expose
The backside of immortality before ladies?
Your mother would never be able to get the smell
Of sulphur out of the curtains.

Then again, the ingenious stratagem by which the Mayor and the Justice trap Thomas and Jennet into an apparent "confession" derives from the point emphasised by Charles Williams that "the judge was allowed to use cunning" to get damaging evidence.

The attitude towards the Church by both writers has its similarities. The Chaplain in the play must be aware of the horror of the witch-hunt, the violence of the mob—his own parishioners, as he says—even the physical torture administered by the town's Justice; but he prefers not to know. In this he seems partly to be followed by Fry. For though "persuasion" has been administered to Jennet "With great patience"—in other words, she has been tortured, as all suspect witches were—she appears fully capable of long and sprightly metaphysical speeches. Only Thomas, whom no one really believes to be the Devil, is slightly in pain from the thumbscrew. The Chaplain, representing the Church, is not unlike both the playwright, in avoiding such nasty suggestions, and also Williams's own attitude in *Witchcraft*. Williams shows every sort of horror and revulsion at the cruel persecuting bigots of Inquisition and

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witch-trial. On the other hand, he has also a kind of delighted horror and revulsion at the obscene goings-on of Sabbath and Black Mass. To him, the Church was quite right to put a stop to these goings-on by "stern awareness", torture and burning: on the other hand, Williams himself hankers after the doctrine of "sweet neglect", just as Fry can present the sweet, quaint Chaplain, absorbed in his music while innocent suspects are being tortured in the next room. Fry goes further in seeming to suggest that the Church completely insulates itself from recognising any such experiences.

Yet likeness in expression, thought, argument, and doctrine should not be pressed too far, especially as all these were probably absorbed quite unconsciously in the heat of composition. *The Lady's Not For Burning* is, after all, a brilliantly successful play, a dramatic triumph, which captivates audiences in the theatre today just as it did thirty years ago. This is because its theme has remained topical. When Richard Chamberlain appeared as Mendip at the Chichester Festival Theatre a few years ago, he gave a performance which, to my mind, outweighed even the original charm of Alec Clunes or the finished artistry of Gielgud, by an interpretation much more akin to the play's basic topicality. Costumed in some sort of faded, worn battle-dress, like a returning disillusioned veteran from Viet Nam, Chamberlain made Mendip's speeches both of the time when they were written, and of our own wary appraisal of the follies of mankind at and after war. It was notable how this revival appealed not only to middle-aged nostalgia, but to young people who saw in it their own dilemmas and ideals.

So we return to the playwright himself, the peace-loving "soldier"—for no one can quite believe that Thomas Mendip really spent seven years slaughtering his fellow human beings, when all he does is to use a few skilfully anachronistic 20th-century Army terms, imported by Fry as the result of his own non-combatant service. For all its considerable and creative use of the *Witchcraft* of Charles Williams for its witch-hunt theme, the play perhaps owes its deepest qualities to the unique personality and experiences of Fry himself, in the epoch when he first wrote it thirty years back.

For The Love Of Lumb

New Poetry—By DOUGLAS DUNN

IN WRITING A LONG POEM today, a poet might find two problems, both of which are difficult to solve. First, a subject: in the old days that was easier, there were wars you could celebrate and readers who believed wars were worth celebrating. There were also Gods in whom a poet believed, and, later, one God in whom everybody believed. Nowadays it is not so easy. No monarchs or magnates, as far as I know, have been offering incentives for a little puffing of their chivalrous deeds, or elaborate cover-ups of their notorieties—that is, in verse, at any rate. Big, ambitious art, in a cynical, small Age, is seen as a symptom of madness.

Second—just how would a poet overcome the difficulty of adapting modern verse to sustaining a long narrative? Conceivably, he or she could partake of the experience of the novel. *Don Juan* and *The Ring and the Book* are, as predecessors, closer to novels perhaps than they are to very long poems. Or, knowing the 20th century a little, we might expect a long poem to dwell indignantly on ideas and history. Pound's *Cantos* is an obvious prototype. But who would want to imitate *that*?

Ted Hughes, writing his *Gaudete*,[1] has brought in God (or religion, anyway) in a big way. It isn't set in the sky either, but in the North of England. His narrative line is conducted by character, with prose here and there. By character, I mean he has done it dramatically, through the influence of cinema—the poem was originally intended as a film script: Close up on this one, close up on that one, cut to . . . fade, dissolve, *etc.* In this case, it looks as if Mr Hughes has directed his poem along lines laid down by Ken Russell. (Has Ken Russell been influenced by Ted Hughes? *Discuss.*) His manner is Yorkshire Gothic; the village in which the poem is set looks like a demented Llaregyb filtered through damp northern rock.

Gaudete is written in arcane praise of Lumb, an Anglican priest. He is kidnapped by spirits into an underworld of Hughes's imagining. There he is beaten; and he is bathed and swamped in the blood and guts of slit bulls. This initiation, given

[1] *Gaudete*. By TED HUGHES. Faber & Faber, £4.50.

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what is to come later, is presumably Lumb's preparation for super-manhood. A duplicate of Lumb's self is released into the world. There, back in his parish, he creates a new religion. His acolytes consist of women; the worship consists of the sexual act. "A lecherous priest", says one husband, "and a gaggle of spoofed women"; but that is not how Mr Hughes intends us to take his story's meaning. If it is, then *Gaudete* is a waste of talent.

An old man in the poem talks of how the church began with women and how it now depends on women—"now the whole thing's worn back down to its women." "It's like a herd of deer", he says, "Why is it always led by a hind?" The question is easily answered literally, I suppose; it is also answered in Christian symbolism. And there are two ways of answering it through that: first, a hind is a means of depicting St Giles, traditionally the patron saint of cripples. In that literal meaning, then—men tagging along obediently after women—Hughes (who is erudite in symbols and mythologies) depicts men as life's cripples, and that is certainly justified given the male characters in his poem. A stag is a figure for Christ, and a hind is therefore sexually related in that animal imagery with the Son of Man. (Mrs Whitehouse could have a field day in *Gaudete*.) In the final, lavishly technicoloured ritual (and bloodletting) the head of a stag on a pole is held by Lumb, while, in the basement of his church filled with his naked acolytes, he enters the unfortunate Felicity from behind. Felicity wears the pelts of a fox; and, in Christian pictorialism, the fox is the Devil. Hares are present at this ritual; and it was into hares that witches were thought to transmogrify themselves. I suspect that these animalistic shapes and forms were prefigured in natural pagan religions.

A new religion needs not only a teacher but a teacher who is martyred. Lumb, a Christ-figure, a representative of a God-of-literal-love of a pantheistical, pagan sort, is duly martyred by the outraged husbands of the village. When Lumb appears on the "crossed hairs" of telescopic rifle sights, settling on his "crown", it is pretty unmistakable what Mr Hughes is up to. Indeed, it is a religious polemic, its language fierce, vigorous and vivid, its story running the risks of the bizarre. A clue to what he is getting at is provided by his trick—possibly intuitive, possibly deliberate—of working anthropomorphism in reverse—

he is crawling out of the river
Glossed as an exhausted otter,

or this double simile,

Women black as flies
Like women mobbing for names at some pithead disaster. . . .

James Fenton

writes . . .

'The other day I met an MP who had spent the morning at the Grunwick picket line. He told me that the scenes he had witnessed, the behaviour of the police, was the worst thing he had seen since seeing photographs of the Brownshirts and the Jews in the 1930s. I suggested that there was no comparison with the Brownshirts. At this point he accused me of being on the same side as George Ward. I objected. He grew exceedingly angry, and a deep Chaucerian flush rose to his face. As the blood pumped its way to the tip of his nose, I pointed out that it would be better to save the Brownshirts comparison for a time when a real movement like the Brownshirts was proving a similar menace. This advice reduced him to a mad, ranting, quivering condition. After a vigorous exchange of insults we parted on the worst of terms.'

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Man like nature, that is, not nature like man. *Gaudete* is a fit of cosmic distemper, of indignation and disgust run riot.

HUGHES'S COSMOLOGY is centred on things and creatures instead of the ideas through which these are usually understood and included. I suppose he believes in that, and that it is more than a literary distortion in his defence of urgent, primitive force, of life in its raw and startling vigour which he sees depressed by convention and by the acceptance of bad states of mind, mean ways of living. His attack on the deracinatedness of modern life is extreme—each of his male characters embodies one or another of the stunted methodologies by which forms of life lesser than the ideal he has in mind can be accepted as average and good enough for a life-time. "Some final crisis in earth's life", he suggests, has been reached. Is there much knowledge of society behind his denunciation of it? I think not. He cannot tell why people become as they are. Lumb's female disciples are supposed to represent potential and a chance of renewal. It is an idea as old as time; it can be acknowledged on these grounds at least. But can it be believed as it is presented in the system of Hughes's poem?

Gaudete is, I feel, a caricature of a real poetic philosophy of life and nature. All compassion seems to have been stamped out of it. His concern is too general; it is for the large and mighty, the God-like and authoritarian. It imposes; and it does so even when it pretends to elicit meaning from natural and human history. Violence, which he is so good and vivid at presenting, has become a principle with him. Yet he can still write of "a wedding of apple blossom at the open French windows." We might take that as an indication of how the violence he depicts so often in *Gaudete* is a negative tactic, an expression of disgust as well as a recognition of its existence. His most impressive gift is still for description, the embodiment of things, creatures and sensations in a remarkably inventive, original and apt vocabulary. There is, for instance, a wonderful description of Lumb running over the hilly countryside, as mimetic and physical a piece of writing as I've read. What seems to have happened is that he has felt it necessary to make a philosophy more public than shorter and less comprehensive poems allow—and it was once to have been a film, the most effective and accepted of public media. His writing is not in my view up to the sustenance of an argument. *Gaudete* is a failure, riddled with masterpieces. The positive side of its meaning, which seldom shines through as clearly as it might, is not one we can believe in, unless at a level of wishful thinking, taking into account how far it is from what we have become.

METAPHORIC RUSH, bravura of invention and a very large count of similes are also characteristic of Peter Redgrove's poetry. What makes them easy to be impressed by, but awkward to summarise by meaning, may have less to do with the crude energy of their writing and more to do with the simple self-confidence Hughes and Redgrove are prepared to place in what roams out of their bulky imaginations. It is as if they are convinced they are right, and can admit no doubt.

Apart from that, there is still a strong whiff of the Movement's clarity lingering on in the late 1970s. An equal fastidiousness about tone, diction and the size of gestures has survived, albeit in different guise. In that climate, Hughes and Redgrove appear opposed and defiant. It is thought preposterous that poets like them should see their work as intermediaries between themselves, readers, and a natural world of elemental passions, delights and agonies. They seem to turn their backs on the ordinary post-Enlightenment world of the West in search of a return to the extraordinary beliefs which its science, philosophy and poetry have replaced. Their work represents a clamour for shared but unorganised religion, a recovery of a primitive design according to which life might be lived. They are after that energy civilisation lost—so the story goes—as it refined its values more and more into a rootless variety of moral procedures any one of which can be broken when circumstance demands. Liberal reasonableness and logicity—so the tale continues—ousted spirit and instinct, spontaneity and life. The belief is widely respected, and widely believed, even in that caricature. But, like most contemporary beliefs, it has been taken beyond the point where it can be functional and effective.

"Read and let read", says Mr Redgrove, in a wittily imaginative poem. And I'm prepared to be a good deal less dismissive of the kind of

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poetry represented by Hughes and Redgrove, if only on the grounds that I suspect those who have been dismissing it.

Surprisingly enough, Redgrove is far from being in the business of despising small, ordinary domestic things. Who could be, paying tax, catching trains, drinking instant coffee? Instead, he works up these ordinary things to an extraordinary extent. Sometimes it is with a great rush of affection. At other times it is done as if he wished they weren't there. Poets whose true level *is* the domestic are like that, too; that is, they wish it wasn't their level, that they had a grander slice of life to write about, if only they could believe the grand and colourful could be authentically celebrated in this world.

REDGROVE'S WRITING is generous or anti-economical, depending on how you look at it and the beliefs brought to its examination. He seems to feel that it is eminently preferable to deliver more lines rather than less, while the just-so neatness of the poets who believe verse a self-conscious artifice and nothing else is temperamentally beyond him. He hates the mean and superficial.

At the same time, he can be mean and superficial himself. He has a poem in *From Every Chink of the Ark*[2] called "Pictures from a Shirtmaker's Apprentice." Shirts—yes, *shirts*—come in for a good going-over. Mr Redgrove's apprentice is like Carlyle's Dandiacal Body—"he is inspired with cloth, a Poet of Cloth." He is also morally arrogant. It is the old ploy of dismissing certain types by the clothes they wear, on the same level as "You can't be a Marxist, you don't wear jeans"; or, "How can you claim to be a Young Conservative? You can't even ride, let alone afford a horse." Quite conceivably, the man of affairs dismissed in the first section of the poem *is* worthless. Yet his identities too are as many and varied as Redgrove could imagine, or his apprentice say. It seems a cruel flaw of this kind of poetry to dismiss real, human lives, victims of so much else as well as themselves, for the sake of an uninhibited belief. Images, coincidences, can be drawn with no respect for either, but simply because they seem to suggest a truth. For example:

> *He knots his ample foulard and signs his will.*
> *Strength, beauty, custom and forethought*
> *In a slip-knot, in a hangman's tool.*

The coincidence is portentously insignificant; its irony is meaningless, but a state of mind too earnest in its desire to portray the strictures of convention has tried to make it otherwise.

[2] *From Every Chink of the Ark*. By PETER REDGROVE. Routledge & Kegan Paul, £4.95.

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That, I hope, suggests the dangers which writing like Mr Redgrove's could find itself having to counter. Like Ted Hughes, he writes of the world in a way that makes him exceptional to how most people live and think. Then people are wrong, they might say. But lives are never "wrong." They *are*. People can only *be*. There is an absence of equity in their work and thought, for those allegedly pallid millions with their all too recognisable dementias. It is as if they say "no" to history. Didactic they undoubtedly are, too; they seem to want to be leaders or sages, purveyors of an old, healing wisdom. Most of us are far from being led by loosely druidical attitudinising; but there does seem good enough cause for paying attention to what they mean, meanings of the natural world which cynicism can put down too easily.

Whatever else, Hughes and Redgrove can write. That gap between them and the expectations of society is a source of energy, a kind of enmity they feed wholesale into their work. It is worth mentioning that they write at greater length than most of their contemporaries. What they believe, they address on a large scale, knowing they are magnitudes; and that, it seems, is the least forgivable of the ways in which talent can be used. The bequest of The Movement now looks too much like a prissy, and also paradoxically gruff, but vague, middle-class and inaccurate populism. It has taken the best examples of clarity in the English and classical traditions into account without doing anything with them except keep out whatever is opposed.

SEVEN YEARS HAVE GONE BY since the publication of *Malcolm Mooney's Land*, W. S. Graham's first collection since *The Night-fishing* appeared all of fifteen years before. In what, then, looks like a carefully anxious career, Mr Graham has slowly ground down his work until it is by now concentrated on a small handful of subjects essential to himself—language and communication, his Scottish background, the Cornwall where he lives.

Ostensibly, the theme of communication is a large one. So severely does he delineate it that any breadth and profundity it might have offered him are scrupulously self-contained within his own given conditions. He keeps his writing to a few personal certainties—a quest for a language; a quest for home; a quest for the chance of artistic certainty itself, the right, true expression of a world that seems meagre and remote but which does enlarge by itself into a metaphor of the loneliness of making art.

Graham has a strangely clipped rhythm, very much his own—his own pulse in the line. There are times when it reads like willed inelegance. Odd line-breaks, jolting expressions, and contortions in his syntax enforce his meaning, which I take to be that of difficulty itself—difficulty of understanding, difficulty of saying anything in the proper way.

My own familiarity with Mr Graham's forlornly revisited and remembered Renfrewshire was satisfyingly dislocated by his presentation of it. It was good, too, to be shown in that way the extent to which his poetry is not the abstract puzzlements about language it can seem. His presence is in an alien language—alien, but inevitably so; he is not at home there and is at home nowhere other than in amateur metaphysics and philosophies of life and language which enable him to specify the predicaments of his life and art. Where his system breaks down is in the larger aphorisms it generates—

Communication is always
On the edge of ridiculous.

That is a large denial.

Graham's Antarctic language-world of Malcolm Mooney's Land—the name, I think, fuses his background with the remoteness of language from the purposes writers want to make it serve—is too extreme. It may derive from his own creative despair as much as it does from the truth. It is like Hughes's over-worked *Gaudete*. Meaning is caricatured because mind cannot handle it adequately. Mr Graham is well insured here, however. Part of his meaning *is* that he cannot handle it to his satisfaction. But the state of mind leaves no room for exceptions to it, for those true things that exist no matter what time we live in, or who we are, or what language we speak. Withdrawing from what can be recognised, and identified, a poet like Mr Graham can write poems which seem asocial, even if they seek to add to the sum of things which we understand. *Implements in Their Places*[3] is very much a book for private meditation, no matter how public the theme of communication might seem to be.

DONALD DAVIE'S NEW COLLECTION[4] is as nicely fashioned as ever before. His title poem is more subfusc than usual, a sombre but firm performance. It's characteristic of Davie's styles that his poems move neatly to their clinching lines without assuming too much that they should do so. Indeed, his manner is more properly relaxed in *In the Stopping Train* than it was in *The Shires*, where it was relaxed into a

[3] *Implements in their Places*. By W. S. GRAHAM. Faber & Faber, £1.95.
[4] *In the Stopping Train*. By DONALD DAVIE. Carcanet Press, £2.00.

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state of suave chat. There are five more poems to add to the Shires series, one of them, "Bedfordshire", being perhaps the best of the lot, although the English non-conformist history on which it is based is too far from my blood to fully understand.

In a simplified view of contemporary poetry—that is, the one that is taught—Davie is at the opposite pole to Redgrove and Hughes. His points of reference are self-consciously cultural and social. He conducts arguments. A number of his poems in his new book proceed first by asking a question, then answering it, then moving forward until the next question is reached, followed by its answer, followed by moving forward again. The method mimics a state of mind suspicious of bold manoeuvres, of anything unreasonable, intemperate or seemingly immoderate. If he was to imagine something, or speculate, he would tell us first. He wouldn't want us to think he was going off his own rails. There is of course an assumption of plain honesty in that manner. But there are times, too, when it looks like a greater degree of circumspection than poetry encourages. His poems strike me as conditioned by criticism of poetry, a phenomenon of the mid-20th century. If there *is* an academic poetry, this is it.

That is, in style; for I doubt if all that Davie cares to mean is entirely reasonable. In "In the Stopping Train", there are lines close to an admission of his own cosmopolitan deracination. There is doubt; and there is the self-blasphemy of "bad thoughts", bad will and the decency of being wrong. He can own up to the quirks of psychology, self-deception. But in "Townend, 1976" his unreasonableness is of a different kind.

In one guise, the poem is a spirited meditation on the idea of a town, taking its cue from Mr Davie's memories of his native Barnsley. The verse is unyielding and quick, argumentative, searching, and highly assured in style; it is brisk, no-nonsense, and perhaps a shade pompous, the ruminations of a discredited civic dignitary. It may be the poem the blurb-writer had in mind when he wrote of Davie's "civic conscience." But "Townend, 1976" is a highly contentious political piece. Change appals Mr Davie at the same time as he notes its benefits. (That ambivalence is quite permissible in academic verse. Candour is bad for the career, and does the reputation no good.) Official jargon is properly dismissed.

Concourse and complex, underpass and precinct,
The scale not human but angelical:

Squalor on that scale; homeliness as "home"
Might be for Rebel Angels, or their hordes,
Machinists of "machines for living in";
No fug upon the windy drawing boards!

His dismissal—that spuriously witty exclamation; his jibe at unspecified "Rebel Angels"—is as easy to make as it is difficult to justify should we, for a moment, stop and remember that Barnsley is lived in by many people. Mr Davie is attacking none other than the welfare state, the institutions of mass democratic society. Nor could he stop himself—nor, I think, would he want to—from taking his fun with "Rebel Angels" just that bit further—

The end of a town—however mean, however
Much of a byword—marks the end of an age,
An age of worn humility. Hereafter,
The Prince of Darkness and his equipage!

Yes, *very* witty. He admits to a preference for yesteryear when all was in its place and the Barnsleys of the world revelled in their humility and hardship and were approved for doing so. Mr Davie laments an upset to hierarchy, to the existence of mass democracy. The continued fading of one, the continued development of the other, make Mr Davie guilty. He has very little goodwill. He believes the past before he recognises the present, which is neither healthy or wise.

THAT, TOO, IS THE FLAW in Hughes's wild polemic, and in Redgrove's celebrations and litanies. All three seek to recuperate things which have departed the world. They make vain gestures; they are in the business of spiritual and political archaeology.

It will displease Mr Hughes and Mr Redgrove to be lumped into the same boat as Mr Davie. It may also displease Mr Davie to find himself lumped with them. But it is what my argument leads to. They are all so concerned, but somehow they have forgotten the objectives of concern, which are human and moral. Concern has no other purpose than to encourage improvement; it is undertaken for the purpose of inventing an inclusive human culture and happiness. These three have been soured into recognising no more than what they detect as a waste of opportunity—but only from their own previous decisions, mulcted out of the past, with little heed paid to how things are, how people are, their aspirations, their requirements. They just don't seem to live here. Mr Graham on the other hand is perhaps a shade too fly in absolving himself from what anyone else has anything to do with. He exempts himself from the argument.

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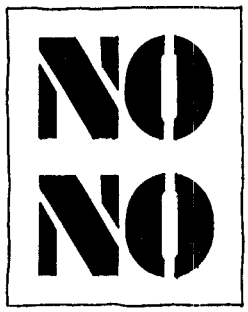
Can Capitalism Survive Till 1999?

By Robert L. Heilbroner



I AM GRATEFUL TO Andrew Shonfield for a reading of my book, *Business Civilization in Decline*, [ENCOUNTER, January] that is admirably true to its spirit and intention. His fairness and objectivity allow me to attend directly to the disagreements between us without wasting time on polemics and the repair of wounded vanities.

At the core of our differences lie divergent perspectives on the market system. Shonfield sees this system primarily as a flexible and adaptive method of registering, attending to, and thereby dissipating, consumer dissatisfaction. I have no quarrel with this view; and I would indeed agree that the market will continue to show its advantages over central planning as a distributive mechanism. Our differences stem from the fact that I place a much greater emphasis than he does on the market as a mechanism for guiding production. Here I refer not merely to the production that matches output to consumer demands, but to the production that determines our direction of investment, our level of unemployment, our rate of technological change, our relations with foreign buyers and sellers. The "market mechanism" in capitalism denotes the propulsive thrust of the system as much as its distributive arrangements.

Moreover, this propulsive thrust is governed by a guiding principle, as rigid in its own way as the distributive mechanism is flexible. This rigid principle is the search for profit, the drive for capital expansion, the imperative of business growth. This primary motivation of a capitalist system is not denied by anyone, although in these days of waning enthusiasm for "bourgeois values" it is usually defended as a means to national efficiency, rather than as a laudable end in itself.

Whether profits are pursued for their own sake or for that of society, the main economic function of capitalist governments is to assist this accumulation process. In so doing, governments may, of course, often collide with individual business groups, or even with business interests as a whole, for their task is to manage a social order that will "contain" the dynamic and disruptive core of business. But for all their clashes with business, I do not see capitalist governments anywhere seriously opposing the expansive thrust of their systems, or actively working to replace the engine of economic growth with another. .

I DO NOT THINK THAT Shonfield would fundamentally disagree with this statement, although he might choose words that depicted the process in a somewhat kindlier light. But it is not at this point that we would come into serious conflict. It is rather that Shonfield, I believe, expects the present configuration of business and government to remain relatively static during the next quarter-century, whereas I expect it to move sharply in the direction of a reversal of the present Business/Government roles.

The reason that I cannot see a stable equilibrium in the present balance of Business and Government stems from two considerations. The first is that the market system—stressing, again, its productive rather than distributive aspects—seems to be steadily creating new problems that require intervention from "above." Economic instability and inflation—dangerous new products and processes—resource depletion—pollution—international economic dependencies—all originate in the powerful productive drives of the market system, and all create pressures for government intervention. I see no reason for this process to come to a halt, and many reasons why it may accelerate.

Even more important, I see capitalism the world over encountering the first assaults of a tightening world environment well before 1999. The recent United Nations report on *The Future of the World Economy* (produced under the direction of Wassily Leontief) makes it plain that we will be seriously straining the planet's growth-sustaining capacities within a generation. Already by that time, and assuredly if we look still another generation ahead, we must therefore expect heightened pressures for the enlargement of government. In a world growing ever shorter of raw materials, threatened with ever more serious pollution problems, falling behind in its efforts to generate enough energy, and wracked by vast discrepancies of income in different parts of the globe, the subordination of production to public direction and limitation will become a matter of inescapable choice.

TO BE SURE, ONE NEED NOT paint the picture in

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lurid tones. As Shonfield rightly says, there are many kinds of civil servants; and the roles that corporation may play in the hard-pressed industrial systems of the year 1999 may vary widely depending on resources, political and cultural habits, or the sheer fortunes of leadership. The legitimacy that will be accorded to the accumulation process—and its social analogue, the unequal distribution of wealth—will also no doubt vary widely. But I cannot believe that the balance of power within industrial states will not have changed radically and irreversibly, whatever their ideologies of property.

Whether or not we will call this prospective statist economy *capitalism* is unimportant. We are moving toward an environmental condition in which the accumulation process that is the nuclear core of capitalism will have to be contained, although it may not be wholly deactivated.

Given Andrew Shonfield's own recognition of the looming problems of the longer run, I do not see how this conclusion can be avoided.

Between Intervention & Multiplicity

A Reply—By Andrew Shonfield

THE HINGE of Robert Heilbroner's argument is that the process of profit-making and capital accumulation is ill-adapted to the conditions of increasing material constraint that lie ahead of us. This seems to me to be a deeply mistaken notion. Even granting the full rigours of Heilbroner's scenario for the end of the century, I cannot see how we, or our successors, can escape from the necessity to *save* a substantial part of current income, *i.e.* accumulate resources required to create additional productive capacity to meet our changing needs.

Ecological constraints mean that as producers we have to accumulate more capital to achieve a given volume of output, because plant has to be equipped with anti-pollution devices, has to use less water, fuel (and so on). As consumers, if we are going to heat our homes using much less fuel, we shall have to spend a great deal more on building effectively insulated dwellings and installing means of exploiting available sources of solar energy, windpower, *etc.*

Investment in amenities is likely to absorb an increasing share of total output. Heilbroner seems to assume, on the contrary, that there will be no demand for saving/accumulation because the amenities will be simply unavailable. This is the limiting case of a world so used up that the application of additional capital resources, or new technology, anywhere in the productive system makes no difference to the volume of output. I find this implausible. The more probable outcome is that despite future advances in technology, the limitations of nature will result in a secular trend requiring an increase in the capital resources that have to be invested in order to achieve the same increase in output. ("Output" is defined as being the services and goods that people want enough to be willing to supply their labour or their possessions in order to obtain them.)

THE QUESTION THEN FOLLOWS whether profits are an inefficient means of amassing the resources needed for investment.

Note that it is not *private* profit that is at issue. Soviet countries typically rely more on the profits of enterprises (*i.e.* the difference between their income from sales and their costs of production) to finance investment, and less on borrowing or on direct taxation, than Western capitalist countries normally do. But it is a weakness of the traditional Communist system, modelled on the USSR, which is recognised by a number of Soviet economists nowadays, that its profit arrangements are perverse and inefficient.

There are two reasons for this. One is that the prices of goods and services are set arbitrarily, with little regard to the relative scarcity or true costs of inputs or to the unsatisfied demand for particular outputs. The other reason is that the system provides too little reward to those who take the risks inherent in innovations which are designed either to save scarce resources or to give consumers what they want. Even if prices are made more rational—as the Hungarians have been trying to do, with some success, in the past few years—the reformers have found that the incentive to entrepreneurship, that is the taking of business risks, fails to work without the creation of *independent profit centres.*

THE HEILBRONER SYSTEM would have only one profit centre—at least in the business of production. The distribution of goods and services would be spread among numerous sellers, each trying to maximise his returns. These sellers would not, however, be able to take the initiative to

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produce the things that their customers had shown they wanted. That would be the function of the State.

I find the logic of this sharp dichotomy between distribution (plural and competitive) and production (singular and monopolistic) difficult to follow. Presumably the business of distribution is better organised on a plural basis because in this way customers are likely to get a more sensitive response to their needs from suppliers who know that they will suffer if people take their custom elsewhere. But surely the whole arrangement would be stultified if the shopkeepers and the wholesalers were, in turn, able to signal *their* needs to only one producer who was blessedly free from any corresponding compulsion to respond. The shopkeeper in that case has nowhere else to go. If the monopolist in charge of production finds that there is strong customer demand for some new product or service and that, if he meets it, a lot of stocks of older products would be left on the shelves or a whole production line would have to be scrapped before the investment in machinery had been fully amortised—what would be the likely response? One thinks of the inconvenience (to established producers of the old product) caused by the introduction of long-playing records, or of cheap ball-point pens. Surely the most likely answer to these innovations from the State monopolist would have been: "Let them wait!—what's the hurry?"

It is precisely because that is how well-protected producers behave that the Soviet Union is an industrial society suffering from a built-in lag in technological response. Other countries of the Soviet bloc suffer from the same trouble to a greater or less degree. In the 1970s they have been trying to overcome the trouble by importing a great deal more Western technology. But it is their own system of responses that will have to be changed first.

HOWEVER, THAT IS NOT to deny Heilbroner's general point that in an increasingly crowded world, with limited resources, a wide range of strategic decisions (about production *and* distribution) will have to be taken on a long time-scale, on the basis of a planned response to these constraints—rather than be left to the ingenuity and energy of independent businesses setting out to meet consumers' wishes at top speed. The area of public decision (*i.e.* of decisions made centrally, on some view of the collective interest) is bound to grow at the expense of untrammelled business decisions. That has been happening for some time, and the process is likely to accelerate.

But it does not at all follow that the production process itself has to be centralised in order to fulfil the collective interest. It is this step in Heilbroner's argument, which he appears to take for granted, that I regard as its weakness. He both overrates the economic efficiency of the centralised Soviet system and underrates the malleability of capitalist enterprise in the Mixed Economy which we see in most Western industrial societies today.

Consider the most obvious example to hand of a long-term problem requiring a number of urgent decisions to be made in the public interest —the problem of securing our future energy supplies. The record to date is of a series of failures, and the biggest of these is that of the United States.

But in order to realise the policy of conservation which President Carter has set out he does not need to take over the US oil companies, any more than the US Federal Reserve Board needs to take over the nation's commercial banks to get them to conform to its monetary policy. Independent profit centres can be made to respond very efficiently to the public interest if the influences on prices exerted by Government (through taxes, rebates, or other financial incentives) are well designed for the purpose in view. Indeed maximising profits often provides a stronger motive for action by management than merely obeying orders coming from above.

THE REAL TROUBLE in which President Carter finds himself over his energy policy is that he does not possess the political means of raising oil prices and taxing the prodigal use of oil in the way that he wishes to. Congress will not let him. The problem is not a lack of governmental power *vis-à-vis* the private sector of the economy, but of a division within the government itself. And Congress is after all fulfilling the function allotted to it by being especially responsive to consumer desires: the latter appear to be, according to the latest information for 1977 automobile sales, especially pointed towards the glories of the big gas-guzzling car.

What this situation suggests is not the need for an industrial take-over but for the executive branch of government to have more power, in certain circumstances, to override the wishes of a majority in Congress. The founding fathers of the American Constitution recognised that the President had to have certain overriding powers in dealing with external short-term threats. What now seems to be needed is a comparable extension of his powers to deal with long-term internal ones. The upshot would be a more unitary form of government with fewer checks and balances.

IT IS WORTH SAYING, however, that the required reinforcement of a more unitary public authority does not in itself imply a bias towards

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despotism. It would certainly make the United States government more like that of Western Europe—and that might be a nasty shock for some Americans. But it is not being suggested that it will become any less necessary to carry popular assent to measures of increased public control. It is a mistake to imagine that tyrannies, at any rate in modern industrial states, believe themselves to have a blank cheque to carry through unpopular measures. It is notable, for example, that even in the Soviet Union the authorities feel themselves closely constrained in their decisions about prices (and not only about food prices).

I came across an interesting parallel to President Carter's difficulties over the price of gasoline, in the Leningrad subway. A group of visitors recently expressed surprise that the standard fare was still the same (five kopecks, I believe) as it had been twenty years ago. It was put to the Soviet official concerned that this did not seem to be a rational way of running a railroad—since the cost of the increased wages bill alone would surely require some rise in the fare, if the Leningrad subway was not to go into very deep deficit. The official was shocked: "But the people would not like that!" The implication was that the State was committed to pay a steadily increasing subsidy on this particular service, because it was politically sensitive. It was not suggested that there were not other products or services with a better social case for attracting this subsidy. It was simply that, like the big automobiles which President Carter found so difficult to tax (perhaps more so), Russian subway fares were sacrosanct.

TO SUM UP—I think that, in the future, Western societies will indeed be subject to more interventionism which in some cases may lead to a complete take-over of productive enterprises. But I believe that the means at the disposal of the State are, in general, sufficient for it to exercise its power over long-term economic development while maintaining the notable advantages derived from having a multiplicity of independent, or quasi-independent, profit centres. Moreover, the efficiency of centralised despotism as a mode of government is easily overrated. Some countries in Soviet Eastern Europe are coming to recognise this. Meanwhile in the West, while popular doctrines currently seem to hold planning in disrepute, we are in fact engaged in it more than ever. It is a pity that myth and reality diverge both in the East and in the West. But I expect some convergence to occur both within each of these societies—and between them.

Fuel Debts Enquiry

When I surveyed the wondrous New Cross blocks
Layers of eyes froze behind spyholes.

"I can/cannot afford to heat my living room":
Interviewers circle as appropriate.

The flats massed like an iceberg, nine-tenths in the blue,
Strung together by a lift I did not dare take.

Rung after rung I mounted, rang down corridors,
Hung about for answers twenty floors up.

Inscrutable, screwed to the wood, threshold lenses
Telescoped my well-meant profile.

Dogs barked, carpeted steps secretly came and went,
The Cyclops stare guarded all who dwelt in there.

I did/did not establish who was in arrears.
I could get some/no statistics on the coldness inside.

Blake Morrison

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DISCUSSION

The March of Statism

By G. W. Goldberg

I HAVE BEEN following with great interest the discussion which has for some time now been raging in your pages: the political dangers to a free society, and its subversion by certain alarming tendencies in government and economy. May I add a few remarks, indicating resemblances and differences from the Anglo-American context by stressing some related European and especially German factors?

I might begin by noting the recently published new edition in Germany of Friedrich A. Hayek's old classic, *The Road to Serfdom*. It had its relevance and popularity in the 1940s, and now as *Der Weg zur Knechtschaft* it is still a contribution to the debate on fundamentals. It is, of course, no accident that it is Milton Friedman who writes the new introduction to the German edition, and in it he stresses its message for this day. In the 1940s it was evidently intended to be a message to the socialist intelligentsia of Britain (where Hayek had been a teacher for many years), believing as many Labour spokesmen did that Nazism (or to give it its formal title, "National-Socialism") was merely a capitalist reaction to the social crisis of the Weimar Republic. On the contrary, Nazism was a continuation of socialism by other means; its goal was the total control by a Governmental party of the means of production, distribution, and exchange. The current dangers are not radically different: social forces are moving towards a consolidation of the State's economic power and the elimination of "old-fashioned" liberal and individualistic tendencies in every sphere of life.

There is nothing peculiarly "fascist" or "Nazi" here. Collectivist ideals, then as (regrettably) now, appeal to the young as progress and the "wave of the future." They were held to be superior historic forms, and the price for this naive superstition of primitive minds was paid for in the blood of civil strife and national wars. Those of us who were young then, and escaped the tragedy of that era of spiritual confusion, may be permitted to look back and to look forward, neither in anger nor in what we call *Besserwisserei* (always knowing better), and to make a new accounting.

1. One looks at some of Hayek's old statistics with a shudder. For the year 1928 (or only five years before Hitler's coming to power) he states that the figure for Statism in Germany was 53%, claiming that directly or indirectly the central and local authorities in government were the controllers of major sectors of the economy. How long a future could individual freedom have?

2. In his ENCOUNTER article (November 1976) Milton Friedman underscores a similar figure for the present economic situation—that statistic of 60% which the UK, with all its governmental interventionism, is approaching, although in the United States it is as yet still hovering around the 40% mark (in 1930 it was 10%). The dangerous figure is one which for him "we dare not cross." Are not our present-day Western societies taking up that dare?

3. This is indeed, as Professor E. J. Mishan called it (in another ENCOUNTER article, July 1976), the Road to Repression and Control. I may add that our own German bureaucrats are getting their own increasingly larger slice of the cake (I am talking of power, not perks). The share of the State's direct control of the gross national product grew from 1970 (37.3%) to 1975 (48.2%), and this expansion is more telling for the future than Germany's vaunted high export sales or low inflation rate.

4. If one takes together all the budgetary figures of *Bund, Land,* and local communities, the figures have risen from 25 billion DM in 1961 to 107 billion DM in 1975. Project this development into the next decades, and we will have in 1980 every fifth German employee being a public servant, and by 1990 every second "worker" will be in the public service. The outlay for salaries of public officials in 1974 was some 42 billion DM, in 1975 it was 52 billion DM—and this rise, be it noted, reflects only a small growth in the actual number of civil servants (1.5 to 1.6 million, including railwaymen and postmen). Adding all the government employees together one reaches the 4 million figure, costing some 110 billion Marks (in a total public budget of DM 528 billion).

5. Nor is this simply a factor of economic life. Consider the over-representation of *Beamten* in the Bonn *Bundestag*—17% some 20 years ago,

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but 42% in the last parliament (and the employees in the public sector are only 5% of the total population). In the regional parliaments the political translation of state-bureaucratic interests is even more marked: in Bavaria, Baden-Wuerttemberg, and Hessen, it is over 50%.

6. Needless to say, the Trade Unions are similarly over-represented. Some 274 MPs out of a total of 518 registered themselves as members of a trade union. The trade unions themselves represent only some 30% of Germany's *Arbeitnehmer*, the rest being the so-called "unorganised working class." I stress this particularly because of the essential democratic principle of "dividing power" and "balancing interests." Neither Montesquieu nor the Federalist philosophers would feel happy with a democracy that was so unbalanced in its power concentrations. If corporate power "from above" (cartels, monopolies, *etc.*) produces an illiberal Corporate State, will it be any different with corporate power from below? Old capitalism tried to come to grips with "trust-busting"; will new socialism ever recognise the enslaving consequences of the power of organised minorities where the might is actually wielded by small cliques and factions speaking, quite falsely, in the name of all? Some time ago I heard Dr Ralf Dahrendorf (speaking at the European Forum at Alpbach) comment on the increasing powerlessness of Parliaments in a society where "the action" is elsewhere. Who, then, is left to try to control the new controllers?

7. One shouldn't ignore the evidence from the military sphere (for no sound analysis of the crisis can be "patriotically" distorted). The increased portion of the gross national product being taken by ever-new and ever-more-expensive military technologies (in the USA—1913: 0.7%, 1940: 2%, 1950: 7.5%, 1970: 10% or 84 billion dollars) presents us with yet another face of the new *Golem* who is getting out of control.

8. As for crime, it may or may not pay; but its social costs are also a contributing factor to the Crisis of Statism I am trying to describe. The whole world of law and order—and its enemies, whether "pure" or "political" (how can one calculate the expense of the cops-and-robbers struggle in Germany and Italy symbolised by the names of "Baader-Meinhof" and the *Brigate rosse*)—has been subject to technological change. No sign yet of that vain old liberal hope that with welfare and prosperity the "criminal classes" would disappear! And in the attempt to maintain stability or "law-&-order", the individual citizen increasingly becomes a plaything of powerful institutions overground and underground. Bombs, kidnapping, sabotage, bullets are ever-larger shadows over the life of citizens in Milan, Bordeaux, Frankfurt, Belfast. The price of protecting the private individual may well cost his privacy and his individualism.

9. Nor has individuality any more future in our expanding world of transport. The rules and regulations are doubtless necessary, how else would airplanes take off and saloon cars speed? But the chain of restrictions draws tighter wherever you look: the public's insatiable needs for water and light, garbage disposal and the like, all "utilities", and all contributing to institutional power crowding out certain individualistic areas of life. The development of nuclear energy, and the establishment of new power stations—riots in Germany, pitched battles in France—will again give added impetus to the basic tendency of men and events to form collectivities and thence to collective conflict and domination.

10. And all the while the computer is registering who, what, why, where, and how—data accumulates, and man shrinks away. Secrets must be defended (except the individual's secrets); security must be safeguarded (except the security of privacy); everything must be looked into (except the techniques of the investigators). Who does not need to be watched?—the chief factory engineer? the charwoman? From dosshouse to dossier: where can a citizen be free? I am glad to note that in Germany there is now something called the *Bundes-Datenschutzgesetz* (*BDSG*, or more ponderously: Law for the Protection of Data) which intends to break new ground in the interests of individual civil liberty, but will there be protection from the protectors? Already the administrators of the law are invading personal private spheres with new moral energies.

11. Here, only in passing, I want to mention the monstrous growth of the European Agricultural Fund, for one is aware in Germany of the full force of the British criticism of this Common Market institution. Once again there is the strangely "undemocratic" phenomenon of government contributions on a vast scale which appears to be more and more beyond the control of responsible institutions. As for the so-called contributions to the economic development of the Third World, the Germans are taking the commitment of an ultimate 1% of gross national product rather seriously—but, I am afraid, without having taken seriously the various troubled analyses of the real results of Developmental Aid. (Here, for ENCOUNTER readers, one might note sadly the lack of a European echo of the writings of such critics as Professor Peter Bauer and the late Harry Johnson.) How sound can such large and complex programmes in international budgetary management be when they are hardly ever exposed to the rigours of expert intellectual discussion? In the year 1976

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the item in the West German budget for Third World aid amounted to DM 3.17 billion (quite substantial, if as yet far from the 1% figure). This will, in any case, need to expand greatly if the West accepts the proposals of price guarantees for raw products demanded by the Third World.

12. Through almost all of these factors there runs the thick thread of higher governmental tax levies, tangled and knotted by growing inflationary rates. Tens of millions of Europeans have moved up into taxable categories, and all categories are more heavily hit. The cycle is well-known by which greater state income produces greater expenditures which in turn increases inflation and unemployment, and reduces genuine industrial productivity. The groans about "high taxes" have often in the past been put down as the moans of privileged and greedy bourgeois minorities; but now the cries of protest will necessarily grow to something of a mass roar. Nor is it a matter of individual or family financial egoism. It must be seen as a grave matter of public concern, involving the health of an increasingly afflicted society. Professor Friedman does well to call our attention to the ravages of this disease throughout history, from the declining years of Ancient Rome to our own time. In this connection one does not have to follow Dr Friedman all the way with his monetarist prescriptions, nor Dr Mishan in his argument that *all* economic growth must necessarily lead to sin, ruin, vice and corruption. But how are Finance Ministers to control the increase of public spending if they are constantly faced with political pressures and demands beyond their control? Nevertheless, the troubles are obvious enough throughout all Western Europe—we are all lying in a Procrustean bed, held vise-like between the extra activities of government and the extravagant costs of governmental spending; and neither old mythology nor new economics gives us prospects of much comfort.

OUR WESTERN WORLD, caught in this crisis of Statism on the March, has not exactly paid close attention. Hard realistic discussion has been overshadowed by ideology and rhetoric—more of the former in Germany, more of the latter in Britain. Perhaps it is time again to raise the old impassioned cry (once identified with the writings of Raymond Aron, Edward Shils and Daniel Bell) for an End to Ideology. We would do well to settle at least for a moratorium on rhetoric. No idea, whatever its ethical or intellectual motivation, is by and for itself "progressive" or "reactionary." Ignorant armies are clashing by night when they continue to rally around old tattered banners of Right and Left. The West, and its true European spirit, will be tested in the next years not by producing breathtaking aeronautical devices or ingenious creature comforts for home and garden, but by producing a serious, fresh, realistic and original discussion of the Moloch of concentrated uncontrollable power, and how its threat to our valued liberties can be overcome.

To Ivor Gurney

Wind-driven falling water flashed,
A blue passed, birds turned,
Wind made a growl and threshed.

It went through you, you flashed,
You were the blue, you turned,
You were the air,

Separate in a double-glassed
Kind cruel delusive false
Climate here. Your book

Of ecstasy I have picked up. It is
On my knee, at the moment it supports
My paper, and what I write, and me.

Geoffrey Grigson

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LETTERS

Great Conductors

I FIND in Yehudi Menuhin's piece "Furtwängler & Toscanini" (Letters, December) nothing that relates to the actual substance of my article "Vienna's Great Conductors" (July), but only personal offensiveness to Hugo Burghauser and myself and misrepresentation of the nature of our recollections of the Vienna Philharmonic's several conductors, with a statement of Menuhin's recollections and evaluation of Furtwängler and Toscanini. And to these there is nothing to reply.

B. H. HAGGIN

New York

Little Magazines

EVEN A "RELAXED EDITOR" (as I am described by Douglas Dunn in ENCOUNTER, June, p. 61) must sometimes, on behalf of his authors, complain about a review which is not only critically wrong-headed but wrong.

The curious linking of *Ambit* with *Bananas* must, I suppose, have something to do with the fact that *Ambit*'s prose editor, J. G. Ballard, has also advised *Bananas*; but there the association surely ends. OK, Ballard has published in both magazines, but then he has also appeared in that well known little magazine *E*c*u*t*r*, and I would guess *Ambit*'s authors overlap with the *London Magazine* and the *New Review* as much as with *Bananas*. But a cursory look at the two magazines, with for example, *Ambit*'s emphasis, under art editor Michael Foreman and latterly designer Derek Birdsall, on visual material, would surely suggest there were some editorial differences between the two magazines. (A thought: perhaps Douglas Dunn is picture-blind and can only read.) As regards the absence of "real politics", I rather thought that the Joint Stock Company's playtext, "Yesterday's News", based on tapes collected from some Angolan mercenaries (*Ambit* 68) and Dr. Paul Lowinger's, "How Do They Feel About Freud in Peking" (*Ambit* 69) had something to do with real politics; but then I never did understand literary critics' language.

Vernon Scannell has never been closely associated with *Ambit* (although I'd be delighted to publish more of his work). I guess he has appeared as often as the literary editor of ENCOUNTER. No doubt George MacBeth will be amused to hear his poems described as "playful" and Gavin Ewart does hide his high seriousness; but to describe Fleur Adcock's, Edwin Brock's and Peter Porter's contributions to the magazine as from "their playful moods" is nonsense. Peter Porter's, "The Delegate" (*Ambit* 66) was, I thought, the best poem that any English magazine, let alone *Ambit*, published in 1976. Mr Dunn should read it.

MARTIN BAX

Ambit,
London

Ernst Reuter's Optimism

MELVIN J. LASKY'S "Journey among the 'Ugly Germans'" (ENCOUNTER, November), far from being the marginal note as which it is presented, is, no doubt, one of the best pieces of reporting on post-War Germany. I am tempted to say the best but that would perhaps only betray a lack of familiarity with other literature on the subject. However, as one who has also known Ernst Reuter (I met him on several of his trips to Chicago), I think that the readers of ENCOUNTER might wish to learn a little more of Reuter's optimism.

After having heard that "Ernst Reuter was an optimist", they get sixteen lines which intimate that his optimism actually was pessimism. According to that perspective, Reuter, to avoid the "ultimate checkmate" in the Berlin game achieved by a skilful and obstinate player, could at best hope to preserve the *status quo* in the divided city. Actually, Reuter assured his Chicagoan friends that the Russians would eventually pull out of Berlin and remain far to the east of it. The same view was expressed in more than one of his Berlin utterances. Thus, after a tour through the USA, Berlin's Lord Mayor declared at an SPD demonstration in April 1953: "The Soviet bear knows exactly that he cannot digest us. Some day he must return what he stole. . . . Only when the Soviets have left the country, only when Berlin is reunited and free, only then will real peace be re-established in the world (see *Ernst Reuter*, ed Hans J. Reichhardt, Vol. IV, Berlin 1975). It was this conviction that gave Reuter the self-confidence without which a political leader in a difficult situation can hardly achieve even a minimum of success.

His faith was all the more inspiring as Reuter had a twofold advantage over many others (correctly pointed out by Lasky). As a one-time leading German Communist Reuter was a convert to democracy. In some degree, then, he resembled Theodor Heuss, who had first helped to provide Hitler with full powers and, for that reason, later was better suited than people with entirely "clean" hands to pull along to a new democratic Germany the many who had supported the Third Reich in one way or another. Reuter also "had first hand experience of Lenin in Moscow." He, therefore, could be credited with understanding the Russian mentality.

Since self-reliance seems to be what Germans need even more badly than mis-educated Englishmen (I refer, of course to John Rae's "Our Obsolete Attitudes" in the same issue of ENCOUNTER), Reuter's clear image would appear to be of special significance in these days of virulent "ugly-Germanism"—both at home and abroad.

HELMUT HIRSCH

Düsseldorf

"Our Obsolete Attitudes"

I AM SURE DR RAE will forgive me if I say that the thesis he advanced in the November ENCOUNTER is virtually identical with the one which I put forward in 1972 in my book *The Collapse of British Power*. It seemed to me then, as it still does now, that the decline

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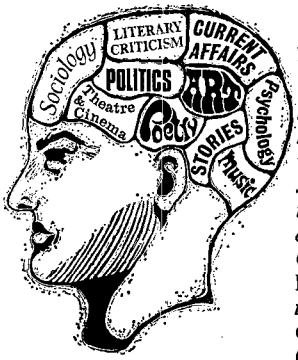
and eventual collapse of British power and prosperity were not to be explained merely by adverse external factors, let alone some kind of historical inevitability, but that an essential clue must lie in the British national character itself; in the British outlook. This alone can explain why the British diagnosed their problems as they did, and reacted to their problems as they did. In my own research, I began with British foreign and imperial policy in the 1920s and 1930s; that is, the period immediately before the collapse of British power at the end of 1940, when Britain became dependent on American money for her existence. The nature of those policies led me to consider the nature of the policy-makers: politicians, civil servants, the various groupings of the opinion-forming élite. The evidence showed that these policy-makers, differ as they might over specific issues or interpretations, were commonly inspired by a naïve moral idealism and a wilful neglect of the realities of power. Upon further reading, it appeared to me that the roots of this naïve idealism lay in the early nineteenth-century religious revival, which, as Dr Rae says in his article and I said in my book, was an expression of the Romantic Movement.

The Victorian public school thereafter inculcated the upper class with this romantic and unworldly idealism; the non-conformist chapel did likewise for the new governing class represented by the leaders of the Labour movement. But while this transformation of the British outlook was being carried out, the human

To Our Readers



ALTHOUGH *it may appear that we are always crying "Wolf!" this is not really the case. Over the last dozen years we have been very secure in our publishing support for ten of them—seven with Cecil King's* Daily Mirror *group in Britain, three with the Carus Publishing Corporation in the USA. But the trouble with 7- and 3-year guarantees is that they are not permanent. The danger point is always between contracts. We have always found an enlightened new supporter; and we are at the moment negotiating for steady support of* ENCOUNTER *over the next years.*

But, first, we must be able to survive. At the moment the funds which we scraped together for 1977 have run out. The subvention (from several foundations and individual benefactors) was relatively small; we pay most of our own way; and our current income from subscriptions and advertising will just about carry us through the next several numbers. Still, the situation is now serious enough for us to have to listen to our solicitor and our bank manager. Looking forward as we have been to celebrating our 25th anniversary in October 1978, we are concerned, depressed, rather desperate.

GIVEN THE *local rate of inflation (it has* tripled *our production costs over the last half-dozen years!), only a long-term and enlightened publishing arrangement will keep* ENCOUNTER *going. Meanwhile, contributions to an "*ENCOUNTER *Emergency Fund" have been promised on both sides of the Atlantic; and if there isn't another dock strike or a postal slowdown we might just be able to make it. (We are reasonably confident that an arrangement with a new publishing partner will be completed during 1978.)*

* In the U.K., £8.75. In North America, $21 (air special: $26). Elsewhere: £10.

IT IS EMBARRASSING **to say "Now-more-than-ever-before-we-are-needed-to-maintain-a-certain-standard-of-intellectual-sanity-in-the-West", although we said it—and I believe, truthfully—in the 1950s and 1960s, when we almost alone among cultural-literary-intellectual journals in the Western world kept a consistent and sometimes lonely approach to certain burning international issues. We were pro-American when it was fashionable to denigrate; we were pro-European when it was difficult to resist the strength of national-provincial feelings; we were open to the voices of the "Human Rights" dissidents (we were the first to publish Pasternak and Solzhenitsyn and Abram Tertz) even at the risk of being called "anti-Communist" or "cold warriors." In the late 1960s we often stood alone against the tide of militant youthful unreason which threatened to engulf (and in some places did) the free university life of Western academic centres. Now, again, as Terror spreads we find ourselves in the forefront—see our articles over recent years on everything from Baader-Meinhof to the IRA (Conor Cruise O'Brien in the October** ENCOUNTER**). On all important public issues—from economics to ecology, from world affairs to cultural patronage—we have maintained a serious level of fair and many-sided discussion.**

IN SHORT, IF FATE IS NOT *"of the Devil's party", we deserve to survive and thrive. But even the most deserving of destinies sometimes needs a bit of practical good works. To stretch the theological metaphor, we hope to find an "angel" in 1978. We don't intend, like noble mendicants, to go on holding out a begging-bowl. But only certain initiatives, taken immediately, will stave off a death which, we hope everyone will agree, is devoutly not to be wished.*

Can our readers help? They certainly can. Every new subscription is a valuable contribution. A thousand additional subscriptions*—why not donate one to another member of the family, to the local library, or the nearby university?—represents a larger-size life-boat ring which can only help that much more to keep us afloat.

Give ENCOUNTER **now!**

M.J.L.

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type of the British ruling class was being likewise modified. By the 1920s and even more the 1930s what I termed in *The Collapse of British Power* the "clergyman *manqué*" was found in key positions in various branches of our national life: prime ministers like Baldwin and MacDonald and Chamberlain; foreign ministers like Henderson, Simon and Hoare; opinion-formers like Clifford Allen or Kingsley Martin. In many cases their family traditions were of Victorian non-conformism.

The consequence of such men with such ideas in control of British policy was the failure, indeed the refusal, to accept the reality of international power politics, or to understand the true nature of Britain's own position as the centre of an Empire which was not a source of strength but of weakening entanglement; whence followed firstly the vain pursuit of disarmament and of hopes in the League of Nations, and then the calamitous mishandling of the Fascist threat in the 1930s.

Naïve Victorian idealism still lives of course in what little remains of a British foreign policy, as we see in Dr Owen's attempt to reconcile the irreconcilable in southern Africa. But, as Dr Rae points out, it is in the sphere of our industrial incompetence that this Victorian idealism is still damagingly relevant even today. For reasons which I explore in some detail in *The Collapse of British Power*, the rise of the Victorian public school has meant that until very recently, and some would say even today, we have been handicapped by a governing class—in Whitehall, Westminster and Bloomsbury—ignorant of technology and world industrial competition, and even antipathetic towards the whole subject. Moreover, as at least a partial consequence of this bias, we have been at least half a century behind our competitors in equipping ourselves with the basic infrastructure of industrial success; that is, a state system of primary, secondary and higher technical education. And even if we may now match our rivals in the *quantity* of such provision, there is evidence, as Dr Rae says, that unworldly Victorian public-school and Oxbridge values have deeply permeated our modern state education system, even if sometimes manifested in trendy disguises.

We can therefore hardly be surprised at our continuing failure as an industrial nation when we find that our very education system, like other powerful British institutions, is not so much geared to achieving industrial success as to discouraging it.

CORRELLI BARNETT

Churchill College
Cambridge

The Arts Council Debate

I DO NOT QUITE SEE the relevance of the remark by Mr Roy Shaw in your November issue to the effect that "He invokes Philip Larkin's view that it is wrong to subsidise poets, but most poets do not have well-paid professional posts as Philip Larkin and Roy Fuller himself have."

Mr Shaw is, I take it, referring to an address I gave in Hamburg in 1976 in which I said that although the lot of the poet was considerably better in the Seventies than it had been in the Thirties, in so far as it was now possible for him to make a living by being a poet, it could be asked whether some of the consequences of the ways this living is made—public readings, teaching poetry in academic institutions, deracination by annual fellowships—might not in fact be damaging to his work. I added, though not necessarily *propter hoc*, that I thought the Seventies could not offer poetic talents equivalent to those flourishing in Britain in the late Thirties (anyone wanting to read the complete text will find it in the *Times Literary Supplement*, 18 February 1977).

This was an occasional speech, not a research paper. All the same, if my tentative reading of the situation is correct (and nobody has so far denied it), then I cannot see how it can be affected by the personal circumstances of Mr Fuller or myself. Arguments *ad hominem* have an unfortunate tendency to suggest an unwillingness to discuss, as well as a willingness to offend.

PHILIP LARKIN

Hull

I HAD THE PLEASURE of serving under Roy Fuller on the Arts' Council Literature Panel and its Finance Committee. I still serve on both those bodies, although if you publish this letter my continued membership may be in doubt.

Both the Roys, Fuller and Shaw, have now attacked and defended. Fuller is concerned with standards of excellence, a concern I passionately share. Shaw is concerned with the Arts Council's obligation to serve the entire population of the United Kingdom, a concern I also passionately share although I regret his tone of "more in sorrow than in anger": Roy Fuller needs no sorrow expressed on his behalf. He is one of the finest poets of his generation and has the courage to voice those opinions he believes to be right while knowing them to be unfashionable. But both of them have, in their arguments, treated symptoms as though they were the disease itself. Allow me, therefore, humbly to suggest a more terrifying diagnosis than either of them.

It is odd in the Age of Bullock to discover that the Arts Council boasts only one practising artist among its membership of 20. (The exception is the welcome appointment of Melvyn Bragg as Roy Fuller's successor, an appointment only just made.) For the rest, there are lawyers, lords and ladies, academics and journalists, and even critics, God help us, but no painters, actors, playwrights, theatre directors, singers or composers. No wonder the Council's decisions are suspect. The present composition of the Arts Council is little short of disgraceful: all ills, identified either by Fuller or Shaw, are fed by this cancer.

I invoke Bullock because I believe that those who work in an industry—for want of a better word—have a right to participate in the decisions affecting that industry. That the Arts Council fails to maintain standards of excellence (and it does) is because the present bunch would not know excellence from margarine. And why should they? It is not their struggle, not the concern which makes earning their livings possible. Will Hoggart call that blimpish? Look at it, then, from an artist's point of view: no poets in the Cabinet—alas—no painters running the

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Law Society, no composers who are Vice-Chancellors, no actors on the governing bodies of institutes of adult education. Why then should we, practising artists, have to put up with inane decisions made by those whose expertise has been acquired in other spheres of activity? I detect a hangover from 18th-century patronage, an attitude of condescension that artists are not fit to run their own affairs. I also detect too many political appointments and anyone who has read Solzhenitsyn or Mrs Mandelstam will know the dangers which lie along that slippery path.

I do not want to suggest that the Council should be composed exclusively of artists, but I do plead for a more intelligent balance than the one offered by the present membership. Shirley Williams, take note.

Up the Artists!

RONALD HARWOOD

West Liss
Hampshire

PLEASE SPARE us from more of Roy Fuller. It would be kinder to him and perhaps prevent further disservice and damage to the cause of the arts and those who seek to support them.

Roy Shaw's reply was admirable and to the point. It would be better for all of us, artists and administrators, to let the matter rest and not seek to make a meal out of a mouthful.

ROBERT D. SMITH
Director

East Midlands Arts
Loughborough
Leicestershire

John Dewey on Science

THE POSTHUMOUS ARTICLE by John Dewey on Science (August, 1977) brings back the great Pragmatist in his strength, and, it must be said, with some of his weaknesses. Dewey was a leader who inspired a remarkable degree of devotion, yet many of his followers misunderstood him badly. He revolutionised the theory of teaching, yet was himself an ineffective classroom teacher. In his lecture hall at Columbia four or five students would be huddled together on the front row, while across the way Kilpatrick, expounding Dewey's ideas, attracted audiences of four to five hundred. Dewey spent his life explaining the art of communication but many failed to get the message. The article helps us to understand some of these paradoxes. Here, for example, is one of the most kind-hearted of men writing in a polemical, even truculent style, as if the issue were foregone and the arguments of others hardly worth hearing, and here also the one who so often complained of his opponents' lack of clarity lapses himself into sentences that are needlessly involved.

It is said that when a friend once protested that a passage was obscure Dewey replied: "But I wrote that over a second time; it must be clear!" That many missed his point is obvious from the record. The Great Experimentalist was soon made into an authoritarian father figure whose words became not living flesh but carved stone. I recall a meeting of the American Philosophical Association when Dewey, sitting on the platform in front of a large "No Smoking" sign, started puffing on a cigarette. Ushers converged on him from all sides but none quite dared to point to the sign. After all, you don't tell the Absolute—he tells you!

So it came about that Dewey, who preached the use of the most rigorous scientific method, has been interpreted to hold that in learning you "go as you please", and the believer in complete subservience to an exacting intellectual purpose is treated as if he approved what amounts to mental aimlessness. Last year the faculty of a leading American college refused to endorse a curriculum with required courses because it didn't want to interfere with growth along lines freely chosen by the students themselves. Dewey, of course, would have been the first to say that to like what one learns is not necessarily to learn what one likes. With Jonathan Edwards he might have added that to be free to do what we please does not mean—in the nature of things—that we are free to please as we please.

Part of the trouble stems from a basic ambiguity that pragmatism seems never to have been able to get rid of—the confusion between its concern on the one hand for strict analysis and on the other for "results", often ill-defined. In this very article Dewey remarks that philosophy is interested not in science as science but in "the places where science touches life", and that the conflict between science and religion is "not a conflict of two abstractions, two Platonic entities, but of social groups and forces." Yet how is life to be judged except through concepts, and the conflict of groups and forces except by means of ideas—Platonic or Lockean? If we may not—for purposes of definition—separate ideas from life, how are we to judge whether the relations into which they enter are coherent? Pragmatism's suggestion that truth should be identified with the process of verification is imaginative and important, but it brings problems of its own.

Yet in spite of its ambiguities pragmatism has been a fighting creed, enlisting a kind of personal devotion and loyalty that other systems might well envy. This is most clearly seen when, as in Dewey's case, it is used as an instrument for social reform. I well remember the contrast between the seventieth birthday party of Husserl in Freiburg in 1929 and the celebration for Dewey a few months later in New York. At Freiburg the wires hummed with telegrams from Berlin and other parts of the Reich congratulating the German people on the achievements of their noted compatriot. But much of the enthusiasm turned out to be hollow and unreal. Only a few years later, although he had been made an "honorary Aryan" (sic!) Husserl found that callers avoided his home. Heidegger, the favoured pupil and colleague, withdrew from the second edition of *Sein und Zeit* the Husserl dedication. Husserl's last days were spent in bitterness and neglect.

Dewey's birthday party was completely different. No telegrams came from the White House and the papers paid no particular attention. Those who came were not politicians and officials but dissidents and radicals. Yet the testimonials and applause had a ring of authenticity missing on the other occasion. To his followers Dewey was a social prophet as well as philosopher who gave them something to do as well as to think about. In its final two sentences the article helps to explain this. ". . .The significance of science",

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London

PLATONIC: When Labour's spectacular defeat—losing David Marquand's old seat which it had previously held by a majority of twenty thousand—was announced in Ashfield, "loud wailing" was heard in the headquarters. One of the Labour chaps had his head in his hands, sobbing; another lady was crying; it was horrible. But the Labour candidate argued that what appeared to the world to be a resounding Labour defeat was, in a way, a moral victory. "85% of Labour voters voted with the Government. That's encouraging, isn't it?" This amounted only to a loss of some 7 thousand voters, or a swing to the Tories of 21%, the greatest of its kind in British electoral history.

One local problem was caused by Michael Foot, the left-wing Leader of the House, who dismayed some people at an Ashfield meeting saying that a vote for Cowan would help build a "Socialist Republic." It was a revolutionary sounding phrase which did not go down well in Ashfield, especially from the Government's Parliamentary representative in charge of relations with the Queen during her Silver Jubilee year.

"Of course, what Foot meant was not the overthrow of the Monarch", Cowan explained. "He meant Republic in the Platonic sense of 'The State'."

TIMES/SUNDAY TIMES

London

LOVING A LANGUAGE: *Pity the Welsh language, dying of the remedies applied to revive it. Between the 1961 and 1971 census the proportion of Welsh-speakers in Wales fell from 26 to 20·6 per cent, and a report published in January by the Welsh Education Office puts the number of children in primary schools fluent in the language at 10·6 per cent, which indicates its continuing decline [Kathleen J. Smith writes].*

Years of uprooting or defacing road-signs containing English; smashing or occupying or daubing with paint the property of those who are non-nationalist; disrupting broadcasts—all this and more has identified the language with lawlessness, intimidation and nationalism.

The benefit that £2 million devoted to changing English into bilingual signs might have been to the Welsh language has been more than outweighed, however, by the unwillingness of the extremists to relinquish their sign-mauling habits. They are now defacing or removing bilingual signs, protesting either that English should not precede Welsh on them, or that English should not appear on them at all.

As one silly, extravagant scheme follows another, the monoglot State language which is suffering from them calls out to its extremist supporters for one simple aid: that they shall stop using it as a conveyor of division, clash, bitterness, and let it be the voice of goodwill to those who wish to speak it and to those who do not. For only a language that speaks without hatred will attract people to it.

DAILY TELEGRAPH

New York City

LATEST NEWS: *Most of American TV's news is given the same treatment as a game show. The idea that the poor public couldn't handle real life without having it softened by jokes and entertainment began early in the '70's, inevitably, as a way to push up the ratings.*

Joan Lunden, a blonde former model, who now works for ABC News, is a typical example of the personality cult. She cheerily admits she never bothered to read newspapers or watch the news before the TV station incongruously offered her a job as a news reporter. And the highpoint of her former life was being a prom queen and majorette.

ABC figure that anyone who could twirl a baton and win a beauty contest was clearly a natural for their "Happy News" and, despite the streams of applications from pretty girls with degrees in communications and something lodged between their ears other than hair lacquer, Ms Lunden was hired and is now a star.

DAILY MAIL

London

AXLE'S HASSLE: *While the farce of the review of Leyland's future goes on, I have to report that some things about Leyland do not seem to change—ever [Patrick Hutber writes].*

With my own car having disappeared into the workshops of Leyland's main London distributors (will it ever emerge, I wonder?) I am learning a whole new vocabulary.

"It will probably be ready tomorrow" means "It certainly won't be ready for ten days."

"We have a slight problem", means "We are at our wits ends."

"We have located the parts" equals "They haven't come and we haven't a clue where they are."

"Good news. Some of the parts have arrived" means "We still can't do the job."

"It's very puzzling. They don't appear to fit" equals "Oh God, we'll have to change the whole rear axle."

I will keep you in touch.

SUNDAY TELEGRAPH

London

SCHADENFREUDIAN: For years I have wondered why the word "*Schadenfreude*" is still in the vocabulary when there is a good English word, "gloating", the gerund of the verb which the OED defines as "to feast the mind malignantly". The OED's definition of malignity is "deep-rooted ill-will", and treats "malevolent" and "malign" as synonyms, meaning "desirous of evil to others".

During many years lived in Germany I never heard "*Schadenfreude*" used at all. It may have come into fashion here during the psychological warfare of the 1914–18 War, but J. L. Garvin continued to use it from time to time, for some reason, in his *Observer* articles. *Schadenfreude* does exist of course, but surely not only in Germany.

NEW STATESMAN

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Dewey says here, "is what it does for things that are not science. To speculate upon this significance, to clarify it, to promote educational intercourse so as to help embody this significance in the actual process of living will give philosophy quite enough to do."

J. S. BIXLER

Jaffrey
New Hampshire

AUTHORS

Edward Candy (a pseudonym) is the author of, among other books, *Parents' Day* (1976), *Doctor Amadeus* (1971), and *Scene Changing* (1977), all published by Gollancz.

George Urban's interview with Altiero Spinelli originated in a Radio Free Europe broadcast tape-recorded in Rome in January 1977. Among Mr Urban's recent books are *Détente* (Temple Smith, 1976) and *Hazards of Learning* (Open Court, USA; Temple Smith, London, 1977); a collection of his conversations on Euro-Communism with leading European politicians and writers—including those with Spinelli and with Lucio Lombardo Radice ("Communism with an Italian Face", ENCOUNTER, May 1977)—will be published by Temple Smith in the spring of 1978. His much-discussed (and widely reprinted) "Conversation with George Kennan" appeared in the September 1976 ENCOUNTER.

Jan Morris has three books coming out in spring 1978: *The Oxford Book of Oxford*; and a new edition of her own *Oxford*, published by Faber, who—on the 25th anniversary of the day on which (as James Morris) she brought the news of the successful ascent of Everest for the Queen's Coronation—will also publish *Farewell the Trumpets*, the final volume of the Pax Britannica trilogy on the Victorian Empire.

H. J. Eysenck is Professor of Psychology, University of London, and Director of the Psychological Department of the Maudsley Hospital. He is editor-in-chief of *Behaviour Research and Therapy*, and his numerous publications include *Sense and Nonsense in Psychology* (1957), *Causes and Cures of Neurosis* (1965), and *Psychology is About People* (Allen Lane, 1972).

John Bossy is Reader in Modern History at the Queen's University of Belfast, and editor of Outram Evennett's posthumous *The Spirit of the Counter-Reformation*. His latest book, *The English Catholic Community 1570-1850*, was published in 1976 by Darton, Longman & Todd.

Robert Craft, Stravinsky's friend and collaborator for many years, contributed a Russian Diary of "Stravinsky's Return" to ENCOUNTER (June 1963), and "Elegy and Iambus" for the issue of December 1973. His books include *Stravinsky: Chronicle of Friendship* (Gollancz, 1972), *Prejudices in Disguise* (Knopf, 1974), and, with Igor Stravinsky, *Dialogues and a Diary* (Faber, 1968). *Themes and Conclusions*, Stravinsky's final volume of reminiscences, will be re-issued by Faber in paperback this spring.

Joachim Fest is a German historian, author of *The Face of the Third Reich* (1970) and *Hitler* (1974), both published by Weidenfeld. He has been for the past few years a senior editor on the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*.

Dieter Zimmer, born in 1934 in Berlin, took his M.A. at Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois, and since 1959 has worked in the cultural section of *Die Zeit* in Hamburg. He has translated works of Nabokov, Joyce, Nathanael West, Borges, and Ambrose Bierce; his own books include works on audio-visual media and the heritability of IQ.

John Mackintosh is Labour MP for Berwick and East Lothian, and Professor of Politics at the University of Edinburgh. Among his books are *The British Cabinet* (1962), *The Devolution of Power* (1968), and *British Government and Politics* (Hutchinson, 1970).

John Fuller is a Lecturer in English at the University of Oxford, and a Fellow of Magdalen College. His most recent book of poems is *The Mountain in the Sea* (Secker, 1975).

Tom Paulin is a Lecturer in English at Nottingham University, and the author of *Thomas Hardy: The Poetry of Perception* (Macmillan, 1976). His volume of poems *A State of Justice* (Faber) was the Spring 1977 Choice of the Poetry Book Society.

Robert Gittings' most recent book is *Young Thomas Hardy* (Heinemann, 1975). An earlier biography, *John Keats* (1968) won the W. H. Smith Literary Award. He is now at work on *The Older Hardy*.

Douglas Dunn's third volume of poems, *Love or Nothing*, was published by Faber in 1974. He edited *Two Decades of Irish Writing* (Carcanet, 1975), and a sequence of his poems, commissioned by BBC Television to accompany *Running*, a film celebrating the achievements and sufferings of great runners, was read on *Omnibus* on BBC-1 in late November.

Robert L. Heilbroner is Professor of Economics at the New School for Social Research in New York. Among his books are *The Making of Economic Society* (Prentice-Hall, rev. ed. 1972) and *Between Capitalism and Socialism* (Harper & Row, 1970).

Andrew Shonfield is Director of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, which he leaves at the end of 1977 to take up a Chair of Economics at the European University Institute in Florence. Among his books is *Modern Capitalism* (1965), and he is the editor of *International Economic Relations of the Western World, 1959–71* (Oxford University Press, 1976).

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Oxford University Press

William Beveridge

A Biography

José Harris

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Missing Persons

An Autobiography

E. R. Dodds

This book by the author of *The Greeks and the Irrational* is the record of a patchwork life, whose only slender thread of continuity is what the narrator calls his 'daemon'. E. R. Dodds has, by a striking effort of empathy, placed himself inside the skin of his earlier selves – the 'missing persons' of his title – seeing the world through their eyes and using contemporary documents to supplement and control the forgetfulness of old age. Illustrated £5.95

Mr. Prone

A Week in the Life of an Ignorant Man

C. H. Rolph

This cautionary book illustrates the enormous possibilities of legal trouble which daily confront the ordinary man. A fantastic week in the life of Percival Prone involves our hero with the law in his roles as shopkeeper, householder, employer, parent, motorist. The narrative manner is entertaining; the implications of the main theme, *ignorantia juris non excusat* are wholly serious. Illustrated £2.95

Nature and Industrialization

An Anthology

Edited by Alasdair Clayre

This is the anthology for part of the Open University A101 Arts Foundation course. It contains poetry and prose written between 1760 and 1860 on aspects of the general theme: how industrialization affected patterns and conditions of work, the physical landscape, and men's view of nature. Illustrated £5.95 paper covers £2.95

Paper Tigers

The Ideal Fictions of Jorge Luis Borges

John Sturrock

Paper Tigers is an analytical study of Borges's stories, especially of the earlier, more intricate ones published in *Ficciones* and *El Aleph*. It shows how these stories exemplify the rules and artifices of fiction in general, and the extent to which Borges has merged the practice and the theory of narrative. The author places Borges squarely in the reflective tradition of twentieth-century fiction. £5.95

The Inequality of Pay

Sir Henry Phelps Brown

Why does or should one person earn several times as much as another? The economist's answer relies mainly on the principles of supply and demand in the labour market, whereas the sociologist finds more significance in the differentiation of the labour force by class, status, and power; and on his view there is much greater possibility of reducing inequality than on the economist's. This book examines both ways of accounting for inequality of pay, and assesses the possibilities of achieving a more equal society. £7.95

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